THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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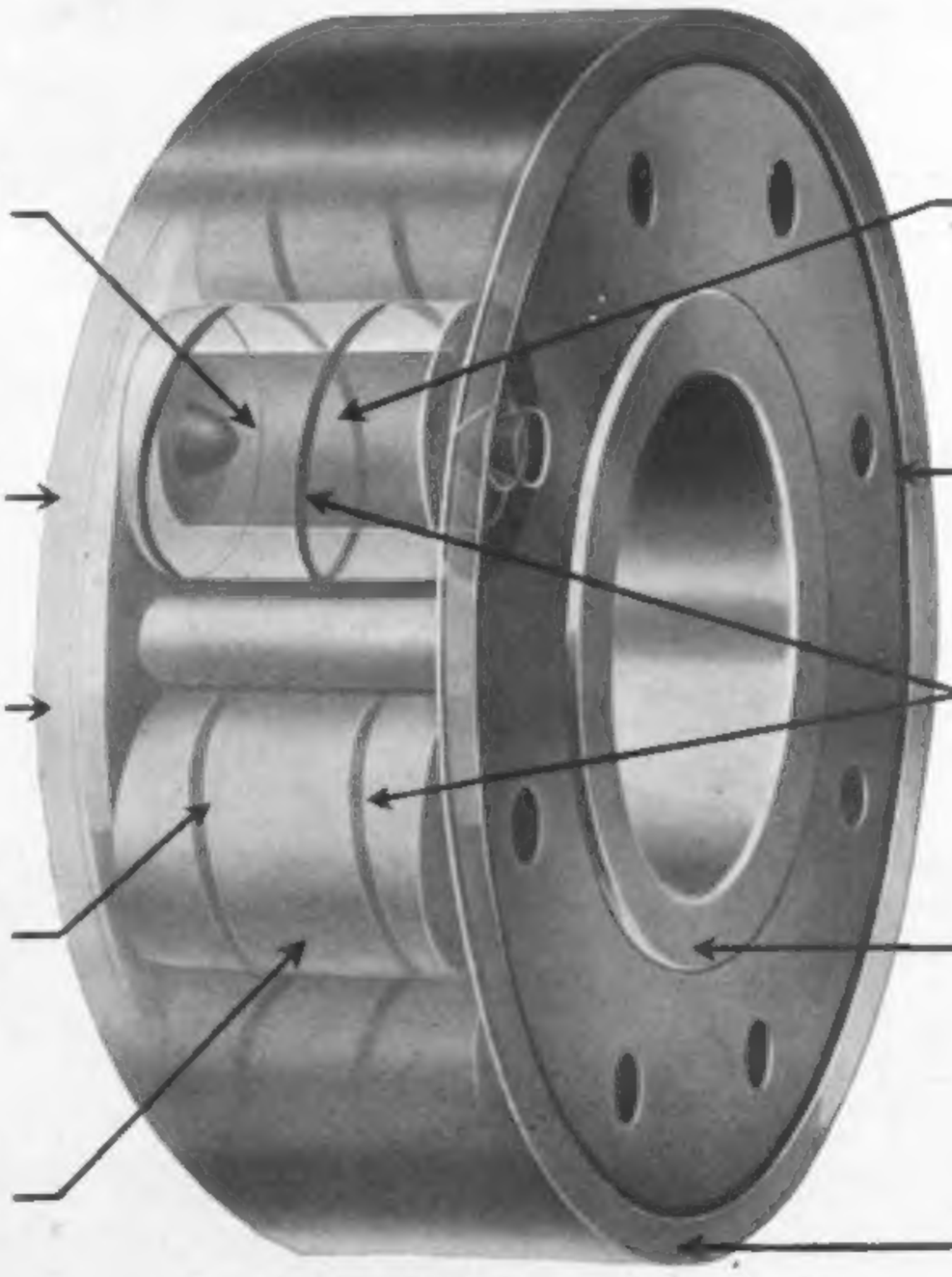
MAY 8, 1915 5c. THE COPY

The Great Farmers' Strike—By Herbert Quick

HYATT
Quiet Roller Bearings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No adjustment of any kind possible or necessary. Absolutely "fool proof."
Carries radial loads only, resulting in simplicity of design.
A self-cleaning bearing. Grit from gears, sand and dirt tend to pass through these slots into the center of the roller, hence do not grind away the bearing surfaces.
The flexible roller cushions the road shocks, reduces noise, adjusts irregularities in alignment, and insures full line contact for the load.
Hollow rollers mean large oil capacity and the constant carrying of oil from bottom to top of the bearing.
The cage keeps the rollers parallel and is convenient in assembly.
Right and left spirals insure a constant circulation of oil back and forth. Parts of the bearing cannot possibly become dry.
Inner race of special analysis steel, heat treated and accurately ground. This fits over the shaft.
Outer race of special analysis steel, heat treated and accurately ground. This is held in the housing.

A Hyatt Quiet Bearing with Part of the Outer Race and One Roller Shown Transparent to Illustrate the Construction

The spiral construction is one of several exclusive features of Hyatt Roller Bearings. This makes them—

Flexible, thereby reducing noise and vibration, and insuring perfect alignment.

Self-Oiling, because the right and left spirals constantly circulate the lubricant—and

Self-Cleaning, all grit and dirt passing through the spiral slots into the center of the roller, hence not grinding the bearing surface.

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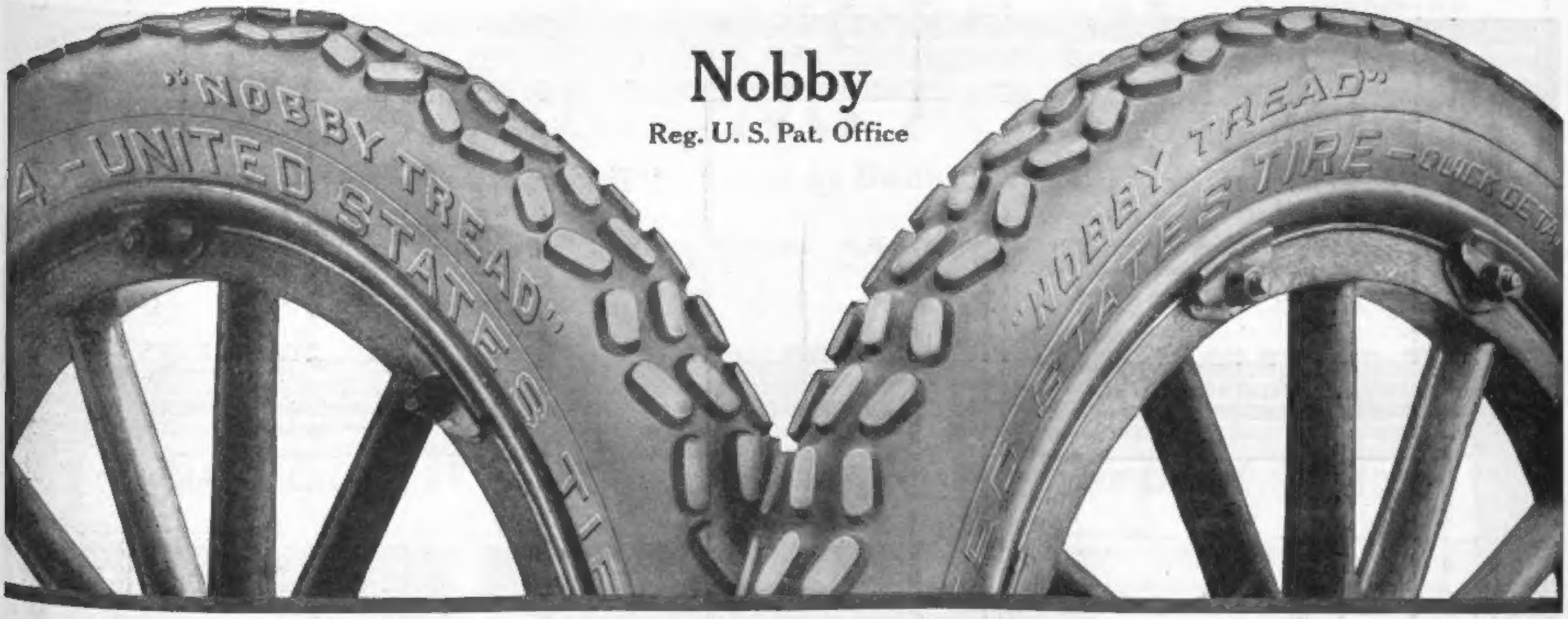
HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

"To those who ride on Hyatt Quiet Bearings"—a book for automobile owners, sent on request.



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Your tires cost you just exactly what they cost you per mile of wear.

The first cost of a tire is a reliable guide only when it adds up enough real mileage wear in the end.

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"Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,
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Pass, therefore, not today in vain,
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"Tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
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—Macbeth.

Why Not Today?

If you have heard how Crisco is taking the place of butter and lard in every department of cooking—

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Purity is the watchword that guards the manufacture of Crisco.
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Jelly Roll

4 eggs
1 cupful sugar
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
2 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonfuls milk
Jelly or preserves
1 teaspoonful lemon extract.
(Use level measurements)

Beat eggs and sugar together twenty minutes, remove beater, sift in flour, salt and baking powder, add milk, extract and melted Crisco. Grease large flat tin with Crisco, dust over with flour, pour in mixture and spread over evenly. Bake 12 minutes in moderately hot oven. Turn out on sugared paper, spread quickly with jelly or preserves and roll up at once. The cake is likely to crack if spreading and rolling are not quickly done.

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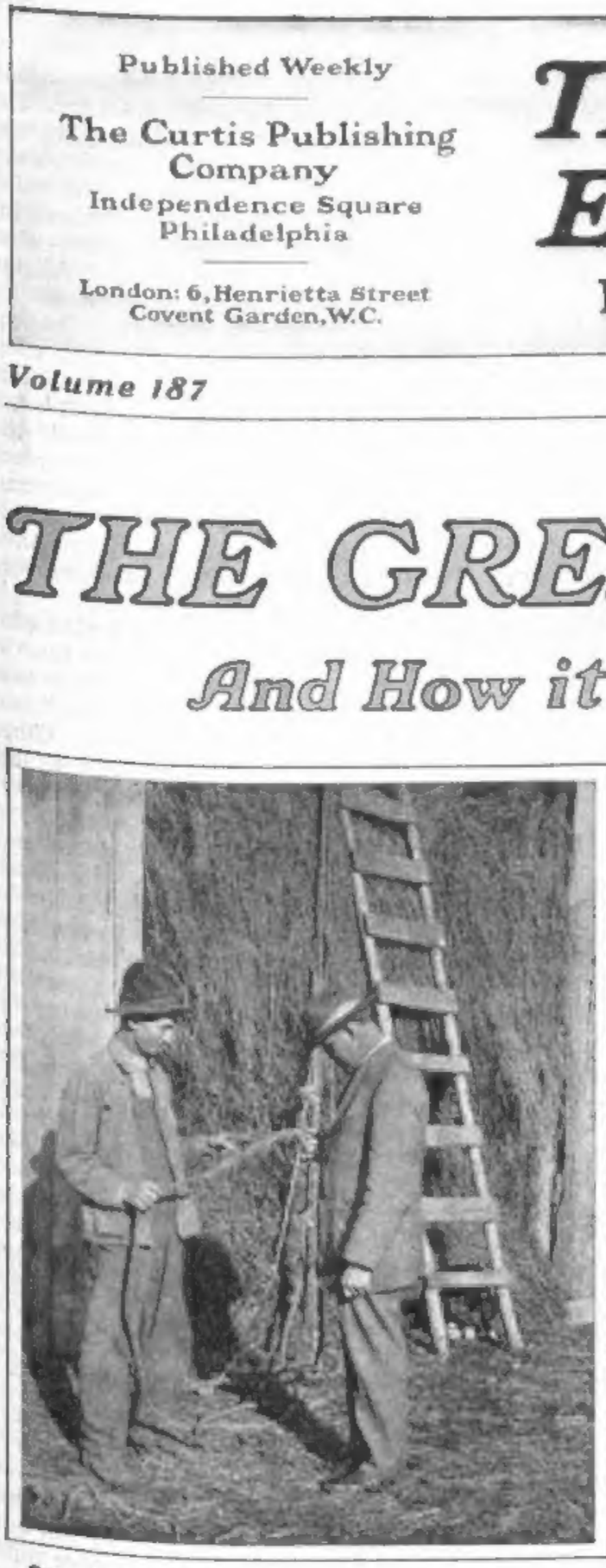
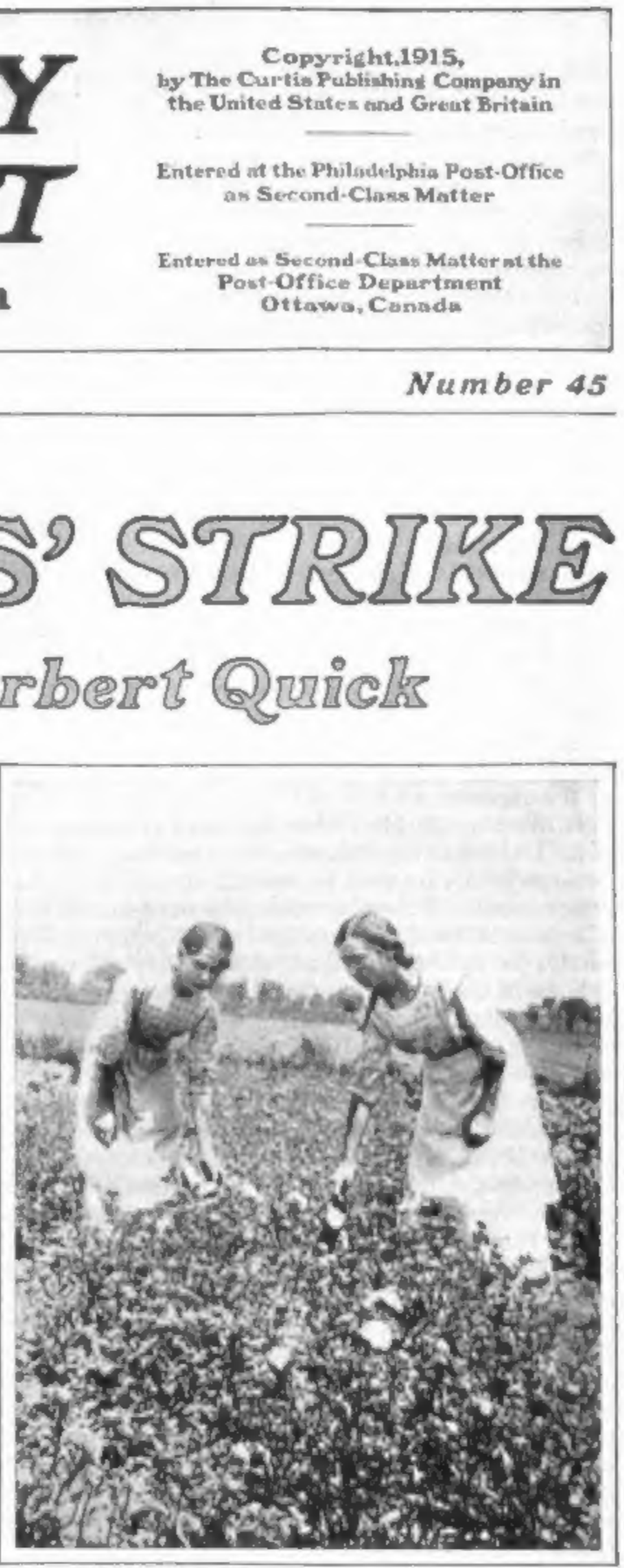
THE GREAT FARMERS' STRIKE

And How it Can be Settled—By Herbert Quick



One of the Graduates of the Wisconsin County Short Course in Agriculture. He is Here Showing His Teacher How He Spliced the Old Hay Rope Five Times Last Summer to Make it Last the Season Out

Part of a County Short Course in Agriculture, Oneida County, Wisconsin. These Boys in Testing This Corn for a Farmer Found That in One Hundred Ears Those Shown Were Poor in Germination



The Aster Beds of Two Girl Students. These Children Had in Two Years Fallen in Love With Rural Life; and Yet Wright County Was Very Much the Same as of Old

IT WOULD no doubt be very perturbing to the Kaiser and the Kaiser's government if he were suddenly to become assured that all the people who till the soil of Germany and Austria-Hungary were bent on straightway quitting their jobs. The tillage of German soil was never quite so exigently important as in this year of 1915. A general strike of the farmers, peasants and farm laborers—men, women and children—would blanch the cheek of the Kaiser and shake him from head to foot. It would mean starvation for his army and, for the matter of that, for the whole people, rural and urban.

Such a situation, however, is only a degree more critical than such a strike would be in time of peace. Now that the cities have grown so huge and the city population so preponderant, we are more dependent on the farmer's sticking to his job than ever before.

The city people of the United States are in a way aware of this. A mild sort of panic has been running over the nation at the relative decrease of the farming population and the flagging surplus of food products—a panic that has caused us all to listen attentively to the boding tones of James J. Hill, who has been the most prominent Cassandra of the occasion. Bankers are organizing agricultural associations. Grain companies and railroad companies have made nice fat jobs for gentlemen intrusted with the task of inducing the farmers to grow more produce.

Minds saturated with facts and figures have slopped over with calculations as to the exact time when the American people will have become dependent on the outside world for food; but the fact has not been deeply enough considered that, for a generation or so back, the farming population of the United States has been gradually going on strike. The farmers are quitting their jobs just as fast as their circumstances will allow. The nation is confronted with the precise situation in which I have imagined Germany to be placed, except as to a few details, like the war.

I am prepared to prove this. The fact that men who can remember when seventy-five per cent of our people were farmers are living at a time when the proportion has fallen to about one-third would seem to be sufficient proof; but there is still better evidence.

Retired Farmers Like Fish Out of Water

THE state of Iowa is the best bit of farming land in the world of equal size. Ninety-eight per cent of it, I believe, is under cultivation; but its population is decreasing. This decrease—not relative, but absolute—comes to the surface of the census figures in the case of Iowa because the state has no large cities. Iowa's cities and towns are growing rather rapidly, but not fast enough to compensate for this strange exodus of farmers from the fairest acres in America. If the rural population alone be considered, the same shrinkage is found to exist throughout the Mississippi Valley, save where there are new lands in process of settlement, and in the fully developed sections over the country generally.

Statistics are dull. Let us look at the human factors in this interesting, not to say ominous, situation. Go to any city, town or village in the United States situated in the midst of a rich agricultural community, and a new sort of citizen is found—the retired farmer. The retired farmer is *sui generis*. He is a good man, as a rule, but frequently not a good city man. He is prone to fill up the yard back of a three-thousand-dollar frame house in a respectable suburb, preferably near a college or university, with wagons and tools having a distinctly rural fitness, much to the disgust of his urban neighbors. He finds it hard to part company with the pig that thrives on the kitchen slops, and the cow that he furnishes forth with fodder from the farm.

Though his wife makes good in the suburban church, and his daughters go to the freshwater college and marry city husbands, and though his sons deftly find their way into offices, shops and factories, the retired farmer is a fish out of water. One may see him so hungry for work that, taking his dinner pail in hand, he sneaks away to a two-dollar job for sheer *ennui;* and, sneaking back at night to his strictly modern house, he enters at the back door so as to avoid embarrassment to his climbing daughter engaged in entertaining a medical student on the front porch.

Life's Main Object the Escape From the Farm

THE *paterfamilias* is worth a hundred thousand dollars, but he would fain drown the sorrows of his idleness in a two-dollar job. Brethren, these things ought not so to be, for a good man is thus wasted and a good family often ruined.

Not so very many years since, the county superintendent of schools of Wright County, Iowa, was a live wire named Benson. He began digging into the souls of the country children with a queer sort of examination paper covered with odd questions. Slipped in among the rest was an unobtrusive "What do you expect to do as a life work—farming or something else?"

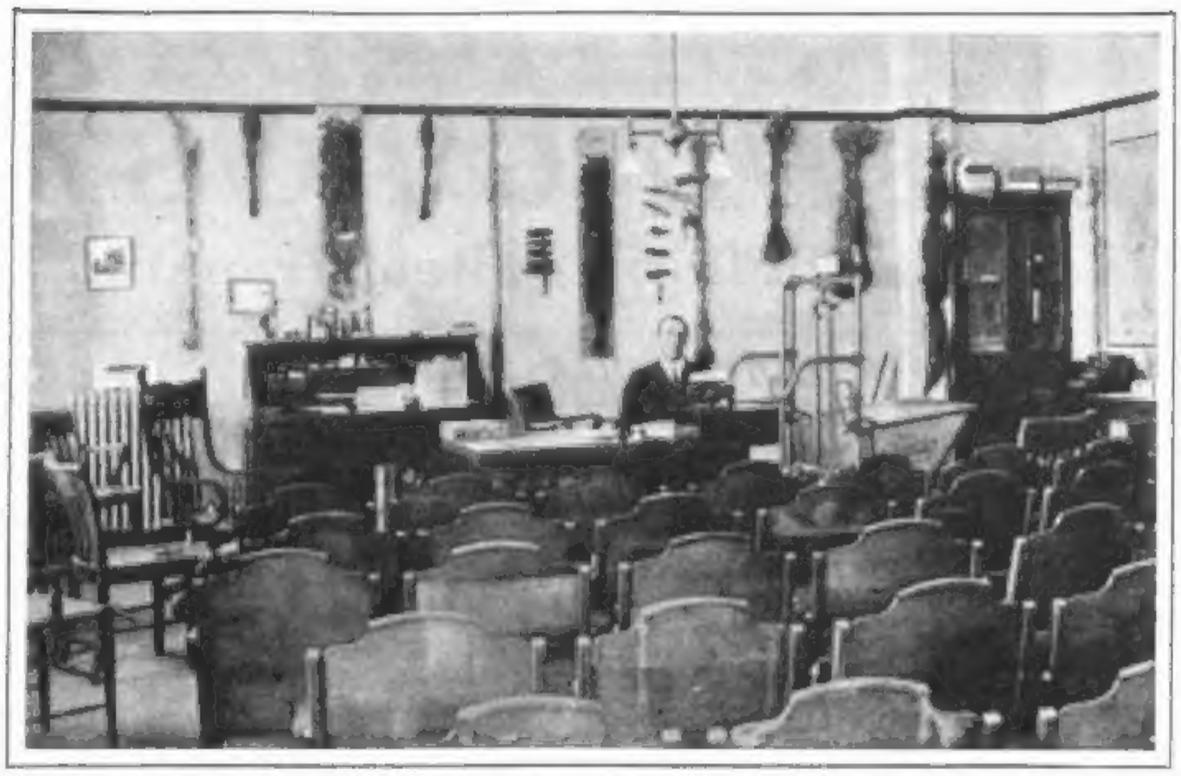
Caught napping, these boys and girls answered the query honestly. Eighty-five per cent of the boys and almost all the girls declared that, whatever they might or might not do as a life work, they certainly would not do any farming. Two years afterward—— But presently I shall tell what took place two years afterward.

The point here is that our farmers are leaving the farms just as fast as they can. They are not contented with farming or proud of being farmers. Oh, to be sure, some of them are; but I speak of the eighty-five per cent of the males and almost all the females. The exception is important; but unfortunately it is not the rule.

Now navigation did not reach its apex of success when ships were propelled by slaves chained to the oars. Even Russia found it best to abolish that serfdom which bound the man to the land. I submit that it is a rather serious matter when that third of our people on whom we all depend for the primary necessaries of life are in revolt against their occupation, and have their wings lifted to take flight to the cities—already too large—just as soon as they can get rid of whatever ball-and-chain it may be that holds them to the farm. Why are the farmers on strike? And is there any probability that the thing can be arbitrated and the strike called off?

Let me recall to your minds the strictly modern house in the suburb close to a freshwater college, to which the retired plowman homeward plods his weary way from his two-dollar job—especially the college. They have an important bearing on the discussion. And this brings me to the strange adventures of Mr. Cohen.

For nearly a year, at this writing, a gentleman named Cohen has been sailing back and forth between New York and Rio de Janeiro. He has traveled 33,740 miles, and has done it on a straight one-way ticket for which he paid something like $45; and he is still very much at sea. The opportunity he has had of studying South American relations, transportation, marine life, and several other interesting fields of observation has been somewhat restricted by the fact that he has not been able to obtain shore leave anywhere along the cruise or at either terminus thereof; but it has been so great that any competent worker in Greater Grub Street would be able to live comfortably for years on stories written out of the experience.



Office of Agricultural Representative of Oneida County, Wisconsin, in County Court House at Rhinelander. This is the Center of the Development of County Agricultural Work

In other words, Mr. Cohen has had a very educative time of it. Unfortunately this education has been forced on him because he is supposed by certain officials to be not quite *compos mentis*. Unless he can convince them of the excellence of his mental condition he will be a resident of the ship indefinitely; for neither Brazil nor this country will receive him.

Some of the best educational advantages offered by our various governments are brought to my mind by the forced voyaging of Mr. Cohen. Delinquents and exceptionals have all the best of it educationally as compared with normal people. The best schools in the United States are those maintained for certain groups of negroes, for lunatics, for the feeble-minded, for Indians, for deaf-mutes and the blind, for convicts, and for incorrigible boys and girls in reformatories. Away off in the Philippines we have established better rural schools than those of New England or Wisconsin. The worst schools in the United States are the rural schools that have always, as typified in that mythical building, "the little red schoolhouse," been pointed to with pride, when they should have been viewed with alarm.

What we need in this country most of all things earthly is the success of the great movement now taking place among the country people themselves, for giving to our honest, moral rural youth the advantages forced on the colored, the incorrigible and the insane. The idea is to give every countryside a school as good as Booker Washington's institute at Tuskegee, and to answer the question: "How may the country children be well trained, even though white, sane and corrigible?"

And now let us return to Mr. Benson, the county superintendent of schools of Wright County, Iowa, and his second examination of his country children as to whether or not they meant to make farming their business when they grew up. Remember that, two years previously, eighty-five per cent of the boys and practically all the girls declared their intention of washing their hands of farming as soon as possible. Now, of these same children, eighty-five per cent of the girls and nearly all the boys stated that they meant to live and die on the farm!

A New Era in Rural Schools

NOT even Mexican politics can show a more complete reversal of opinion in two years. These children had in two years fallen in love with rural life. They had called that noble which was now their hate; that vile which had been their garland. And yet Wright County life was very much the same as of old. Still the same black soil grew the lusty corn which made sore and frosted the hands that husked it. Cows kicked as of old and frisked the same stinging brush in the eye of the milkmaid. Blizzards swept over the prairie in winter just as though Mr. Benson had never been elected to the office of county superintendent, and barley beards crept under the shirt of the boy at the tail of the threshing machine as in years agone; in fact, nothing outward had taken place to change the boys and girls of Wright County from captives chained to the country into frank and free dwellers therein.

Something spiritual had taken place; and that something had been engendered by Mr. Benson's effort to give to Wright County rural schools some of the good things we find in the Tuskegee Institute and our schools for the little Filipinos. In short, he had introduced the teaching of agriculture and domestic economy.

These simple but revolutionary changes had reversed the votes of several hundred country boys and girls on rural life and their intentions with reference to it. Such a change in every rural school in the United States would accomplish marvels, the least of which would be the calling off of the general strike of farmers, which has been on for some thirty-five years now; and that would be some marvel.

City people will throw their ready caps in air and cheer lustily for vocational teaching in the rural schools, mainly because city people think such schooling will cause the farmers to grow more food and thus bring down the cost of living. That is all very well, since in so doing the city dweller is vaguely and dimly on the right side of the question; but the probabilities are that a generation of the right sort of rural schools will interfere seriously with the toll that many city people take of the farmer's produce on its way from the producer to the consumer—since farming takes in marketing as well as growing.

This, however, is by the way; the point being that, in cheering for vocational education in the rural schools, the city man is approving a movement which will restore the farm to favor just because it will give the country children the best culture obtainable. And when I say "obtainable" I mean anywhere—even in Boston.

Nearly two-thirds of the people of this nation are city dwellers; and of the city dwellers something like one hundred per cent seem to be planning to leave the city and get farms. Doubtless this estimate is high, as one can judge only from the expressions of his city friends. Anyhow, castles in Spain are obsolete in America, villas in Backtothelandia having taken their place. Some city people do emigrate to Backtothelandia and a few stay there; but the tide of population still runs strongly cityward.

Do city people ever ask themselves why? Is the force that flicks people from the land to the pavement like steel filings to a magnet what our President would call purely psychological? In other words, is there some inherent vice in the minds of country people that causes them to flock to the towns against their own physical, mental and moral interests?

Nay, nay! The country people know exactly what they are doing. They, like all of us, tend to move from the *situs* in which they are less happy to one in which they will be more happy. The country people go to the city because, on the whole, it is better for them to go. This is heresy, but it is true heresy. Bread is plenty and good on the farm, but man cannot live by bread alone.

The children of Wright County, Iowa, were in a state of intellectual starvation and Superintendent Benson gave them food for the mind. Prospective emigrants to Backtothelandia may well study this case and hundreds of analogous ones. They are warnings against moving to the country unless under exceptional conditions—for a while yet. Things will be happily different one of these days.

American society is unthinkable without schools. Other things are wrong in the rural districts besides schools—among them the price of land and the villainous American system of land tenantry; still, there is opportunity in Backtothelandia in an economic way. No parent with any good American ambition for his children, however, can contemplate leaving the fair-to-middling schools of our towns and villages for the archaic apologies for schools that exist in most American rural districts. The retired farmer with the dinner pail in about three cases out of four has left the farm in order that his children may have better school facilities.

The rural schools of America are not so good as they were fifty years ago. I think they are absolutely poorer; but some experts will disagree with me. I have yet to find anyone, however, who will not admit that they are poorer in comparison with the schools of the towns and cities. They are not really rural schools at all. They are copies of the poor city schools of many years ago—and bad copies at that. The rural teacher of fifty years ago was quite frequently a schoolmaster instead of a schoolma'am, and in either case was a much larger figure in the community than now. There was more essence of birch used then—and that was objectionable; but there was more personality—and that was good.

Every rural family feels the competition for this life of city against country. The country offers economic independence, the great out-of-doors, a job which is not possible to lose, conditions under which wife and children are economic assets instead of liabilities. The city offers—what the city offers; these so-called delights have been often listed and displayed. In this competition for the lives of the people the schools have the casting vote; and the city schools win. And yet this need not be so; in some places it is not so. The right sort of rural school—the trulyrural rural school—is a better place and a happier place for children than any city school can be, and can compete. Such work as Mr. Benson's proves this, and Mr. Benson is only one of the moving spirits in the rural renaissance.

Some years ago I met a Boston educator who spends much of his time in seeing educational America. "The best rural schools in the United States," said he, "are in Page County, Iowa." Other rural schools are quite as good now; but at that time he spoke the truth, I believe. A country teacher, Miss Jessie Field, had been elected to the office of county superintendent and made of that usually insignificant post the most important educational situation in America. She began ruralizing the rural schools.

After she had been doing this for five years I went there to see what had been done. I found a farmers' institute in session, with Miss Field in the chair. Fifteen hundred farmer folk were in attendance and all the things usually debated were under discussion; but the outstanding feature of the occasion was the way in which the schools, the rural teachers and the country children dominated things. They seemed to own at least fifty-one per cent of the stock.

The children walked down the streets of Clarinda like Roman legions entering a conquered town. They seemed to look on the unfortunate children who had to live in town with a kind of contemptuous pity. They read numerous essays, from which one easily gathered the fact that the best place in the world was Page County, Iowa, the best place to live was in the Nodaway or East Nishnabotna Valley, on a farm, and the best schools in the world were those presided over by Miss Jessie Field.

Commonsense Work in English

THE explanation was to be found in half an acre or so of school exhibits under the big armory. In visiting a large number of schools I found only one pupil who had not helped with these exhibits, and she offered the rather valid excuse that she had entered school after the Institute began. One little girl had sent in a collection of buttonholes worked so that they looked alike on both sides. Another had hemmed an apron. Another had baked a prize loaf of bread. Another was the author of a collection of cookies in a hundred volumes which melted in the fortunate judges' mouths. Boys had corn and other grains entered, from the basket of ears to the acre yield. There were farm gates, model piggeries, designs for better schoolhouses, and road drags.

The Page County schools had in five years been given a trend toward vocational training that had captured the imaginations of parents, children and teachers. The motion to strike on farm work would be lost in Page County by a most overwhelming majority—just as it would be anywhere if the schools were really ruralized.

Let no one assert that vocational training is narrowing. In some vocations it may be; but not in the rural school. Take language training, for instance: I found in one of these schools a big boy writing laboriously on Raspberry Culture. Be it remembered that he was doing a lesson, not in horticulture but in English—and he was doing it rather well.

"Why don't you write," I asked, "on some literary topic, like The Poems I Like Best, or The Paintings in the Louvre?" "Well," said he, "you see, I don't know anything about the Loov and I don't read poetry very much; but I do know about raspberry culture. I am growing raspberries for the market." So he wrote about raspberries—just as Grant wrote about his campaign—in good, clear, terse English. It was a most excellent exercise in English and it was a really rural topic. So much for language.

In mathematics these children had much better tasks to perform than to compute the number of revolutions the wheel of a cart would make in a journey from the earth to the moon, or to solve a problem in alternate alligation or in cube root. They made inventories of the farm property. They figured profits and losses on farm crops. They made tests of dairy cows and calculated profits and losses on individual cows. They had a little arithmetic book of their own, compiled by Miss Field and filled with strictly rural problems.

There was one farmer who was opposed to the new-fangled notions which were so far upsetting things that the boys preferred school to hooky, and said so very plainly on numerous occasions. One evening, however, his son discovered to his father the skeleton in the dairy closet—to wit, that some of the old gentleman's favorite cows had been proved by the new school mathematics and a Babcock tester to be mere boarders. They were not giving enough butterfat to pay a cent of profit.

Father was shocked when he learned that these cows gave him no return for his labor save the pleasure of their society; and he put them in the fattening pen forthwith. Incidentally he became a devoted adherent of the rural-ized rural school and of Miss Field. Come to think of it, he had always been in favor of a more practical system of schools, just as most of us are; but he failed at first to recognize the thing he wanted when he saw it.

'Rithmetic, however, does not stop in the real-life school with simple things like these. Gradually the rural school in its new form is becoming the counting room of the neighborhood. Bookkeeping in banks, factories and shops is a very simple thing compared with farm bookkeeping. An eminent European economist has made the statement that no one can tell what any one thing costs on a farm until he knows what everything else costs. There are people, no doubt, who believe that they are keeping accurate statistical books on their farming operations; but if they are correct the work is done by a skilled accountant and not by a working farmer.

The problems are enormously complex; taking into account the balancing of such factors as land values, soil depletion, varying pressure of work with seasonal requirements, competition of one crop or operation with another, and a thousand other things—most of them what the highbrows call variables. Integral and differential calculus, quadratics, conic sections, and the like, are easy compared with farm statistics. And no one farm's accounts are in themselves complete. If the truth as to farming is to be gleaned the statistics of every farm should be compared with those of every other similarly situated.

Learning and Earning at the Same Time

AND here comes in the new kind of rural school, with its application of the third R to life. Each of the big boys and girls collects the data relating to the home farm, and the A class in arithmetic keeps books for the neighborhood. They compute the results of all sorts of farming as compared with all other sorts. From arithmetic the course extends to economics. A business education is obtained that will have its effect on the next generation in better farming—and incidentally this sort of rural school gives a better business training than can be obtained in any commercial course in the city.

From such schools will come men and women capable of becoming better bankers, better manufacturers, better general business men in either city or country than any schools in existence now turn out; but the banks, factories and stores will have to pay well if they get them.

If I have made myself clear the reader begins to see that the new kind of rural school is devoted to the matter of getting an education out of life. I suppose the best rural schools in the United States at this time are in Cook County, Illinois, where Superintendent E. J. Tobin has developed them about the fringes of Chicago. Take the case of Caroline and Alma Kutz, for instance, girls of twelve and fourteen years of age respectively, who each won a fifty-dollar silver cup for work done in their school-garden club as pupils in District Number Seventy-three. They sold from about a tenth of an acre, cultivated by them in vegetables and a few flowers, the sum of $132.65.

The school won a cash prize of a hundred dollars in gold for its school-garden work. The smallest sum made by any pupil was $6.90, and the largest $165.31, earned by a boy who had half an acre or more of onions. Few flowers were grown. Most of this money, amounting in the aggregate to $1376.25, was realized from such world-feeding things as radishes, parsley, beans, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, beets, sweet corn, peppers, cucumbers, cabbage and celery.

Nearly all these children have started their own bank accounts, draw their own checks and use their own money. And yet anyone who should say to Superintendent Tobin that this work is adequately represented by the thirteen hundred dollars would give him a very serious pain. The idea is to cultivate—not the vegetables but the children; not to make plants flourish but to make people happy and efficient. There is some agricultural education in it, to be sure; but in the main it is educational agriculture. As such I commend it to city people.

There is more physiology in farming than in the study of medicine; and the way to teach physiology and hygiene is to set the boys and girls at work on the nutrition of cows, fowls and other livestock. After a girl has spent a part of her school life in figuring balanced rations for the dumb friends in the yards and pastures, do you not suppose she will be able to put the proper amounts of proteids, carbohydrates and fats in the menu of her own table, or any other for which she is called on to prepare food? The hygiene of the farmyard is the same body of nutritional princip'es the stomach specialists study. And after the children have mastered the physiology of the cow, the hen and the sheep as a part of the problem of making a living, do you not suppose they will know more about their own than you do, dear reader?

A Wisconsin teacher was getting a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year as the head of a consolidated rural school. He believed the idea that school work must be an economic burden on the community is an ancient and dishonorable error. Why should not a school earn its keep? No good reason can be given if the school happens to be so situated that productive labor is at the same time cultural. This schoolmaster proceeded to organize a coöperative creamery for the neighborhood. At the end of the school year he was able to show that he had added to the incomes of the farms in his district three hundred dollars more than his salary. The district had had the school for nothing and had gained three hundred dollars in cash.

Doctor Claxton, of the Bureau of Education, at Washington, has estimated that the labor of the children in the schools of this country which could be directed to the cultivation of school gardens, back yards, vacant lots, and the like, might add two hundred million dollars to the national wealth yearly. I believe it. The experience of Caroline and Alma Kutz more than proves it. So does the work of Superintendent Judd, of Wake County, North Carolina. His schools were sadly crippled for lack of money, but there was land a-plenty hard by. Mr. Judd started the school farming operation primarily to make money for the school needs; but really his success in that matter—his schools grew cotton mostly and did nobly—was the smallest part of the triumph. The significant thing was that this educational agriculture was a sort of merger of the life of school and the school of life.

Would it not be a fine thing if all our educational operations could be lived instead of merely studied? If, for instance, the student of Latin could spend the hours out of school talking with Cæsar or Vergil, the student of Greek flirting with Sappho in the flesh or finding out from Homer how he lost his eyesight, Greek and Latin would not be so infernally tiresome, and we should have real masters of those tongues. Similarly, could the medical student put in half his time actually practicing medicine, and the dental student working at dentistry, the course would be far more interesting to the learner, no matter how fatal it might be to the people at large. The students would make rapid textbook progress too.

How do I know? Well, a few years ago the Dean of the College of Engineering, of the University of Cincinnati, introduced this very system. Students of mechanical engineering were given jobs in machine shops—regular, dirty, oily jobs, with overalls and pay envelopes. It worked. Of course at first it was very bad form; and the white-collar students, who were able to keep their hands better manicured than could the half-time fellows, rather looked down on the chaps working in two shifts—one in the classroom and one in the shops. But gradually this feeling wore off, and now I believe every student in this college is on the half-time basis.

More Education in Life Than in Books

THE freshman civil engineer spends half his time doing actual productive work of the sort that he some time expects to plan and superintend. The budding chemical engineer learns that half of the word laboratory is made up of labor. The electrical engineer gets experience with the rough side of a callous foreman's tongue. Incidentally these young men, working half the time on theory and the other half on practice, make as much progress in the formal textbook and lecture course in five months as the full-time student in the classroom makes in four. When they are graduated they know their jobs—and incidentally they know a lot of people having jobs to give out, for whom they have worked and who require no letters of introduction. This is the way things go when young people get their education out of life, where it happens to be practicable to do it in a city school.

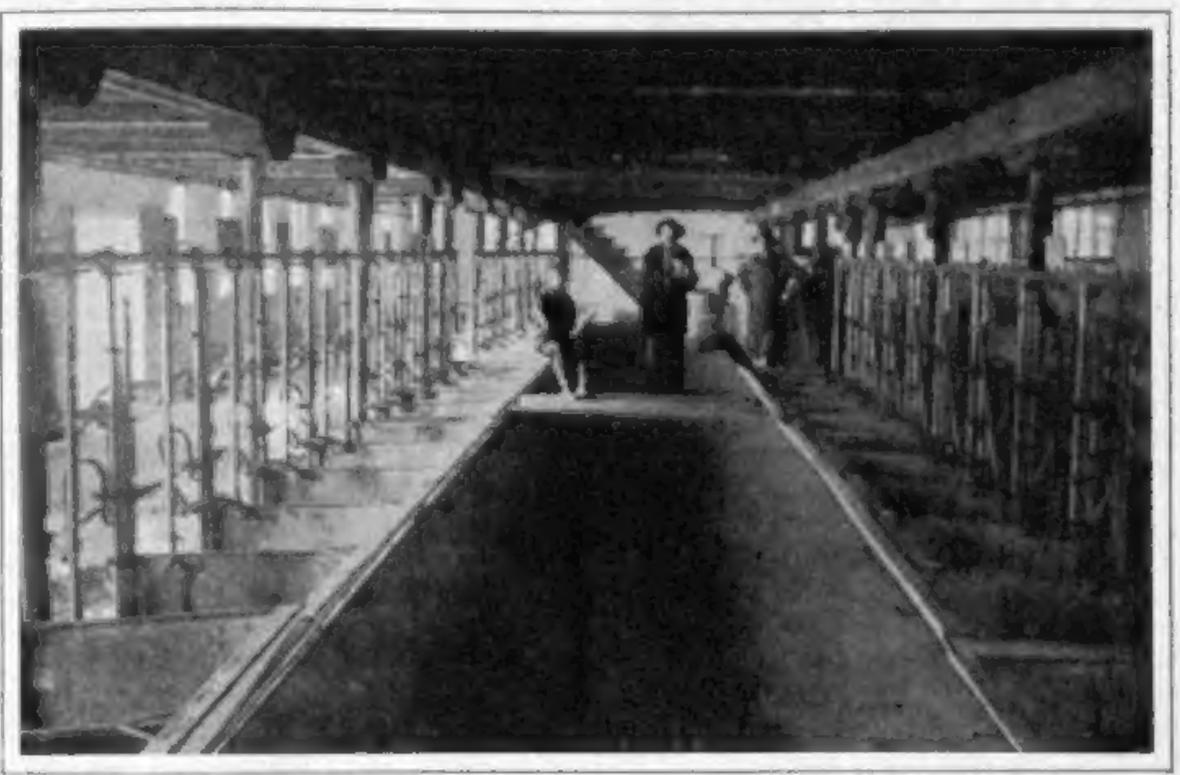
At a baseball game one day I heard a criticism from the bleachers that went right to the core of our American system of education, urban and rural, from the First-Reader grade to the Bachelor-of-Arts foundry. The pitcher was perpetrating wild pitches, balks, bad throws to the bases and gifts of passes to the batsmen. A small boy took advantage of a lull in the noise to cast his vote. "Take him out!" he yelled. "He ain't even a busher! Take him out! The dub learned to pitch out of a book!" Can anything be more expressive? And yet we are trying to educate the young people of America out of books instead of out of life. The great importance of the Cincinnati experience lies in the fact that there is more education in life than in books.

The trouble with the city schools lies in the fact that it is hard to find real life, on which the students may exercise their budding minds; but this is not true in the country. There are no competing occupations, for one thing, and no labor unions with perfectly good reasons why their trades should not be oversupplied with graduates from vocational schools. In the country there is but one occupation—the most basic in the world, and the one which gives the most multifarious opportunities for training the mind, the heart and the body of the young. City superintendents try with all their might to give their young charges some training in the growing of things from the soil, and to that end utilize back lots, the flat roofs of buildings, and every other level space whereon pitiful imitations of agricultural operations may be carried on.

Agricultural courses are given in metropolitan public schools for their cultural value alone. They even try to teach agriculture out of books! But round about every rural school lies an educational plant the city school would give almost anything to possess. And in using this plant—the

(Continued on Page 44)

Manure Pit Constructed to Take the Place of the Manure Wallow by the Barn



Model Cow Barn Constructed Under the Supervision of a Short-Course Pupil

WOMEN UNDER FIRE

By Arthur H. Gleason

Victoria Theater, Gleiwitz, Germany, Used as Military Hospital for 150 Patients. Taken Just After Christmas

"WHAT are women going to do about this war?" That question my wife and I asked each other at the outbreak of the present conflict, and we decided to go across to the front to find the answer for ourselves. There were several attitudes that they might take. They could deplore war, because it destroyed their own best products. They could form peace leagues and pass resolutions against war. They could return to their ancient job of ministering angel. That really meant resuming their old-time location in the background. They did all these things and did them fervently; but they did something else in this war—they stepped out into the foreground, where the air was thick with danger, and demonstrated their courage. The mother no longer says: "Return, O gallant one, with your shield or on it," and goes back to her baking. She packs her kit and jumps into a motor ambulance headed for the dressing station.

My wife and I have had the chance to watch women in this war. We were fortunate enough to be made members of the Hector Munro Motor Ambulance Corps, which has been attached to the Belgian Army since the latter part of September. Baron de Broqueville, Prime Minister of Belgium, placed his son in charge of our corps. We have had access to every line from Nieuport on the sea, down for thirty miles. We were able to run out to skirmishes, to reach the wounded where they had fallen. We have gone where the fighting had been at such close range that in one barnyard in Ramskapelle lay thirteen dead—Germans, French and Belgians. We brought back three wounded Germans from the stable. We were in Dixmude on the afternoon when the Germans destroyed the town by artillery fire. We were in Ypres on November first, the day after the most terrible battle in history, when fifty thousand English out of a hundred and twenty thousand fell. For four months my wife has been living in Pervyse, with two Englishwomen. Not one house in the town itself is left untouched by shell fire. The three women lived in a cellar for the first weeks. Then they moved into a partially demolished house. In early March a shell exploded in the kitchen and killed two of their soldier helpers. The women were at work in the next room. We have had opportunity for observing women in war, for we have seen several hundred of them—nurses, helpers, chauffeurs, writers—under varying degrees of strain and danger.

Steady Nerves in the Face of Danger

THE women whom I met in Belgium were all alike. They refused to take "their place." They were not interested in their personal welfare. There have been individual men, a few of them—English, French and Belgian, soldiers, chauffeurs and civilians—who have turned tail when the danger was acute. But the women we have watched are strangely lacking in fear. I asked a famous war writer, whose breast was gay with the ribbons of half a dozen campaigns, what was the matter with all these women, that they did not tremble and go green under fire, as some of us did. He said:

"They don't belong out here. They have no business to be under fire. They ought to be back at the hospitals down at Dunkirk. They don't appreciate danger. That's the trouble with them; they have no imagination."

That's an easy way out. But the real reasons lie deeper than a mental inferiority. These women certainly had quite as good an equipment in mentality as the drivers and stretcher bearers. One reason that they behaved as they did was their desire to help. They could not bear to let immense numbers of men lie in pain. They wished to bring their instinct for help to the place where it was needed.

The other reason is a product of their changed thinking under modern conditions. "I want to see the shells," said a discontented lady at Dunkirk. She was weary of the peace and safety of a town twenty miles back from the front. Women suddenly saw their time had come to strip man of one more of his monopolies. For some thousand years he had been bragging of his carriage and bearing in battle. He had told the women folks at home how admirable he had been under strain, and he went on to claim special privileges as the reward for his gallant behavior. He posed as their protector. He claimed the right to tax them because they did not lend a hand when invasion came. Now they are campaigning in France and Belgium to show that man's much-advertised quality of courage is a race possession.

They had already shown it while peace was still in the land, but their demonstration met with disfavor. Just before the war broke out I saw a woman suffragist thrown into a pond of water at Denmark Hill. I saw another mauled and bruised by a crowd of men in Hyde Park. They were the same sort of women as these hundreds at the front. They are affirming a new value. The argument is hotly contended whether women belong at the front. Conservative Englishmen deem them a nuisance, and wish them back in London. Meanwhile, they come and stay. English officials tried to send home three of our women who had been nursing within a few hundred yards of the trenches at Pervyse. But the King of the Belgians, and Baron de Broqueville, Prime Minister of Belgium, had been watching their work, and refused to move them.

One morning we came into the dining room of our Convent Hospital at Furnes, and there on a stretcher on the floor was a girl sleeping profoundly. We thought at first she was one more of our innumerable wounded who overflowed the beds and wards during those crowded days. She slept through the morning and through the noon meal. The noise about her did not disturb her. She did not stir in her heavy sleep. She lay under the window, her face of olive skin, with a touch of red in the right cheek, turned away from the light.

She awoke after a sleep of twenty hours. She had come in the evening before, wearied to exhaustion after a week in the Belgian trenches.

That was the thing you were confronted with—woman after woman hurling herself at the war till she was spent. They wished to share with the men the hardship and the peril. If risks were right for the men, then they were right for women.

If the time had come for nations to risk death, these women refused to claim the exemptions of sex difference. If war was unavoidable, then it was equally proper for women to be present and carry on the work of salvage.

Of a desire to kill they have none. A certain type of man under excitement likes to shoot and reach his mark. I have had soldiers tell me with pride of the number of enemies they have potted. It sounds very much like an Indian score-card of scalps or a grouse hunter's bag of game. Our women did not talk in these terms, nor did they act so. They gave the same care to German wounded as to Belgian, French and English wounded, and that though they believed that they would not receive mercy if the enemy came across the fields and stormed the trenches. A couple of machine guns placed on the trench at Pervyse could have raked the ruined village and killed our three nurses. They shared the terms of peril with the soldiers; but they had no desire for retaliation, no wish to wreak their will on human life. Their instinct is to help, regardless of the danger. The danger does not excite them to a nervous explosion where they grab for a gun and shoot the other fellow.

I was with an English physician one day before he was seasoned. We were under the bank at Grembergen, just across the river from Termonde. The enemy were putting over shells about one hundred yards from where we were crawling toward a machine-shop where wounded lay. The shells were noisy and the dirt flew high. Scattered bits of metal pattered on the bank. As we heard the shell moaning for that second of time when it draws close, we would crawl into one of the trenches scooped out in the green bank, an earthen cave with a roof of boughs.

"Let's get out of this," said the doctor. "It's too hot for our kind of work. If I had a rifle and could shoot back I shouldn't mind it. But this waiting round and doing nothing in return till you are hit, I don't like it."

But that is the very power that women possess. They can wait round without wishing to strike back. Saving life gives them sufficient spiritual resource to stand up to artillery. They have no wish to relieve their nervousness by sighting an alien head and cracking it.

Smoking they do indulge in. Almost all our women smoke. In it they found the same relief from tension that men find. Cigarettes were what they used. Some of them smoked them while waiting for the wounded, as they sat in the ambulance by the roadside. They smoked them at the end of the hard day. The sudden lulls of waiting when one is expecting action and noise are hard to live through, and smoking quiets the jumping nerves.

Feminine Courage at the Front

ONE of our corps was Lady Dorothie Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. She had all the characteristics of what we like to think is the typical American girl. She had a bonhomie that swept class distinctions aside. Her talk was swift and direct. She was pretty and executive, swift to act and always on the go.

One day, as we were on the road to the dressing stations, the noise of guns broke out. The young Belgian soldier who was driving her stopped his motor and jumped out.

"I do not care to go farther," he said.

Lady Dorothie, who is a skillful driver, climbed to the front seat, drove the car to the dressing station and brought back the wounded. I have seen her drive a touring car, carrying six wounded men, from Nieuport to Furnes at eight o'clock on a pitch-dark night, no lights allowed, over a narrow, muddy road on which the car skidded. She had to thread her way through silent marching troops, turn out for artillery wagons, follow after tired horses.

She was not a trained nurse, but when Dr. Hector Munro was working over a man with a broken leg she prepared a splint and held the leg while he set it and bound it. She drove a motor into Nieuport when the troops were marching out of it. Her guest for the afternoon was a war correspondent.

"This is a retreat," he said. "It is never safe to enter a place when the troops are leaving it. I have had experience."

"We are going in to get the wounded," she replied. They went in.

At Ypres she dodged round the corner because she saw a captain who doesn't believe in women at the front. A shell fell in the place where she had been standing a moment before. It blew the arm from a soldier. Her nerve was unbroken, and she continued her work through the morning.

Her notion of courage is that people have a right to feel frightened, but that they have no right to fail to do the job even if they are frightened. They are entitled to their feelings, but they are not entitled to shirk the necessary work of war. She believes that cowardice is not like other failings of weakness, which are pretty much man's own business. Cowardice is dangerous to the group.

What she is the rest of the women are. Miss Smith, an English girl nurse, jumped down from the ambulance that was retreating before the Germans, and walked back into Ghent, held by the Germans, to nurse an English officer till

he died. A few days later she escaped, by going in a peasant's cart full of market vegetables, and rejoined us at Furnes.

Sally MacNaughton is a gray-haired gentlewoman of independent means who writes admirable fiction. She has laid aside her art and for months conducted a soup kitchen in the railway station at Furnes. She has fed thousands of weakened wounded men, working till midnight night after night. She remained until the town was thoroughly shelled.

The order is strict that no officer's wife must be near the front. The idea is that she will divert her husband's mind from the work in hand. He will worry about her safety. But Mrs. von der B——, a Belgian, joined our women in Pervyse, and did useful work, while her husband, a doctor with the rank of officer, continued his work along the front. She is a girl of twenty-one years.

Recently the Queen of the Belgians went into the trenches at a time when there was danger of artillery and rifle fire breaking loose from the enemy. She had to be besought to keep back where the air was quieter, as her life was of more value to the Belgian troops and the nation than even a gallant death.

One afternoon most of the corps were out on the road searching for wounded. Miss Chisholm, a Scotch girl eighteen years old, and a young American woman had been left behind in the Furnes Hospital. With them was a stretcher bearer, a man of twenty-eight. A few shells fell into Furnes. The civilian population began running in dismay. The girls climbed up into the tower of the Convent to watch the work of the shells. The man ordered the women to leave the town with him and go to Poperinghe. The two girls refused to go.

For the last few weeks Furnes has been under heavy artillery fire from beyond Nieuport. One of our hospital nurses was killed as she was walking in the Grand Place.

I saw an American girl covered by the pistol of a uhlan officer. She did not change color, but regarded the incident as a lark. I happened to be watching her when she was sitting on the front seat of her ambulance at Oudekappele, eating her luncheon. A shell fell thirty yards from her in the road. The roar was loud. The dirt flew high. The metal fragments tinkled on the house walls. The hole it dug was three feet deep. She laughed and continued with her luncheon.

Men's Work Done by Girls

I SAW the same girl stand out in a field while this little drama took place: The French artillery in the field were well covered by shrubbery. They had been pounding away from their covert till the Germans grew irritated. A German Taube flew into sight, hovered high overhead and spied the hidden guns. It dropped three smoke bombs. These puffed out their little clouds into the air, and gave the far-away marksmen their location for firing. Their guns broke out. Their shrapnel shells came overhead, burst into trailing smoke and scattered their hundreds of bullets. The girl stood there interested on the arena itself. A London banker placed himself behind a hayrick. It interested her mentally, but of concern for her personal safety she had none. It was all like a play on the stage to her. You watch the blow and flash but you are not a part of the action.

Each night the Furnes Hospital was full with one hundred wounded. In the morning we carried out one or two or one-half dozen dead. The wounds were severe, the air of the whole countryside was septic from the sour dead in the fields, who kept working to the surface from their shallow burial. There was a morning when we had gone early to the front on a hurry call. In our absence two girl nurses carried out ten dead from the wards into the convent lot, to the edge of the hasty graves made ready for their coming.

There is one woman whom we have watched at work for six months. She is a trained nurse, a certified midwife, a licensed motor-car driver, a veterinarian and a woman of property. Her name is Mrs. Elsie Knocker, a widow with one son. She helped to organize our corps. I was with her one evening when a Belgian corporal ordered her to go up a difficult road. The three of us were seated in Mrs. Knocker's motor ambulance. The corporal was the driver of a high-power touring car which could rise on occasion to seventy miles an hour. He carried a rifle in his car, and told us he had killed over fifty Germans since Liège. He dressed in bottle green, the uniform of a cyclist, and he looked like a rollicking woodlander of the Robin Hood band. It was seven o'clock of the evening. The night was dark. He pitched a bag of bandages into the motor ambulance.

"Take those to the dressing station that lies two miles to the west of Caeskerke," he ordered Mrs. Knocker. I cranked up the machine; Mrs. Knocker sat at the wheel.

Volunteer Red Cross Nurses on Way to Active Service, Grouped in Front of the Berlin Railroad Station

PHOTO. BY CARL WAGNER, GLEIWITZ

Dressing Room for Actresses, Victoria Theater, Gleiwitz, Used as Sleeping Quarters for Nurses. Third From Right Reading The Saturday Evening Post is Miss Helen A. Fitz, a Graduate of Garfield Hospital, Washington, D. C.

We were at Oudekappele. The going was halfway decent as far as the crossroads of Caeskerke. Here we turned west on a road through the fields which had been intermittently shelled for several days. The road had shell holes in it from one to three feet deep. We could not see them because we carried no lights and the sky overhead was black. A mile to our right a village was burning. There were sheets of flame rising from the lowland, and the flame revealed the smoke that was thick over the ruins. We bumped in and out of the holes. All roads in Belgium were scummy with mud. It is like butter on bread. The big brown-canopied ambulance skidded in this paste.

We reached the dressing station and delivered one bag of bandages. In return we received three wounded men, stretcher cases, who lay at length on the stretched canvas and swung on straps. Then we started back over the same mean road. This was the journey that tested Mrs. Knocker's driving, because now she had wounded men who must not be jerked by the swaying car. Motion tore at their wounds. Above all, they must not be overturned. An overturn would kill a man who was seriously wounded. Driving meant drawing all her nervous force into her directing brain and her two hands. A village on fire at night is a rather eerie sight. A dark road, pitted with shell holes and scummy with mud, is chancy. The car with its human freight, swaying, bumping, sliding, is heavy on the wrist. The whole focused drive of it falls on the muscles of the forearm. And when on the skill of that driver depend the lives of three men the situation is one that calls for nerve. It was only luck that the artillery from beyond the Yser did not begin tuning up. The Germans had shelled that road diligently for many days and some evenings. Back to the crossroads Mrs. Knocker brought her cargo, and on to Oudekappele, and so to the hospital at Furnes, a full ten miles. Safely home in the Convent yard, the journey done, the wounded men lifted into the ward, she broke down. She had put over her job and her nerves were tired. Womanlike she refused to give in till the work was successfully finished.

Two Plucky Women

HOW would a man have handled such a strain? I will tell you how one man acted. Our Belgian corporal drove his touring car into Dixmude one morning. He ordered Tom, the cockney driver, to follow with the motor ambulance. In it were Mrs. Knocker and Miss Chisholm, sitting with Tom on the front of the car. Things looked peaceful. The corporal slowed up, and so did Tom just behind him. Now there is one sure rule for rescue work at the front—when you hear the guns close, always turn your car toward home, away from the direction of the enemy. Turn it before you get your wounded, even though they are at the point of death, and leave your power on, even when you are going to stay for a quarter of an hour. Pointed toward safety, and under power, the car can carry you out of range of a sudden shelling or a bayonet charge. The corporal and Tom hadn't had time to do this when the enemy's guns began to place shrapnel over the road. The cloud puffs were hovering about a hundred feet overhead a little farther down the road. The bullets pattered on the roadbed. The corporal jumped out of his touring car.

"Turn my car," he shouted to Tom. Then the corporal ran inside the dressing station, a small brick inn. Tom climbed from the ambulance, boarded the touring car and turned it. The corporal peered out from his shelter, saw the going was good and ran to his motor. He jumped in and sped out of the town at full tilt. The two women sat quietly in the ambulance, watching the shrapnel. Tom returned to them, turned the car and brought them beyond the range of fire.

But the steadiest and most useful piece of work done by the women was that at Pervyse. Mrs. Knocker and two women helpers, one English and one American, fitted up a miniature hospital in the cellar of a house in ruined Pervyse. They were within three minutes of the trenches. Here, as soon as the soldiers were wounded, they could be brought for immediate treatment. A young private had received a severe lip wound. Unskilful army medical handling had left it gangrened, and it had swollen. His face was on the way to being marred for life. Mrs. Knocker treated him every few hours for ten days— and brought him back to normal. A man came in with his hand a pulp from splintered shell. The glove he had been wearing was driven into the red flesh. Mrs. Knocker worked over his hand for half an hour, picking out the shredded glove bit by bit.

Three artillery horses were brought to her, laid open by shrapnel bullets in deep raw wounds. The men did not know what to do with them. She sat up with them all night, easing them. By morning she saw they were doomed. She made the men send post-haste to La Panne, to bring over an officer who was a veterinarian. He shot them.

Except for a short walk in the early morning and another after dark, these three women have lived immured in their

(Concluded on Page 71)

Convalescent Soldier Boys, Gleiwitz, Germany. The One With a Bandage About His Head Had a Bullet Go Through His Ear, Out Through His Head, Just Clearing the Ear Drum, So the Hearing Was Not Lost. The Second From Right Had a Bullet Pass Through a Lung

SECRET CIPHERS

By Melville Davisson Post

Southern Sympathizers in the North Gave Information Through Items in Newspapers

IT IS the boast of the German Secret Service that, given a reasonable time, it can decipher any secret code, no matter in what characters or in what language it is written.

Let us not too easily regard this as a mere vainglorious pretension. Edgar Allan Poe said the ingenuity of man could not invent a secret writing that the ingenuity of man would not be able to decipher. He declared, in a newspaper published in Philadelphia, that he would undertake to solve any cipher sent to him. A hundred cryptographs were sent in, made up in foreign languages, with words and sentences run together, and of all sorts of alphabets. Poe deciphered every one of these secret codes, it is said, with the exception of one, which was, in fact, a mere jumble of characters. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the German Secret Service has carried this art to as high a degree of efficiency.

We know with what care, patience and ingenuity the Teutonic mind sets about the solution of any problem; and when we reflect on its achievements we are moved to admit the claim of the Berlin Secret Service. A single example of this untiring German genius for the solving of riddles is enough to appall the diplomatic corps of any country compelled to send its dispatches in cipher.

German Scholarship and Hidden Writings

WHEN the archæologists discovered in Persia the site of the ancient capital of Persepolis, they found inscriptions in cuneiform or wedge writing. These inscriptions were in three parallel columns. They might, therefore, be in three languages or merely a repetition of the inscription in three forms.

Here was the most difficult form of secret cipher imaginable. Nobody in the world knew a single character in these inscriptions; nor had anybody the slightest idea of the language they represented. The ancient tongue for which these characters stood had disappeared from human knowledge.

The characters alone remained—mystic and apparently undecipherable symbols of a vanished language.

Moreover, several languages might be indicated. The characters might be hieroglyphics, forms of picture writing, or ideographic signs. The individual characters might stand for letters of an alphabet, words, or detached ideas. They might be symbols for events, or they might be syllabic, partially syllabic—or almost anything.

It is impossible to conceive of any secret cipher set in a more dense Cimmerian darkness. Nevertheless, Georg Friedrich Grotefend, a Prussian, undertook to decipher the inscriptions.

He began by setting them in three separate columns. He assumed they were in three languages. He noticed that the inscriptions all began with similar signs. Some of the groups of signs appeared to be about the same length in each inscription.

Taking it for granted that a group having the same length and appearing equally in all the writings was a proper name, he observed that, following this, another group appeared, which seemed to be repeated in the inscriptions. He assumed that a certain word meant "king." Sometimes he found it lengthened, and he concluded that meant "kings." This second word was generally followed in the inscriptions by a third word that seemed constant. Grotefend imagined this word was "great."

He concluded, as these inscriptions would be set up by great monarchs, that they would begin with the king's name. He had now to discover the name.

A study of Herodotus and others led him to believe that the kings most likely to set up such inscriptions would be Cyrus, Artaxerxes or Darius. The classical authors declared that certain monuments had been set up by Darius. This king's name in the Persian language seemed to be about the right length for the group in the inscription. Grotefend concluded that it was intended for Darius; and he now had for his reading: "Darius—king—great."

He was, therefore, able to get certain constant factors, by which all cuneiform inscriptions have been completely deciphered since that time. And, having before him a like inscription in three languages, he had a key by which all three languages were afterward brought into human knowledge.

The story equals anything in mystery fiction. The slant of the wedge, which indicated divisions of words; the hint suggesting that the inscription ought to be read from the left; the observation that noticed the recurrence of certain groups of symbols, and the ingenuity that worked out the meaning of these indicatory signs—all these things relegate to the commonplace the deductions of Lecocq and Lupin.

Now the controlling Teutonic idea is the welfare of the empire. This welfare necessitates a knowledge of the intentions of its enemies. The moving intention of the enemies of the German Empire is communicated by cipher dispatches to their embassies and to their armed forces on land and sea. It is vital that the Berlin War Office should be able to understand the secret ciphers of other governments.

It follows, then, that if Germany gave such minute and patient attention to the deciphering of mere archæological inscriptions of purely academic value she would labor harder to decipher the secret codes of her enemies when the thing at stake would be the preservation of the empire.

Every country preserves copies of all cipher dispatches sent to foreign embassies, and resorts to every device to obtain the signal books and codes of its neighbors.

With its elaborate system of espionage, its secret means for acquiring codes and ciphers used by other nations, and the incomparable German ingenuity for patiently working out a problem, it may be confidently asserted that the Berlin War Office has a copy of every known code; and that, given time, it will decipher every secret code the ingenuity of any nation can devise.

A great deal of skill has been used in order to construct a secret code that will baffle solution. The most common form is the word-book system; and special military dictionaries have been constructed. These dictionaries are in form like certain marine signal books. Words and expressions, syllables, and the like, are indicated by one cipher; but there was always the danger that such a dictionary might fall into the hands of the enemy.

It was necessary that every officer likely to receive dispatches should have constantly with him a copy of the word book. This meant that vast numbers of the word book must be issued; and thus the chance of its coming into possession of the enemy was greatly enhanced.

Another difficulty was that if, by inadvertence, an officer in the field was not in possession of the word book he could not read a message sent to him. During the Franco-Prussian War a German general found himself in precisely this dilemma. He was in the field with his corps, while the word book, by some oversight, was with his baggage in the rear. It was a disaster that impressed the German authorities, and it is not likely so cumbrous a form of code translation is now employed.

Some form of secret cipher has been in use from all time. The Greeks, when their home authorities wished to send orders to a general in the field, were accustomed to wrap a narrow strip of parchment round a rod so that the edges met, and across these edges they wrote a message. The strip was then unwound and sent to the officer, who carried with him a rod of precisely the same dimensions. He was able to read the strip by winding the parchment round the rod he possessed. This brought the letters on the edges of the parchment into their correct position.

Edgar Allan Poe treated this clumsy method of the Greeks with ridicule and contempt. He said that anybody could have deciphered those messages by the simple device of preparing a long cone, broad at the base and tapering to a point. It was only necessary to wind the strip of parchment round the base of the cone, and then, keeping the edges together and the parchment close against the surface of the cone, gradually slip the writing down until, at the point where the diameter of the cone equaled the diameter of the rod on which it was written, certain of the letters would come together. An enemy with the slightest ingenuity could then have deciphered the war codes of Sparta by this simple device.

Cæsar's code, familiar to every schoolboy, was merely a method of putting certain letters in place of certain other letters—*e* standing for *b*, and the like. Such a code could not have given anybody difficulty in its solution, and would have served only in an age of little general learning.

One finds at this day a military authority suggesting a secret code based on a mechanical device. A metal plate having certain squares cut out is prepared. The message is constructed by first putting down the plate on a sheet of paper and writing the message words in the squares. Then the plate is removed and other words written in, so as to form a sort of coherent note. To decipher this, one must have a like plate, which he puts down over the writing, and merely reads the words that appear in the squares.

Poe's Objections to the Plate Cipher

SUCH a method, however, would require that these cumbrous plates must be carried about—a thing infinitely dangerous to a spy. The mere possession of such a device would cause him to be shot at once. If this were the only difficulty of such a method, it could be obviated by laying out a plate of exact dimensions, and the squares in it of exact dimensions, and then committing those dimensions to memory. No plate would then be required. The one receiving a message would have only to lay off his plate with a ruler, mark it out on the message with a pencil, and read what appeared in the squares.

But when we come to inquire into this device we find that it is not new. Poe knew it and riddled it. He said:

"The chief objection to this cryptograph is the difficulty of so filling the blanks as not to give a forced appearance to the sentences. Differences, also, in the handwriting between the words written in the spaces and those inscribed on the removal of the card will always be detected by a close observer."

It Was Entirely Safe to Carry It Through the Lines

The common cipher in use is that of some sort of word book, of which the A-B-C code is a sample. Variations of this, highly complicated, are the commonest in use.

A cipher largely employed, and which is said to be practically undecipherable, is constructed in the following manner: The total number of words required in the message to be sent is determined. For example, let us say that the communication can all be put into five hundred determined words. These words and the number of them having been agreed on, a like number of words is selected at random from a dictionary.

The determined words are each written on a slip of paper and put into a box. The words selected at random are also each written on a slip of paper and put into a second box. The contents of the two boxes are thoroughly mixed up. Then a slip of paper is drawn at random from each. The words on these two slips of paper stand for each other in the code. This drawing is continued until the whole code is thus formed. It may happen in this system that "rainbow" means "general," and "aneurism" means "gunboat."

As this code has no special method, it would seem that it cannot be deciphered unless a number of such messages are assembled and certain constants in them arrived at. But we do not know what Poe would say about such a code—or the German War Office. Perhaps to such ingenuity the solution would be as simple as the *scytale* of the Spartan ephors.

There seems to have been an advance in the method of constructing secret codes. The old system was too suggestive of mystery. The mere fact that the message seemed to be a complicated jumble was notice to all the world that it was, in fact, a cipher. It was an advance to evolve a cipher that appeared to be a harmless personal message in plain language.

Such messages are said to have been sent over the world by the German authorities at the opening of the war. These messages seemed to convey to the individual simple information of some domestic affair—the illness of a relative, or the like—and attracted no particular attention.

A communication sent to a minor secret agent in England, and dissected at his trial as a German spy, gives some indication of this simple method:

"We are pleased to learn of your successful negotiation of the business at hand. Be pleased to send us an early sample. As regards the other matter in hand, I do not know how useful it will be to us. In any case my firm is not willing to pay you more than a hundred in this case."

O. Henry's Funny Cipher

THE most charming open cipher ever devised was by Bob Englehart, in O. Henry's story.

President Miraflores, of the imaginary Republic of Anchuria, was suspected of an intention to flee from the country with the public revenues and the opera singer, Isabel Guilbert. Englehart, conspiring with the revolutionists, was watching events in the capital city. In order to advise his American associate, Goodwin, at the coast when the thing happened, he was suddenly confronted with the difficulty of sending a telegram that would not make his information known to the native authorities. He had agreed on no cipher with his friend Goodwin.

The problem was to send his message in such form that the American at the coast would understand it; but, at the same time, it must be unintelligible to the native authorities or any foreign consul. The thing looked impossible; but the resourceful Englehart worked out the following brilliant solution:

"His Nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack-rabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bundle of muslin he's spoony about. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape; but we need the spondulics. You collar it. The main guy and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do."

In vain did the authorities labor with their lexicons to translate this message into intelligible Spanish.

Like this are codes based on facts known only to the person sending them and the one to whom they are directed.

It is said that Lord Methuen, when he wished to send a dispatch to Cecil Rhodes during the South African War, resorted to such a method. He had no cipher prearranged with Rhodes; so he took as a base for his message the name of his gardener in England, which he happened to know Rhodes would remember.

We are told that an English general in the field, when Mafeking was besieged, sent to the commander of that fortress the following clever message:

"Number of guns, age of last year's Derby winner; number of Cape carts, same as our club in Piccadilly."

These are ingenious devices that might be resorted to in an emergency by persons who had no prearranged code or when the key to their code was not available. This system of the open cipher, which seemed harmless and of no importance in itself, was very largely used by the Confederate States at the opening of the Civil War.

Southern sympathizers in the North were accustomed to give information by publishing personals and news items in certain newspapers. These newspapers were immediately sent over the border into Virginia. By this means information known to Confederate agents in Washington and Baltimore was swiftly and safely transmitted to the Confederate generals. It required very little ingenuity to construct these news items so that they served quite as well as the old cipher message.

Besides, with the message printed in a newspaper it was entirely safe to undertake to carry it through the lines. A civilian found with a newspaper in his pocket could hardly be shot as a spy; a copy of a paper in general circulation might be in anybody's possession. Even though it contained a code message, it would be difficult to show that the person having the paper in his possession had any knowledge of the code.

By This Means Information Known to Confederate Agents in Washington and Baltimore Was Swiftly and Safely Transmitted to the Confederate Generals

General Greely tells us that when the Secret Service was finally organized at the opening of the Civil War important messages were sent by means of the disk cipher.

Two concentric disks, of unequal size and revolving on a central pivot, were divided along their outer edges into thirty equal compartments. The inner and smaller disk contained, in its compartments, letters, terminations and word pauses; while the outer and larger disk contained the groups of signal numbers to be sent. Sometimes this arrangement was changed—letters being on the outer disk and numbers on the inner.

With the introduction of the military telegraph an ingenious kind of cipher came into use. This cipher was improved and is said to have been untranslatable by the Confederate authorities. A sample of it is the message President Lincoln sent to ex-Secretary Cameron when he was in the field with the Federal armies south of Gettysburg:

"Blonde bless of who no optic to get an impression 1 madison-square Brown cammer Toby ax the have turnip me Harry hitch rustle silk adrian counsel locust you another only of children serenade flea Knox county for wood that awl ties get hound who was war him suicide on for was pleasure village large bat Bunyan give sign incubus heavy Norris on trammeled cat knit striven without if Madrid quail upright martyr Stewart man much bear since ass skeleton tell the oppressing Tyler monkey."

In this message the first word indicated the number of columns and lines in which the message was to be arranged, and the directions for reading it. Long before, Sir Francis Bacon had urged the advisability of putting dummy words into ciphers, or what he called "nulls." And such words are inserted in this message; but they are in such form that anybody would be able to determine them who had a key to the cipher. The solution of the cipher appears in the following table, as given by General Greely:

Washington	July	15th	18	60	3	for
Sigh	man	Cammer	on	period	I	would
give	much	to be	relieved	of the	impression	that
Meade	comma	Couch	comma	Smith	and	all
comma	since	the	battle	of	get	ties
burg	comma	have	striven	only	to	get
the enemy	over	the river	without	another	fight	period
please	tell	me	if	you	know	who
was	the	one	corps	commander	who	was
for	fighting	comma	in the	council	of	war
on	Sunday	night	signature	A. Lincoln	Bless	him

It does not strike one that this cipher would be particularly difficult to solve. If the Confederate armies had had in their service somebody skilled in the translation of ciphers, the gain to them can hardly be estimated.

It will be remembered that Lee's confidential telegraph operator, Gaston, when the Federal armies were investing Richmond and Petersburg, took with him two or three men and went into the Wilderness. He crossed the Union lines near City Point, establishing himself in the woods; and for three weeks he remained there, taking off all messages that went over Grant's wire.

He could not read the cipher dispatches, but occasionally an open message went through. One of these told of a shipment of cattle to a certain point on a certain day, and this intercepted message enabled Wade Hampton to make a raid and capture some twenty-five hundred beeves.

Poe's Textbook in Ciphers

BUT suppose this daring dispatcher had carried with him a copy of Poe's Gold Bug! The story must have been known in the South and such a possibility is not out of reason. The Gold Bug is a textbook on the solution of ciphers. The method laid down in it would have worked out such messages as the one sent by Lincoln and those going over the wire from Grant. One can hardly imagine a more complicated cipher than Poe dealt with in that story.

Any cipher in which words stand for other words, and characters stand for letters in the alphabet, can be deciphered by Poe's method. He observed that, of all letters in the alphabet, "e" is most commonly used; and, of all words, "the" is the most common. One would then look in the cipher for the recurrence of the small word and presently be able to determine the characters for the word "the," or some other small connective.

In this manner an entrance could be made; and, once a wedge is inserted into the casing of secrecy round a cipher, the whole thing is presently split off. Or one with such a message could have applied the system of Grotefend when he undertook to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions. Any form of cipher is open to some one of these methods of solution.

Now and then, in the war between the states, cipher messages were solved by the opposed forces. It was the custom before the telegraph was in general use to signal from high points or towers by a flag or torch. A form of cipher was used—as, for instance, the flag or torch held upright and then moved down to the left, meant one; a similar move to the right meant two; and a like motion in front, three. From this, words, sentences and entire messages were worked out in figures.

It is said that Lee, advancing into Maryland, would have taken the North completely by surprise but for the signal corps on Sugar Loaf, the highest point in the state. From that point the advance was observed and signaled to Washington.

The Confederates had a signal station at Three Top Mountain, which kept Early in touch with Lee. By some means the Federal authorities obtained a key to the signal code. When the Confederates began to signal with a torch, the Federal authorities were able to read it. It was Longstreet's famous message to Early:

"Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you and we will crush Sheridan!"

If the cipher in which this dispatch was sent had been more complex, one does not know how greatly the history of this campaign might have been changed.

An extraordinary thing is the fact that the use of the telegraph by the Federal armies was resisted and discouraged by the authorities at Washington. And when it was finally inaugurated it was made, to a degree, independent of the military authorities.

The censor, Sanford, cut several lines out of one of McClellan's dispatches, and another censor withheld from President Lincoln the message that told of the disaster at Ball's Bluff. *(Concluded on Page 69)*

MRS. MALLABY'S MISTAKE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Looking for a Fox! I Like That! When You Ought to Have Been Helping Us Move In!"

IT WOULDN'T have happened at all if I hadn't been trying—so hard—to get away from Emily. I don't want you to think from this that I am sorry it happened. Indeed I am glad it happened. I might even say I am jubilant, as you will presently understand. Yes, even though they took my house—when I wasn't looking—and made me do the chores, and called me Hiram, I still remain jubilant; though when I think of Uncle Ronald and the Human Omelette I sometimes feel a qualm. At the same time both Uncle Ronald and the Human Omelette were asking for it and they got it; and when a man asks for a thing and gets it, he at least is in no position to express dissatisfaction.

But first I must tell you about Emily, so you will understand why I tried—so hard—to get away.

A long time ago—long before Uncle Jeffrey died and left me most of all that money—for no better reason, that I can see, than that I had also been named Jeffrey—I made up my mind that I was either going to have a romantic courtship, when the proper time came, or I wasn't going to have any courtship at all. I simply wasn't going to be married on any cut-and-dried plan.

For instance, I wasn't going to be led into marriage—at least so I proudly assured myself—and I wasn't going to be driven into marriage, nor jollied, nor inveigled; nor was I going to drift into it either. So when Emily began to assume unmistakably proprietary airs over me, for no stronger reason than that I had taken her home twice in my car, I saw it was time to be careful. And when mutual friends began to leave us alone together, and wag their heads and wink their eyes, I saw it was time to get away, if indeed it wasn't already too late.

And so I got away, though whether or not it was too late you shall presently see for yourselves.

Ordinarily, of course, I should have gone to Europe, but on account of the war I didn't go to Europe. Nor am I fond of going to Europe in the best of times, because in the north there are too many damp sheets and in the south there are too many fleas. And I didn't want to go West, because I had been there the year before. And I didn't want to go South, because I don't like to go South in the summer. So one night I was reading the travel advertisements in a newspaper, half resolved to go camping somewhere in some Eveless Eden, when my eye chanced to stray to the next column; and from that moment—though I didn't know it then—it was quite all up with me.

It was such an innocent-looking advertisement too. You have probably seen hundreds of them. It was listed under Farms for Sale, and there was the usual old Colonial house in good condition. Also there were ever so many acres of land, a magnificent view, fox hunting, all sorts of small game and a trout brook. The price, moreover, was ridiculously low, so that it occurred to me at once that I could buy this Eveless Eden for considerably less than a summer in Europe would cost me. Also I convinced myself that Emily would never find me there, for though the farm was in the Berkshires it was off the beaten track.

And then there was the novelty to be considered, the adventure of buying a farm for such a small sum, the foxes, the trout brook, and fresh eggs and milk. In a word, being a son of Nimrod—and a grandson of Adam too—I suffered such a complication of farm and sporting fever that before the week was over I had bought the place.

Not only that, but I took possession at once, and having engaged a boy to run the errands and do the chores, I laid in a stock of provisions, established camp headquarters at the farmhouse, unpacked my gun and started after the foxes.

I also named the farm Bachelor's Blush. I named it this because Emily had once told me that her favorite rose was Maiden's Blush.

I was coming up from the river a week later—I had discovered fresh tracks that morning on the edge of a swamp—when I was greeted with signs of strange activity at Bachelor's Blush. Two wagons stood outside filled with furniture, and a woman's excited voice was crying "Do be careful!"

Wherefore I hurried up the path, for I was sure I hadn't ordered any furniture—to say nothing of an excited woman crying "Do be careful!"—and when I turned the corner of my house you can imagine how I felt when I saw two unknown men carrying a brass bed through the front door, while a young woman stood watching them with a clock under one arm and a violin case under the other. Surely this was bad enough; but upstairs, leaning out of one of my bedroom windows, was an extremely capable-looking matron who was supervising the various operations which were going on below.

For a moment I stood there speechless, and just as I was stepping forward to voice my natural indignation at this absolutely indefensible outrage upon Bachelor's Blush, the girl with the violin turned my way and again I was rendered speechless. But this time it was another sort of speechlessness altogether. My natural indignation ebbed away, and in its place flowed an even more natural admiration.

"Are you the man?" she asked.

Gathering myself together I told her she was right—I was the man.

"Mother!" she cried, looking up at the window. "Here's the man!"

The capable-looking matron lifted her glance from the two workers—they struck work—and placed it upon me. She was, I judged, still younger than forty, and it only needed a glance to see that her daughter's good looks had not necessarily been acquired from the paternal side.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, frowning at me from one of my bedroom windows.

I told her I had been looking for a fox.

"Looking for a fox!" she cried. "I like that! When you ought to have been helping us move in!" She turned to the two men—who at once began to putter round. "Is the hall clear?" she cried. "Now that he's come, we'll get the piano in."

"It's awfully heavy," said the pretty girl. "Do you think you can manage it?"

"I think I could manage it better," I said, smiling, "if I knew more definitely whose piano it is!"

For a moment she regarded me quite freezingly, and I suddenly found myself thinking: "She has contralto eyes." Just what I meant I couldn't exactly define to you; in fact, there are many important things in life which neither I nor any other man could exactly define to you. But the thought that she had contralto eyes seemed to give me a subtle pleasure, and I might have gone on thinking that she had a soprano nose, or an alto mouth, if she hadn't proceeded at once—quite freezingly—to let me know a little more definitely whose piano it was.

"Why, it's ours, of course," she said. If she had been a few years younger I think she might have added: "You don't suppose we stole it, do you?" And if she had been a few years younger than that, I think she might have put her tongue out too. However, I may be mistaken in this, so I will not say for sure.

The two men were still puttering inside, clearing the hall, and the capable-looking matron had come downstairs to supervise their work at closer range.

"Has your father come too?" I asked.

"Father died last year," she said. "That—that's why we bought the farm." I noticed then that she was in half mourning, which added, I think, to the extraordinary total of her charms. And while I felt myself unaccountably filled to overflowing with sympathy toward her, she took a step forward and whispered: "You'll make the place pay, won't you!"

I think I said "Yes, yes," but I was looking at her so intently that I'm not at all sure what I said.

"Because, you know," she concluded, "poor mother has put her very last dollar into the place, and wouldn't it be an awful thing if you couldn't make it pay!"

I helped them in with the piano, and I helped them in with the other things, and the more I helped them the more I pondered the staggering problem which had thus so suddenly been thrust upon Bachelor's Blush for solution.

It was evident, upon the face of it, that they had been victimized by some plausible swindler. I had heard before of rascals who gave false deeds to property which they had never owned, but I had never dreamed that such a thing would ever happen to property of mine. As a matter of fact, I think that few of us ever do dream that such things will happen to us, although, of course, if they happen at all they have to happen to somebody, and why not to us as well as to somebody else? Of my own title to the farm I had not the slightest misgiving; for not only had the town clerk passed upon it; he had also personally assured me that my deed was as "sound as an oak board."

But what could I do?

Could I turn this widow out—this widow who had put her very last dollar into the place? More than that, could I turn this girl out?—this girl with the contralto eyes and the rainbow in her smile? Could I exclaim, in a forbidding voice: "You folks have been swindled and have lost your last cent! Be off or I'll call a constable!"—could I say that, or anything like it?

In indignation at the mere idea I carried the last bureau upstairs unaided, while the two men disappeared with their teams, and I had hardly sat down when the girl came up with the last picture and caught me sitting there.

"Isn't this a nice room!" she said.

It had a southeastern exposure and overlooked a landscape that was remarkable even for the Berkshires. "It's the best room in the house," I told her.

"And just imagine, it's to be mine!"

I looked round the room again, and indeed I wished it were a better room and had a finer view.

"We must calcimine the ceiling," she said, "and paper the walls with an awfully pretty paper. Do you know how to paper?"

I promised her quite fervently that I could learn. Why I promised this so fervently I cannot tell you, but that is the way I promised it.

"I mean, of course," she hurriedly added, "if you decide to stop with us."

"Oh, I shall stop!" I assured her.

"The agent said he thought you would." She regarded me for some time with her contralto eyes, and I could hear the deep notes till they almost made me tremble. "Have you been a farmer all your life?" she asked.

"Well, ever since I've been up here," I somewhat cautiously answered. By that time I was getting my status fixed. They apparently thought I was a farm hand who had been taking care of the place, and they seemed to take it for granted that I was going to stay and work for them. This explained the girl's earnestness about my ability to make the place pay.

"What's your name?" she asked.

Again I made a cautious answer. "I suppose," I said, "you could call me Hiram."

"Hiram," she repeated; and for the first time I knew that Hiram was a name to be proud of. Indeed, for that matter, I had never thought much of Jeffrey.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Miss Mallaby—Miss Nellie Mallaby," she thoughtfully added.

There is no telling what confidences we might have shared next if Mrs. Mallaby hadn't appeared in the doorway that moment. "Well!" she cried. "Are you going to sit up here all day, lazybones?" And addressing herself more particularly to Nellie, she said: "Uncle Ronald's come."

I went downstairs after Nellie, and there I found a cynical gentleman, no longer young and not yet old. His chief characteristics were a very high forehead and a wide eyeglass ribbon draped over his ear. I do not mean by this that he had but one ear. Uncle Ronald had two ears, but his eyeglass ribbon was draped over only one of them. And looking at Uncle Ronald, and his lofty brow, and his wide ribbon, and looking too at Mrs. Mallaby and Nellie, I couldn't help but think to myself that devilishly funny things were happening all at once at Bachelor's Blush.

"We didn't think you would come so soon," said Mrs. Mallaby.

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Ronald. "I want to see you started right, you know."

I noticed then that under his arm he had a large volume entitled Pleasure and Profit on the Farm. I also noticed that he was regarding me with an extremely cynical eye.

"Is this the man?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nellie, "this is Hiram. But, Uncle Ronald, I thought your vacation didn't start till next Monday."

"You never were good on dates," said Uncle Ronald. And he smiled a sourish smile which made me ambitious to hurt him. "No," he continued, "the bank has got to worry along without me as well as it can for the next two weeks. I simply had to run over and see you were started right. I've been studying it a lot lately ——" He made a large gesture with Pleasure and Profit on the Farm, and favored me with another of his sarcastic glances. "So this is Hiram, is it?" And he laughed in a lordly manner.

Meanwhile, as you will probably guess, I had been taking Uncle Ronald's measure in a most industrious manner. Although they called him Uncle Ronald it was reasonably evident that he wasn't a relation, because he called Nellie's mother Mrs. Mallaby. From this and other signs I deduced that he was an old friend of the family, not perhaps too old to be an admirer of Nellie's nor yet too young to be an admirer of Nellie's mother.

"Hiram," he said with an easy tolerance, "have you ever made a farm pay?"

"Uncle Ronald," I responded, "have you ever made a bank pay?"

And with that I walked out with dignity, nor did I greatly care whether or not I walked in again just then, for while I had stood ready to do what chores I could for Nellie and her mother—until I had decided the next best thing to do—I could hardly see myself doing any chores for Uncle Ronald, not while he cherished that supercilious smile and that fathom of wide black tape behind his ear.

So I applied myself—with dignified ease—to the chopping block, but I hadn't chopped long before I heard them talking about me in the kitchen. I didn't hear much—first because I didn't try to, and second because the frying pan was making such a noise; but I heard enough to please me.

". . . impudence . . . ," said Uncle Ronald.

". . . help very hard to get . . . put up with a lot," said Mrs. Mallaby; and in more guarded tones I heard her continue: "Gracious, Nellie! Are you . . . place for Hiram . . . same table . . . us?"

"I certainly am!" cried Nellie. "You don't suppose Hiram is going to eat with the chickens, do you?"

I began to feel I would like my place, and when I tasted the ham and eggs which Mrs. Mallaby had cooked I crossed my feet under the table and silently cried three cheers for Bachelor's Blush. And when I saw that Nellie Mallaby, sitting opposite me, had undertaken the task of protecting me from the aggression of Uncle Ronald's intellectual superiority, I crossed my feet the other way and silently cried three more.

"I suppose," said Uncle Ronald to Nellie, ignoring me completely, "you'll have plenty of time now for your violin studies."

"Yes," said Nellie. "Hiram, won't you have some more ham?"

"And very soon," continued Ronald, making much of the highness of his forehead and still pretending that I wasn't there, "you'll be as great a virtue-o-so as Paderewski is."

"You mean Paganini," I told him. "Paderewski's a pianist, not a violinist."

They all stared at that and I saw that I shouldn't have said it, but Ronald, bringing his wide black tape to bear, tried to counter.

"Wasn't Paganini—er—a member of the male sex?"

"Isn't Paderewski a charter member of that same club?"

Ronald tried again, first returning to his original hypothesis that I was not among those present.

"I suppose," he said to Nellie, "you'll hardly be able to continue your French lessons here."

"*Pourquoi pas?*" I indignantly demanded.

"Good heavens, Hiram!" exclaimed Mrs. Mallaby. "Do you hired men speak French round here?"

"One Moment, Hiram. A Few Words With You, If You Please, Before You Go Into the House"

I was on the point of mentioning the number of French-Canadians on our New England farms when Nellie suddenly interrupted us.

"Can you play the piano?" she asked, leaning over the table.

I acknowledged it as one of my weaknesses.

"Accompaniments?"

I confessed to that too.

"Then to-night," crowed Nellie, clapping her hands, "we'll have some music. Oh, Uncle Ronald, won't that be grand!"

"Y-e-s," said he, and he twisted his features into that similitude of exquisite enjoyment which is sometimes seen upon the countenance of an emotional person who has just bitten deeply into a very sour plum.

Toward evening I was helping Nellie hang the pictures in her room. Mrs. Mallaby was down in the kitchen and Uncle Ronald, fortified by Pleasure and Profit on the Farm, had gone to the next farm to buy some chickens. Nellie was on top of a stepladder which would not bear my weight, and I was handing her the pictures and telling her when they were straight.

"Hiram!" she said in a gentle voice. I was handing her a picture which she had not quite taken from me, so you see we were close together, and I heard her distinctly even though she spoke in a gentle voice. "Hiram," she said, "was it anything awful you did?"

"Anything awful?" I asked, and I almost dropped the picture.

"Oh, Hiram, don't you suppose I can see you are not a hired man?"

At that my spirits sank and I hardly knew what to reply, for I thought she was hot on the trail of the mystery of Bachelor's Blush.

"Tell me," she whispered. "You're hiding here, aren't you?"

I nodded, miserably enough, but beyond that I had sense enough not to commit myself.

"You're running away?" she whispered.

At that I saw what she was driving at, and indeed I was in hiding and running away, though not the way Nellie thought. All the same my spirits rose until I felt them soaring.

"If they caught you," she breathed, "would it be a very heavy punishment?"

"It would be a life sentence," I solemnly answered her.

"Oh! It—it wasn't—you didn't hurt anybody, did you, Hiram?"

I gave her my word of honor, and we earnestly shook hands upon it.

"And—and you didn't—cheat anybody—or steal anything? Of course you didn't!"

(Continued on Page 49)

All at Once There Was a Deuce of a Howling Incense From Mr. Courtney

The Benevolent Exploitation

"We're Ranchers in the Valley and We're Honest—and That's Better Than Being Rich and Nothing More"

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHEN old Cyrus Pater lay dying in the cheerless bedroom that formed an L of the ranch house in the midst of his barren acres at the foot of the El Dorado Hills, he might have said to young Cyrus:

"Son, I'm leaving you an honest man's name. However things may go with you, preserve that legacy and pass it on."

But as the western sky glowed with the colors of the departing day above the Coast Range the sick man's eyes wandered for the last time to the window, from which he could see the skeleton of an oil derrick rising in one corner of the ranch; and he pulled himself up on his pillows—the blood coming back for the moment to his face—and clutched at his boy's hand.

"If you can jest hang on, Cyrus—if you can hang on and drill a few hundred feet fa'ther, you'll be rich. It's took a lot of faith and money to keep that derrick a-standing; don't you tear it down and quit."

And that was all he said in this life; for, as he sank back, he gasped and died.

The Cyrus Pater who was left to fight it out along this line had small heart to undertake the commission. He had never shared his father's faith and had begrudged the money that had gone into the well. On the other hand, he always turned wearily to the adobe acres that had stingily yielded fifty years of meager crops; and his heart was not now in the attempt he made to force from them once more enough grain to enable him to meet payments of money long ago sunk in that steel-cased hole on the southwest bench. In the vernacular of the community he was "a-payin' for a dead horse." His neighbors were sorry for him in their own way, but their efforts to cheer him were clumsy.

Mort Bennett, the most influential man in the San Pablo country, would pull at his long beard of which he was so proud, would chuckle hoarsely, and say:

"Better fill that casin' up with bowlders offen your twenty-acre piece an' build a fence outen the timbers in that derrick, Cyrus. Your ol' dad drilled the wrong way for oil, I always told him. He'd ought to've run that casin' along the top of the ground to the Coalingy fields an' he might 'a' struck one of the Associated's tanks!"

If the boys were there they would laugh at this; but Nancy never laughed, because she understood; and she knew of all the things for which that ugly skeleton of a derrick stood in Cyrus Pater's mind. She would walk with him to the gate, or "down the road a piece," and talk lightly; and when they said good-by she would smile up at him and say:

"I'm mighty glad you never struck oil in that old hole, Cyrus, because the oil boom has caused a lot of crooked business up here and changed good boys into stock grafters. We're ranchers in the Valley and we're honest—and that's better than being rich and nothing more."

Cyrus wished he could believe that; but he had some doubts of it, even when Nancy said it. He was to remember it later, however, when the girl's simple dogma played a part in the benevolent exploitation. It is too bad Nancy does not come into this story much, because you would like Nancy, as Cyrus Pater did. He wanted to marry her, as a matter of fact, and that was one reason why he was taking things pretty seriously.

Nancy had been "away to school"; she had a wider horizon than most of the neighbor girls, and Cyrus coveted for her some of the surroundings she understood and wanted. For himself, he was tired of the continual struggle to meet payments and taxes and bills, without ever an outlook toward comfort or betterment. He was not ambitious to make a fortune, but he was not lazy. He worked hard early and late that winter and spring, and tried to forget the derrick and the rusting machinery and the costly hole below; and he gave honest labor another fair trial.

When he harvested the barley in the summer, however, and painfully figured out a budget, he found that he was starting his second year with a bigger debt than before, with overdue payments crowding him, with new equipment a crying need, and with all the signs pointing to another winter of small rains ahead. Cyrus threw down his stubby pencil, pulled his hat over his eyes and slammed out of the house.

He had passed the Comfort place a mile south and turned west into the foothills before he could shake off his disappointment and anger and begin to think of a way out. Wild plans ran through his head and were abandoned. One by one he discarded ideas for new and better crops. His soil was too heavy for truck; he had no water for alfalfa; he was on the wrong side of the Valley for oranges; the ranch was too thoroughly exhausted for wheat. Three rainy winters would give him bumper barley crops, and with the money he might——

"But then," he said aloud, "everybody in the San Joaquin would have barley and it would drop to forty cents a hundred!"

He walked on slowly with his head bent. At the top of the hill behind the ranch he paused and looked down on it. Below him ran an arroyo that cut one side of the place, crossing his west line immediately above the oil derrick. Down this arroyo a two-inch pipe ran from a spring above him—a spring that had been dry for several years.

At right angles to the arroyo and almost on his east boundary were the two eight-inch tubes of the Midway Oil Carrying Company, winding over the hills from the fields in the south, spanning the ravine on a trestle, and then burrowing underground for the long journey across the ranches and roads northward to the company's refineries.

Occasionally a pocket of air in the line would kick and gurgle. By putting a hand on the pipes Cyrus could feel faintly the regular throb of the oil as the pumps in the Garvey station, three miles south, forced it forward.

Here were two solid streams of crude oil surging by his poverty-stricken acres night and day—day and night—enough in them to fuel the boilers of a navy; and half a mile away was that skeleton derrick, weather-beaten and useless, marking the spot where all the things he might have had were sunk in a ten-inch casing—mocking him! He kicked the pipes at his feet and swore.

"Damn you and the whole business!" he jerked out viciously. "If it hadn't 'a' been for oil——" He walked along the line to where it crossed the arroyo and sat down on the trestle, swinging his feet and meditating. Below him, on the bed of the coulee, there was a splotch of black sand, and on this there fell at intervals a drop of heavy oil from a leak in the pipe. Cyrus looked at it without interest for a time; then he began to study it, raising his eyes and following the arroyo to where it passed the derrick on the southwest bench. Suppose, now——

He crossed his feet and took out a pipe, filled and lighted it, and puffed the smoke slowly. He had heard of many schemes carried out in the southern fields—here was one that would fascinate a crook! His father stoutly and to the last had maintained that there was oil sand somewhere under the Pater place; perhaps a few feet more would disclose it. To make the drilling of those few feet possible, a subterfuge—to interest some speculator—might be adopted.

All they had, father and son, and all they could borrow, had been gambled on that hole. Every cent they could come by honestly his father had used, even when it had meant reduction to a bare living, to justify his faith; and this faith he had bequeathed to young Cyrus—this and the crazy tower of timbers looming above the dry well. Perhaps the old man had been right. Was it worth while to put his conscience in pawn for money enough to find out? Cyrus wondered.

He continued to debate the question as he plodded down the hill that night, and he thought of it often in the next few days, but without answering his own question affirmatively.

Then he came home from San Pablo one day to discover a horse and buggy at the long hitching rail in front, and to find a stranger sitting patiently on a bench on the porch awaiting him. Cyrus knew everybody in the Valley—his visitor was an outsider. The conclusion he reached, that it was an agent for some farm implement or possibly for a war encyclopedia hot from the press, was strengthened instantly when the newcomer, catching sight of him, rose and walked briskly his way.

Cyrus saw that he was dressed in store clothes, that he carried

"That's What I Call Businesslike, Mr. Pater. What Can You Do for Me—Exactly?"

his hands easily, and that his toes turned out when he walked—all marks of a city man. He was thinly built, clad in gray, and with a loosely tied string cravat about a high batwing collar. Under his soft dark hat there gleamed a pair of alert eyes primly spectacled. Some indefinable air of mingled friendliness and humility caused Cyrus to classify him as a preacher—though why, he could not have told. Cyrus stopped awkwardly after tying his own horse.

"Howdy?" he said.

His visitor came forward, with a pocket case in his hand, and gave the young rancher a card.

"Mr. Pater?"

"That's my name," Cyrus said, fumbling with the card.

"I'm R. B. Bussenius, Mr. Pater—Southwestern Development and Refining Company, of Los Angeles. You've heard of the company?"

Cyrus had not.

"I—guess I have. What can I do for you?"

The thin man rubbed his hands briskly.

"That's what I call businesslike, Mr. Pater. What can you do for me—exactly! That's it—I should say so!"

Cyrus eyed him.

"Want to sit down on the porch again?"

Mr. Bussenius wheeled and took Cyrus' arm.

"Thanks. I can tell you in two minutes what you can do for me; in fact, less than that. I should say so!"

He bounced busily into the chair he had just quitted and took out a folded map, which he spread wide. Cyrus sat down on the edge of the porch and leaned against a post.

"Well?" he asked.

"What you can do for me I can put into five words, Mr. Pater. Let me make you rich!"

Cyrus laughed without much mirth.

"You might 'a' saved yourself a trip out here, mister, if that's what you came for. I don't want to buy anything—most particularly oil stock," he said.

Mr. Bussenius looked round him and leaned forward.

"Nobody in the house, is there?"

"No."

"How about selling oil stock—eh?"

"Selling? I ain't got any oil stock to sell."

"Just give me a little time, Mr. Pater. I want you to look at this map here and then I can make it clearer. I should ——"

Pater took one corner of the map.

"I should say so!" he interrupted good-humoredly.

The thin man clapped him on the shoulder.

"Snatched the words right out of my mouth that time," he chuckled. "Now see here!"

Using a pencil for a pointer he sketched for Cyrus the oil belt to the south of them. Then he quickly ringed a number of black dots to the west, showing where oil had been found recently, jumped directly across the spot he indicated as the location of the Pater Ranch, and touched several points where drilling operations were going on to the east.

"In other words," he went on, "you're right in the line of development. This is good prospecting ground; it's better than that—it's a cinch that the oil belt runs through here. The minute one of these holes to the east shows color you'll be run over by option buyers. You'll be flooded with offers. You'll be driven crazy, and so will your neighbors. I'm the advance guard; I'm beating them all to it. I should say so!"

"Is that all?" Cyrus asked.

"How do you mean, Mr. Pater? I guess you can see what I'm driving at."

"Want me to sell you an option, eh?"

"Guess again."

"I'm right out of guesses."

Bussenius lowered his voice.

"I want you and your neighbors to do your own prospecting—develop your own field and reap all the profits. There's oil here; why wait for the sharpers to come and steal the gold fillings from your teeth? You get me, eh?"

Cyrus pointed off through the dusk to the looming derrick in the corner of the place.

"I'll bet we've done all the prospecting on the Pater Ranch that'll ever be done in this part of the Valley, mister. You couldn't get any of my neighbors into an oil scheme with a traction engine. That dry hole of ours ——"

"Is what brought me here. Wait a minute, Pater. I know all about your father and his oil well. He died too soon—that's all. Our company has had engineers over this field; I'm following them up. I am the exploiter—a sort of benevolent exploiter."

Cyrus nodded. A benevolent exploiter was a new one on him; but whatever that agent might be, his words were as water on a parched tongue.

"Your company thinks there's oil sand here, then?"

"We know it. We propose to furnish the brains and the engineering skill, and the detail work to develop oil. You provide the ground—that hole is down nine hundred feet now, isn't it?—and your neighbors provide the funds. Perfectly simple; perfectly agreeable; sure of returns!"

"Perfectly simple," Cyrus acquiesced; "all but getting the neighbors. I know 'em—you don't. When you mention oil stock to them you want to have your horse's head turned down the road and your buggy whip in your hand."

"I Didn't Sell You Stock and I Didn't Ask Any of You to Buy In. I'll Go as Far as I Can"

The benevolent Bussenius dropped his map on the porch floor and hitched his chair nearer. In crisp tones ameliorated by a homely smile he began to talk. Two minutes had Cyrus interested; three minutes had him concerned; five minutes had him hypnotized. The visitor extended himself, and when he was fully extended he could have sold the patent rights in a washing machine to Hetty Green.

For the time being Cyrus was his father over again, dreaming of riches. The whole thing was so well constructed, so plausible, so certain. He was being offered the opportunity that knocks but once. No one else would do what the Southwestern Development and Refining Company proposed to do—and for no other consideration than a contract to sell oil exclusively to that high-motived corporation at the prevailing market price. And Cyrus set this gilded and gaudy project over against slow starvation as a barley producer.

It was dark before the benevolent exploiter, laying one hand on his host's knee, finished his few brief words.

"I should say so!" he concluded.

Cyrus rose slowly.

"I'll go down and put up the horses," he said; "that is, if you can stand batchin' quarters overnight."

II

THE power of music to sooth the savage breast is negligible compared with the influence of the siren song of the smooth stock salesman on the senses of the unsophisticated rustic. Old Cyrus Pater's neighbors had laughed at him after the first few months had failed to develop anything but a small stream of water in his oil hole; but he had never made more than half-hearted attempts to induce them to share the risks of his venture. Had he been able to put his own faith into them—which obviously he was not—very few of them would have refused the ground-floor opportunity. No man parts with money in a gamble for quick returns more readily than he who accumulates it with difficulty. Somebody had to perfect a substitute for the Louisiana Lottery to meet that condition—and the wildcatter improved on the original model.

Cyrus Pater was not amazed at his own enthusiasm for the San Pablo Oil Company—properly organized, chartered and gold-sealed—but he was at the readiness with which his neighbors fell into it; for he himself was convinced by cold logic based on scientific data—furnished by R. B. Bussenius, of course—while his neighbors had nothing to go on but the word of the benevolent exploiter. So Cyrus was puzzled. That often happens.

Meantime, though he marveled that the San Pablo Valley folks were so willing to invest, he jumped into the business of spending their money with a reckless impatience to justify his own faith. He was vice-president and treasurer, without salary, and he worked early and late. The old derrick was partially rebuilt, new machinery was ordered, received and installed, and the casing began to drop into the hole that had so long been a source of bitter regret to him.

Then Bussenius, who had reluctantly—but not too reluctantly—accepted the position of president and fiscal agent, sent for an engineer from the Midway fields and agreed with him that a second well should be started immediately half a mile north of the old one.

Cyrus might have noticed that this expert—an uncomfortable and seedy individual with his pockets full of soiled papers—looked at Bussenius always before answering a question; and he might have traced in the language of the scientific man's report, received a week later, the fine, benevolent, exploiting hand of the president of the company. But he did not. None of them did. The new hole was started forthwith.

Cyrus believed they were going to strike oil. Perhaps the virus was in his blood—had been there all the time, only needing the spellbinding of a professional promoter to quicken it. Being young and hopeful he brought to the enterprise much that his father had lacked. His enthusiasm was contagious, and R. B. Bussenius played on it as an organist plays the bass—you do not see his feet, but they are touching the heavy notes that form the body of the harmony.

Oh, you may well believe that R. B. Bussenius was a regular exploiter even when he was working the benevolent end of that complex game! When stock sales lagged he would call by for Cyrus, with oil-smeared overalls and the whole make-up, and take him along on his tours round the countryside. No one could doubt Cyrus; he did not doubt himself. Yet he was unconscious that the San Pablo Oil Company was being built on him. He scrupulously avoided recommending the investment; he never urged a hesitant rancher; he merely attended as a lay figure for the promoter to use in setting the stage.

The money scarcely rolled in, but it came. Bussenius was satisfied. With his five per cent commissions on stock sales, no matter how they were made, and with what he could steal without attracting attention, he was making a comfortable thing out of it—enough to take care of the engineer from the Midway fields at any rate, and to buy a fair brand of cigars with which to round out the picture of benevolent exploitation.

A considerable share of the money received from the neighbors round San Pablo went into development. This, according to Mr. Bussenius himself, proved that the exploitation was benevolent and that there was nothing in it for his Southwestern Development and Refining Company save the advantage of being able—see contracts duly made and recorded—to buy all the oil developed, at the market price.

You see—thus President Bussenius expressed himself—the competition for control of promising oil districts was so intense that the Southwestern Company could afford to assist the people of the San Pablo neighborhood in finding oil, in return for the privilege of buying it from them at the price they could get from anyone else in the world who wanted oil. That was what he said, but not the way he said it. As he benevolently exploited it, the scheme was entirely convincing.

So the money came in, in small amounts but steadily, and went into the two holes, and into advertising booklets and correspondence, and commissions for Fiscal Agent Bussenius, and salary for President Bussenius, and wages for the drillers. And the holes were sunk slowly, and more casing was purchased, and stockholders began to drop in to watch operations and drove away shaking their heads; but there was no oil.

Courage oozed from Cyrus. The time came when he watched progress with uneasiness, then with trepidation, then with real anxiety. He questioned the drillers, and their cryptic answers did not reassure him. He spent more and more time gravitating between the two derricks—scrutinizing the noses of the bits as they came up for sharpening, examining the mud from the bailers, sniffing above the casings for gas, and sloshing round in the sump for traces of oil scum on the water.

Once or twice his heart jumped—but it always sank again. And then Nancy Bennett sent Eddie over to tell him that Widow Whitesides was worrying about her oil stock, and urging him to go and see her.

Cyrus went. The vinegarish old lady received him stiffly, her hands tightly clasped on her calico lap, her bright little eyes snapping.

"I'm glad you come, Cyrus Pater," she began. "I been countin' on goin' over to your paw's place to find out about them oil wells, because my Letty is sick in Fresno and I need money right bad. I guess I'll have to get you to take back them shares of stock and give me what I paid for 'em."

Cyrus swallowed hard. Mrs. Whitesides owned a busy tongue. If she started gossiping he saw breakers ahead.

"Of course I'll get your money for you, Mrs. Whitesides," he said; "but I'll have to buy your stock myself. You see, the company can't do it."

"No; I don't see it!" she snapped. "That Mr. Bussen'us is a powerful fast talker, but I didn't miss what he said about givin' me back my investment if I wasn't satisfied."

"But you ought to be satisfied! The company is drilling two wells, and it isn't in reason that we won't strike oil in one of them."

"You tell me that, Cyrus Pater!" the old lady exclaimed reprovingly. "You saw your old paw diggin' away there a mortal sight longer'n three months and you didn't believe he'd strike oil; and he never did strike it! What's more, I been hearin' talk about this San Pablo Oil Company scheme, and it ain't me only who's feelin' that this deestrict used to get along pretty well before your Mr. Bussen'us come to it. Anyhow I consider that my Letty has got as good a right to bein' took care of as your oil company—that's all I've got to say!"

Cyrus bought her stock, though it took most of his savings to do it; and he added her shares to those he had already purchased in moments of enthusiasm for the company's prospects. He lay awake that night trying to reassure himself. The effort was not entirely successful.

The next day he sought Bussenius; and the slim, brisk promoter—looking more like a preacher than ever—succeeded for the moment in strengthening him against discouragement. But before evening it chanced that a farmer and his wife drove down from North End to visit old Mrs. Whitesides, and the succeeding morning found them on the Pater front porch very early, offering stock certificates for money. Cyrus lost patience and answered them shortly. The farmer's wife turned to her husband.

"I told you so all the time," she said acidly. "Now I guess you'll listen to me and look in on Lawyer Badgett on the way home. Good day to you, Cyrus!"

The young rancher telephoned to Bussenius to hurry out from town and to bring the books with him.

"What's up, Cyrus, my boy?" Bussenius asked soothingly.

"I want to find out where we stand now," he answered. "Phil Pound was here just now wanting his money back, and he and his wife are going to get Lawyer Badgett after us."

He heard Bussenius' hearty professional laugh.

"They can't do anything about it, son. I should say not!"

"I don't guess they can—not in law; but they can make it a lot more uncomfortable for me than I care about. Are you coming out or shall I come in?"

"I'll come out, Cyrus. Don't get worried. I'll be out right after noon."

Noon came and the afternoon waned and there was no sign of Bussenius; so Cyrus hitched up the bay mare and drove in after the benevolent exploiter. The first man he met in San Pablo was old Mort Bennett, Nancy's father.

"Well, Cyrus," he said, pulling at his long beard, "it took your friend Bussenius four months to land me, but he got me to-day. I was sort of waiting till I could get stock cheap—and now I'm in heavy. I guess I caught the oil craze from you somehow!"

Cyrus gripped the seat rail of the buggy.

"You mean you've bought stock?"

"Bought Bussenius out. He said you and him couldn't get along very well about the business; so he's gone back to Los Angeles. I hold the majority of the stock, accordin' to the books."

III

THERE is a northbound train through San Pablo at a few minutes before midnight, and there were times in the next few hours, as he pored over the books of the oil company, that Cyrus Pater seriously considered boarding it and running away. If the truth were known it was probably more habit than honor that restrained him, for Cyrus is one hero who falls short of perfection; and the revelations of that evening, coupled with an omission to eat supper, created a large and painful feeling of vacancy in the young rancher's stomach in the neighborhood of the pit. It was his habit to stay with the old Pater place, and habit is hard to break. Otherwise he might have fled northward in the night; and many words concerning him would never have been written—unless in the San Pablo Item.

When He Wakened, Red Marley and John Cousins Were Calling to Him to Show Himself

Instead, he stayed. He browsed through the books, which he found in the town office of the oil company, and made what he could of them. Little as it was, it was too much. Bussenius the benevolent had done prosperously. He had sold stock by mail at double the market price existing in San Pablo and had pocketed the difference. From letters it appeared that this branch of the benevolent exploitation had been a thriving one. He had held out stock supposed to have been sold to Cyrus' neighbors, peddled it to others and retained the profits. He had raised his own salary—and paid it, as fiscal agent. He had adopted resolutions and drafted budgets of which Cyrus had never heard, and each of them had yielded some measure of cash.

Cyrus found his own scrawling signature attached to reports of directors' meetings, which he had signed without reading, and he blushed to see how he had been tricked thereby. And, to end his career in a blaze of glory, Bussenius had voted all the promoter's stock to himself and sold that to Mort Bennett. According to the books, as Bennett had well said, the old farmer now held a majority of the stock of the San Pablo Oil Company, Incorporated.

The only answer to your carping criticism at this point that such things simply cannot be done is that they simply are done. Cyrus Pater knew as much about promoting a stock company and developing oil as he knew about Debussy's Afternoon of a Faun. Bussenius had convinced him easily that it would be wise for them to retain control of the company and transact most of its business themselves. After that Bussenius had been the company.

The directors required by law had been elected, but they were small fry. All of them trusted Cyrus, and Cyrus trusted Bussenius; and Bussenius was a benevolent exploiter—for he said so himself. And there you are! It may not be possible, but it is true; and if you yell too loudly about its improbability others will have strong suspicions that somewhere in your trunk there is concealed a large bundle of green-and-gold-sealed certificates showing that you are the owner of so many shares in the Such-and-Such Gold Mining and Reduction Company, of Goldfield, Nevada!

Cyrus Pater, to resume, had a bad night. In addition to being poor and debt burdened he was now the sole residuary legatee to a world of trouble. His own cash was gone; his neighbors were his partners; their enterprise seemed doomed to failure; their treasury was looted; Mrs. Whitesides was at large in the community, with an unbridled tongue; and now old Mort Bennett, the most influential man round about and the father of Nancy—which was much more important—was in the thing up to his ears!

Cyrus Pater had an exceedingly bad night and when he drove home at dawn he was desperate. For three hours he had been meditating on the scheme that had come to him as he had stood on the hills above the ranch a few days before the arrival of the benevolent exploiter—a plan to salt the well by tapping the Midway Oil Carrying Company's pipe line. It seemed the only way out.

That was the scheme! He went up again that blue morning and looked the ground over. From the trestle where the pipe line crossed the arroyo he could see the whole thing laid out to his hand. Under him the splotch of black sand was still fed by the slow drip-drip from the leak. A few yards below, the two-inch pipe from the spring broke over the bank and went down the arroyo, past the oil derrick, half a mile west; and two short tunnels would enable him to make a complete connection between the crude oil in the pipe line and the dry well in which his whole fortune and future were sunk. By tapping the line he could steal enough oil and divert it into the dry well to make a strike possible.

A few hours would suffice to send stock soaring and to bring speculators into the country in a cloud. To sell the company out would be a simple matter—for Mort Bennett was in control and the sight of a few hundred dollars profit in a month would be sufficient, Cyrus thought, to swing the old man's votes that way.

Then, when the neighbors were all satisfied and foreign capital was in charge, it would only be necessary to break the connection, cover all traces of the deceit, and leave the newcomers to get out the best way they could. Cyrus quieted his stirring conscience by the somewhat devious reasoning that somebody had to suffer and that rich oil speculators could bear the burden far more easily than could he and his fellows. Conscience, in truth, was not much of a factor.

The situation was desperate—Cyrus was beside himself with anxiety. He flew at the necessary work as soon as it was dark that night and in a week had completed the underground. He congratulated himself that it was well done—from above, the most searching eye could not have detected the connections.

Then a heavy rain set in; the drillers were driven from their work and the whole enterprise was temporarily estopped. Cyrus was worn out by his night work and his worry, but now he was given a new cause for anxiety.

Old Mort Bennett, who was no such business incompetent as Cyrus, had put an expert on the company's books, and it was only a question of hours when the first audit would be finished. It would suggest questions to Bennett—questions of a personal and penetrating nature; it would bare a scandal; it would quicken the tongue of old Mrs. Whitesides. And by this time Cyrus had given up all hope of striking oil sand in the well; he marveled that he had ever been led to enthusiasm for the wild project.

He went to bed early that rainy afternoon and his exhaustion made him dream. He thought Nancy discovered him, in his tunnel near the dry well, driving the connecting pipe into the casing, and he woke with perspiration beading his face. Relaxed from the strain of the past week he had time to stop and think; and it was not nice thinking. The rain imprisoned him with his conscience, which stirred to tweak his soul and twist the tail of his scheme. He began to realize suddenly that, unless he pushed the plan to completion in a desperate hurry, he was going to have a fight with himself; and he jumped up, threw on a raincoat and stumbled off up the rise toward the arroyo.

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TROUPIN' WITH DAN CUPID

A Romance of the Humming Bird—By L. B. Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

UNDER the skillful direction of the Humming Bird, Quintus Philucius Perkins had bet the major part of a ten-thousand-dollar bank roll. It was his first visit to the race track, and he emerged from the maelstrom of the betting ring with his whole being shaken from its original moorings. He was experiencing all the sensations of a man who, at the supreme moment, has been dragged back from the greedy suction of a whirlpool.

Q. Philucius was a diminutive, saffron-colored individual whose peaked countenance was decorated with little sorrel whiskers. He had never before put down a bet of any kind in his life. One might even go farther and add to the mystery of this untoward departure by stating that, besides being cashier of the Boville National Bank, Q. Philucius was also superintendent of the Righteousness League in his home town.

A prying bank examiner might have diagnosed the why of this new plunger's advent on the turf; but fortunately this narrative does not have to deal with that particular phase of the case, it being sufficient to state he had hardly purchased a day badge and passed through the main entrance when the Humming Bird "made" him and took him in tow.

Out on the lawn the little man, with something more than a supreme effort, shook himself together. The cyclonic happening of the last half hour focused itself before his mind's eye as a mental moving picture. In a certain hazy manner he realized that he had taken a desperate chance to rehabilitate himself; and, now that he had essayed the fatal plunge, he began to wonder what uncanny, hypnotic influence caused him to fall so far under the magic spell of the Humming Bird's argumentative powers that he had risked his all on one fell throw of the racing dice. The Bird could have relieved his mind on that score; but if he did so it is not recorded.

"Were you—ahem!—were you ever the—er—the—er—what I mean to say—that is—ahem!—were you ever the victim of misplaced confidence?" stammered Q. Philucius in uneasy tones as he nervously adjusted the Henry Clay collar he wore, and pulled to an exact perpendicular the black pedagogic tie decorating it.

"You've got me goin', pal," responded the Bird affably. "You ramble along with words like a corn doctor at a convention. You've gotta slip it to me in United States. Go back an' try it over again."

"What I meant to say was, did any of those bunko persons ever relieve you of your available funds?" stuttered Q. Philucius in hasty amendment.

"Oh," vouchsafed the Bird airily, "you broke through th' barrier th' first time. Why, sure; I fell overboard before I found me sea legs. Th' first time I blowed into Frisco, I ain't off the ferryboat when one o' them deep-sea pirates sells me th' hat-checkin' privilege in a Jewish synagogue; an' th' last time I visited little old New York I was showin' a gent th' way to his hotel when a gink sifts th' only twenty-caser I had to work with. That was th' office for me to duck back to th' track. Them regular towners are tough amarabalis to deal for. This is th' onliest game, pal, for a square guy."

A little negro exercising boy had just warmed up a racer and came jogging slowly back, close to the outer rails. He was humming in subdued staccato an old and familiar refrain:

Ebbery gam'lin' man, he knows
Easy come an' easy goes.

The melody came to Q. Philucius on the ill wind of prophecy. He shivered.

"I don't see how I came to bet all that money," he droned. "It's an awful lot to risk on one race. If anything should happen I ——"

"Nix on that!" retorted the Humming Bird with a certain swift understanding that amazed his companion. "Nix on th' talk-talk stuff! You bet because you thought I was right, and you need money so bad that if Wall Street and th' race tracks was closed up you'd gone out with a club into some dark alley to get it; but throw that all in th' deadwood. You'll go home to-night with a bank roll that'd choke a dog. This beagle we're bettin' on will win by a Sabbath day's journey and you'll be trottin' on th' dollar side. Whoopee! There they go! They're off an' we beat th' barrier. Yip, yip! Shorty has took him over to th' rail and is settin' sail! Berdooey Bow don't wake him up. Shorty-boy, let him just roll along an' sleep."

Q. Philucius rose on his tiptoes and nervously grasped the Bird's shoulder.

"I'm nearsighted," he gasped. "I can see only a dim blur across the track. I feel as though I was going to faint. Where is our horse now?"

"In front by two lengths at th' half pole!" chortled the Bird jubilantly. "He's just wingin' along, old pal; runnin' to his work like I told you he would. He's a bear in th' jungles to-day; money from home an' gravy in th' dish!"

Mentally stampeded, Q. Philucius took a firmer hold on the Bird's coat collar, while his little feet beat a nervous tattoo on the brick pavement as he hopped up and down in a futile endeavor to see over the heads of other racing enthusiasts forming a solid phalanx along the quarter-stretch fence.

"Is he still in front? Is he winning?" he croaked weakly as the Bird announced in stentorian tones that the horses had reached the head of the stretch.

"You bet you, pal!" hummed his erstwhile mentor. "If you was as sure of salvation as that this horse will cop th' kale, you'd have first call on an orchestra chair in paradise now. He's bid 'em all good-by, an' he's comin' home like Bill Bryan runnin' for office. Whoopee! Set steady on him, Shorty! Let him rate along—don't pull th' bat, 'cause he ain't no whip horse. Just hand-ride him, Shorty—hand-ride him, boy! An' whisper the tidin's in his ear!"

The Humming Bird's exhortation took on the volume of a foghorn as he continued to shout instructions to the jockey. It rose and fell, and reëchoed its way across the inner field, swelling the chorus of shrieking partisans who rocked the grand stand with earnest appeals to the horses of their choice. Then, all at once, his voice trailed off to a whisper, and he wheeled about so quickly that he tore himself loose from the tenacious grasp of his companion.

"What's the matter? Has anything gone wrong?" stuttered the little man, swiftly diagnosing the look of consternation that swept across the Bird's countenance. "Tell me quickly! I can't stand this suspense—it's just horrible!"

For answer the Humming Bird, with one swift motion, batted the saffron one's hat almost over his eye.

"Root! You sucker, root!" he hissed. "If you think you're lucky now's th' time to make motions. Here they come; an' it looks as though th' jock on the favorite has caught Shorty nappin'. Root! You rabbit, root!"

The Divinity Stood Pantomimically Exhorting Old Melodrama to Come Home and Win

Down the last sixteenth thundered two horses locked as a team. It was one of those desperate finishes that lift men and women off their feet and rend the atmosphere with the din of pandemonium. As the rival racers flashed past the spot where the Humming Bird and his companion stood they were head and head, neither having the advantage. As they swept under the wire no man except the judges could tell which horse had won.

A moment of tense suspense and then the numbers rose slowly on the result board. As Q. Philucius saw the topmost one he emitted a wail of dismay, crumpling up against the Humming Bird. The latter, with lips tightly compressed, was gazing off into vacancy.

"I'm ruined—ruined—ruined forever and ever!" sobbed the little man hysterically. "You don't know what it means to me! I—I can never face them at home. I'm an outlawed man! If you only knew ——" Then his voice trailed away off as he whispered in a dull monotone: "I—I—I'm twenty thousand dollars short. I can't get back; I'd better end it all here."

He made a swift movement toward his hip pocket, where the eagle eye of the Humming Bird caught the faint outline of a pistol; and that gentleman was not slow to appreciate what would happen to him should a race-track tragedy be enacted in his immediate vicinity, and which could in any way be traced to his activities. He reached forth and grasped the disconsolate one firmly by the lapels of his coat, dragging him by main force out of the crowd to a vacant spot farther down, by the fence.

"If you ain't careful you'll scramble th' eggs for fair," he hissed with a rising inflection, accompanying each word with an admonitory shake that made the little man's teeth rattle. "When you ain't hep to what's happenin', why don't you lay back an' play dead? Now looky here; them numbers up there only indicates which horse finished first. It ain't th' official result, at all, at all. Why, you blamed ape, he could be disqualified, couldn't he? You get me, eh? Well, now, all you've got to do is to wait right in this spot until I come back. I have an ace up me sleeve. The judges are me friends. When they find out that we have all our kale down they'll switch th' placin' so's th' money'll come our way. You just wait here an' don't stir out of this spot till I make th' pass."

With a final glance intended to convey reproof and patronizing toleration, the Bird pushed his way back into

"I'm Ruined—Ruined—Ruined Forever and Ever! You Don't Know What It Means! I Can Never Face Them at Home"

the crowd; and, once out of sight of his victim, he made a bee line for the gate. It was no time to stand on the order of his going.

"Them small-town rubes are th' limit!" panted the Bird as, with hurried steps, he reached the end of the stand nearest the main entrance. "Here's a guy aimin' to put his light out because he goes kerflooey! Huh! It was up to me to make a quick stall and to show some indications of speed in th' get-away. If he hadda bumped hisself off, an' me round, I'd 'a' been barred for life. I guess I'd better beat it before th' track gets heavy. I never was no account in th' mud."

As he passed the steps leading to the stand, a murmur of subdued applause, drowned in its infancy by a succeeding storm of catcalls and hisses, stayed his departure momentarily, and the Bird faced about quickly to diagnose the situation. Out on the track the riders were dismounting and carrying their equipment to the scales. Shorty Sheridan, the jockey who had ridden the horse of the Bird's choice, having already weighed in, was climbing the steps that led to the pagoda occupied by the judges.

"S'help if Shorty ain't goin' to claim a foul!" ejaculated the Bird wonderingly. "Gosh a'might'! It mightn't be th' blow-off, after all, and th' corpse might come to life. Uh-huh! There goes Charley Kelly, that rode th' favorite. He always was a rough-ridin' goat, an' th' judges is liable to pan him. I guess I'd better linger."

The Bird shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as he waited for the official dictum that meant so much to him. The horse he had persuaded the newcomer to bet on had been touted by him for months with a view to reaping a rich reward. Being of a philosophic turn of mind, he had to exercise all his self-control to forbear pondering on the difference that a single nod of a race horse had made to his finances.

The minutes seemed to lengthen into hours, and the tension grew as he watched the gesticulations of the officials arguing pro and con. Then all at once the presiding judge waved his hand, with a downward motion, to the man who stood by the indication board across the track. The numbers were lowered and that of the favorite and winner removed. He had been disqualified.

With one long-drawn yelp of delight the Bird sprang nimbly from the steps where he had climbed, the better to view the proceedings, and sped with flying feet toward the spot where he had left Q. Philucius Perkins. The excitement of the last few moments had proved too much for that worthy. He was leaning almost halfway across the low fence that separated the quarter stretch from the outer rails. To all appearance he had passed into a veritable trance, gazing at nothing in particular with lackluster eyes.

"Come out of it! Come out of it!" bawled the Humming Bird as he danced about the little banker in indescribable ecstasy. "Wake up, little man, an' join the chorus! What did I tell you? Didn't I keep you out of th' poorhouse? You see what it is now to hook up with a guy what knows where he's at; but I had an awful time, wigwaggin' them judges an' gettin' Shorty to go into the stand an' claim a foul. I wouldn't of pulled that stuff for no one else on earth; but I knowed you was in bad an' I wanted to get you out. Shake yourself together an' get busy cashin' them tickets."

With a determined effort, Q. Philucius Perkins straightened up, passing palsied fingers across a bloodless countenance.

"It was a terrible strain—a terrible, terrible strain!" he mumbled weakly. "You can't appreciate my feelings, sir. I owe you so much—everything, in fact. I hardly know how to thank you or repay you."

"That'll be all right!" attested the Bird with a declamatory wave of the hand. "That'll be all right! Your next play is to brace up an' not act as though you was bein' chased by a ghost. Slip me about a thousand bucks' worth of them tickets for meself an' five hundred for Shorty Sheridan, th' jock. That'll give you enough to square yourself, won't it?"

"Oh, plenty—abundance," gurgled Q. Philucius as he produced the tickets. "You're welcome to anything, my dear sir, that you think will be fair and just. No matter how much, I know that I can't adequately repay you. The fact of the matter is, I ——"

The Humming Bird again interrupted, however, cutting off the little man's valedictory.

"Forget it! Forget it!" he broke in shortly. "Just get th' rest of them tickets turned into real money an' beat it away from here. It's a dollar to a rotten apple you've got a wife an' kids at home that need you a blame' sight more than the race track. Nobody will ever mistake you for a gambler, any more than they will me for a minister of the Gospel. You're even now; an', take it from me, you've had the luckiest turn you'll ever have if you live to be a thousand years old. If you had another close call like that you wouldn't need to pump yourself full of lead, because you'd die of heart disease before you got your gat halfway out of your pocket. What did you say your name was?"

"Besides Which, Miss Lady, Do You Know I'm the Original Holiday Maker From Holidayville?"

"My name?" quavered the little man. "My name! Why, I thought I told you when we first met. It's Quintus Philucius Perkins."

"Well, on your way, Philucius," admonished the Humming Bird; "on your way! Th' climate about here don't suit your constitution. You belong where the farmers are still livin' off hog an' hominy, an' are happy. If I was in your place, whenever I got close enough to see a race-track fence after this I'd take it on th' run!"

II

WITH the tangible results of his latest adventure bulging his pockets, and at peace with all mankind, the Humming Bird, having recrossed the ferry, swung jauntily up Market Street. There was perhaps nothing to distinguish him from thousands of young fellows one might meet between Golden Gate Park and the water front. With youth and purchasing power, he had all the world before him. Best or worst of all—whichever you will—up to this time of writing the Humming Bird was heart-whole and fancy-free.

At the corner of Sansome Street, where it merges into the main thoroughfare, the wonderful thing happened. From big stores employees were pouring forth at the close of the day's work; and at that very moment a scantily clad young gentleman, with whom the Bird had no previous acquaintance or quarrel, bent his sturdy little back and let fly a shining arrow. That weapon sped true to its mark.

The Humming Bird paused irresolutely, standing for an instant as though spellbound, his eyes focused on a retreating figure. Then, with a spurious attempt at nonchalance, he pulled himself together.

"It ain't me," he protested with exceeding warmth. "It ain't me; it's somebody else. I ain't troupin' with Dan Cupid nor fallin' for no frail."

Be it recorded, nevertheless, that, as the vision flitted gracefully onward, the Humming Bird followed—followed—while the most masterful of all musicians was playing a marvelous melody on his heartstrings—followed, because the mightiest of all magicians was beckoning; but, most of all, he followed because, for the first time in his variegated career, and all unwittingly, he came to the turn of the road, and beneath him in the valley lay, smiling upward, the verdure-clad meadows and sun-kissed glories of Heart's Desire.

And now for the divinity: She was a wonderful combination of bewildering beauty, augmented by a trim tailor-made costume. Passers-by accorded her more than a casual glance as she skimmed gracefully along; and the Bird, being only human, followed blindly, as mayhap many a better man had done before.

At Powell Street the revelation paused to wait for the car that climbs the cable up the hill; and the Humming Bird, who had unconsciously quickened his pace so that he might not lose sight of her, was forced to pull up abruptly.

"The play comin' up this way ain't natural," he soliloquized. "Far be it from me that any dame should hang my scalp in her belt; but she sure looks good enough to bet on. If she don't favor th' best two-year-old I ever owned in me life, I can't spell horse. It won't hurt nothin' for me to trail along. Of course I ain't fallin' for no skirt. Whenever me couplin' tears loose, before th' engine is clear of th' yards, I'll let somebody know."

And so, having struck a balance with his conscience, the Bird boarded the hind end of the car, while the unconscious object of his admiration took a seat outside in front, next the motorman.

At the apex of the second hill the girl alighted and walked rapidly over to a large apartment house standing on the opposite corner. The Humming Bird strolled down on the far side of the street and reconnoitered.

"Rents about seventy-five iron men a month, pay in advance an' give a bushel of references," mused the Bird as he took a mental invoice of the surroundings; but before he had reached the corner of the block, the goddess emerged and passed quickly to the grocery store on the opposite side.

She had scarcely entered when the Bird slid rapidly across and shot into the vestibule of the building she had just left. With lightning rapidity he scanned the names on the letter boxes in the hall, slipping out again with the same celerity that marked his advent. The Humming Bird grinned to himself as he stole back to the shadows of the corner. Adventure was about to be crowned by discovery.

Again he watched the girl cross to the apartment house, but he noted with satisfaction that she returned empty handed. The Humming Bird, sensing his next move, chuckled and waited expectantly.

In a few moments a red-headed boy with a basket of groceries came out of the store and started across the street. The Humming Bird bounced from his hiding place and intercepted him.

"'Lo, kid!" he exclaimed airily as he planted himself between that worthy and his obvious destination. "'Lo, old pal! Is you goin' over to Miss Hawkins' place? If you are I guess there ain't nobody to home. I've been ringing her bell for the last ten minutes an' there ain't no answer. You don't happen to know where she has went, do you?"

"Naw; I ain't goin' to Miss Hawkins'," retorted the red-headed boy suspiciously. "She don't deal with us. Did you think I was keeping cases on all th' old maids on Nob Hill? What are you stallin' about anyway? I ain't no boob; I'm alive—hand it to me!"

For answer the Bird broke into a hearty laugh.

"You're all right, pal," he chortled; "if you had what was comin' to you you'd be herdin' butterflies. I kin see you some day with a ten-carat Montana boy nailed to a blue sweater, and circus parades will take to th' side streets when they hear you comin'. You'll get to the big show through th' main entrance, all right. Come clean, pal—come clean! I ain't a-goin' to insult you by intimatin' that you don't know where you're headed for."

"Does anything go with th' language?" supplemented the boy impatiently. "If it don't there ain't nothin' doin'."

"Anything go?" hummed the Bird as he produced a healthy-looking roll. "Anything go? I should say it did! My fingers ain't stiff." He peeled off a crisp new ten-dollar bill. "If that ain't enough climb aboard an' help yourself."

The boy's eyes bulged as he reached for the money. He gripped it in a freckled fist and buried it deeply in the capacious pockets of his overalls.

"I'm next," he attested with uncanny perspicacity; "I heard you th' first time. Her name is Miss Letitia Vandaleur, an' she lives wit' her mudder, Flat Five, lookin' out on de alley. Her old man died when she was a kid. Folks thought he was a millionaire, but he wasn't; an' I guess they ain't got much left. She works down to the Tennant Hardware Company—cashier there; an' she's de swellest girl! Why, say ——"

"You're a wise guinea, you are!" broke in the Bird with an admirably feigned air of supreme disgust. "I'll bet, th' day you was born, somebody told your mother that if you lived long enough you'd be President of th' United States. If I was you I'd have th' first sawbones I met feel the knobs on me nut. You might find out somethin'. Here I am tryin' to get a line on old Miss Hawkins, and I figured you was holdin' out on me. She's me aunt, and I ain't seen her since I was halter-broke. I wanted to spring a surprise on th' old lady, an' here you are so damned smart that you'd put a treeful of owls on th' hummer.

"Keep th' kale I handed you—I don't need it; but after this, whenever you kid anything, put on your ice-cream clothes an' kid th' weather."

"Honest t' Gawd, mister," interpolated the red-headed boy earnestly, "honest t' Gawd, I ——"

"Lay off!" retorted the Bird with biting emphasis as he turned away. "Go on back to countin' eleven for a dozen an' dealin' shorts for th' suckers. That's your long suit. Then, with a little more trainin', you'll be a high-class burglar some day."

He wheeled down the hill, chuckling as he went.

"That's one guy in th' air anyway," he vouchsafed to himself. "I guess it's up to me to play th' hand out. It wouldn't create no riot if I was to send her a few flowers or such. Of course it's a society stunt, but most girls is strong for that kind of stuff."

He turned into the Saint Jerome and made his way directly to the flower stand.

"How much does them roses set me back?" he queried of the attendant in charge, pointing to a huge vase of American Beauties.

"Best are now sellin' for four dollars a dozen," replied that individual.

"Send two dozen every day to this address," exclaimed the Humming Bird hastily; "send 'em until th' bill is wore out." He tossed a fifty-dollar gold certificate carelessly on the counter.

"Be sure you don't make no flivver on her name!" he warned. "That's right; you got it—Miss Letitia Vandaleur, th' Kenworthy Apartments."

"You will, of course, inclose your card?" suggested the salesman diffidently. "It's the usual thing to do, and——"

"There ain't goin' to be no card," declared the Humming Bird emphatically. "Th' game ain't goin' to be played that way at all, at all." He turned as though to go, but paused. "Say, wait a minute," he amended; "hold th' deal! Who's that guy that don't never sign his name? I used to know it, but I've plumb forgotten it. It's Any-somethin'-or-other."

"Oh, you mean Anonymous?" suggested the man behind the counter.

"That's the *hombre*," affirmed the Humming Bird with supreme conviction; "that's th' monniker! Just make out a bunch of cards for him an' tie one to every box you send out. That guy won't never savvy that we has jobbed him; an' what he don't know won't hurt him."

III

FOR many days thereafter the race track knew not the Bird or his activities; and, further, this being a reliable record of accomplishment, it is only fitting to state that most of that worthy's time was spent between the street corner opposite the Kenworthy Apartments and the one more nearly contiguous to the Tennant Hardware Company's store.

Notwithstanding this untoward devotion, however, the course of his true love was beset with obstacles, the salient reason being that the lady in the case might as well have been in the antipodes so far as having any inkling she was the central figure of a romance.

In the morning, when she sallied forth to work, the Humming Bird, lurking in the distance, gallantly escorted her thereto, but never obtruded his presence at a closer range than that of half a block. With all his versatility of resource, for once in his life he felt completely at a disadvantage. The ocean of love is wider than the combined Seven Seas, and the hero of this tale was drifting about on a sailless and rudderless craft.

All things must have an end, however. The Humming Bird was not what the world would call a forehanded man and the product of the episode quoted in the opening chapter did not last forever; so it was on the morning of Thanksgiving Day that he found himself facing the ancient problem. He was down to bedrock; and, taking a rapid invoice of his finances, it did not take him long to discover that the one-time plethoric bank roll had dwindled to a few paltry dollars. Then, and only then, did the Humming Bird realize that there was an insistent call to return to the scene of his former labors.

"If a feller happens to hit it lucky," he soliloquized, "he can run two bucks into two million. All ye gotta do is to land a couple o' winners an' the rest is as easy as fallin' downstairs. Saint James is a lay-down in the first, an' he should be a fat price. Bein' Thanksgivin', it should be a regular day anyway for an angel to fly into th' aviary."

After crossing the ferry he took the train that went directly to the track. As is usual on holidays, the car was crowded; and when the Humming Bird slid into the only vacant seat he noticed that a lady had preëmpted the other half. While the engine puffed noisily out of the darkened shed he stole a swift sidelong glance at his companion.

Up to this writing, no man had ever accused the Humming Bird of being a craven; but now he curled up within himself, while he could feel his heart beating a swift rataplan against his left suspender buckle. The goddess, looking if possible more bewitching than ever, was sitting beside him!

For a brief instant his faculties seemed to go numb, and then a *soupçon* of his old assurance returned. Undoubtedly it was the appointed time. There was no use talking; the gods had dealt the cards and it devolved on him to play them

Cunningly the Bird manipulated the newspaper he held in his hand until it brushed against the vanity case that lay on the girl's lap and knocked it off onto the floor. Then, with elaborate apologies, he recovered and restored it.

"Excuse me, lady," he stammered as he dusted the bag off with what seemed to be unnecessary care. "I had an awful time makin' this train an' I'm flustered to beat th' band. Say, do you know, I was scared stiff for fear I was a-goin' to miss th' first race!"

The girl bowed her acknowledgments, thanking him in conventional tones, but so graciously withal that the Bird felt justified in continuing the conversation. That part of it, however, was not such a hard task for him as one might suppose. The stern demands of his profession exacted versatility and supreme judgment, where snapshotting human nature was concerned. His *nom de course* had not been bestowed on him unworthily.

Once in his stride, he rattled along and played about with words in a manner marvelous to contemplate. Older and wiser heads than that possessed by the goddess had fallen under the magic spell of the Bird's word painting. In any other line of endeavor he would have risen to rapid eminence; and his terse and timely comments on passing events, twisting thought as he only could into novel expression, facilitated his rapid progress into the good graces of his companion.

And, say what you will, youth is a wonderful thing; and the girl, without any thought of transgressing the proprieties in such cases made and provided, let down the bars to her other and more primitive self, and joined merrily in the Bird's sallies. To her he was an entirely new character—one of the kind who had never invaded her world before.

If there be any eighth heaven of delight the Humming Bird felt he had reached that haven; because, not having dipped into the psychology of these things, and being unaware that devotion after all is a natural instinct and that sooner or later every man will find something to worship, the circumstances surrounding the occasion added inspiration and the Bird was at his best.

A wonderful and subtle picture he drew of the romance of racing to those who made it a livelihood. He chattered along of his famous stable and of the number of big stakes that had been annexed by his champions. Moreover, when it came to a matter of juggling millions from one hand to the other the Bird yielded to no man.

"Besides which," he amended hastily after a glowing account of his turf triumphs, "besides which, Miss Lady, do you know I'm the original Holiday Maker from Holidayville?"

The girl laughed.

"I'm afraid I'm a very bad girl to-day," she confided naïvely. "Mother has a horror of any woman who attends the races. I imagine I fibbed to her in spirit, because she thinks I have gone over to the Greek Theater to attend the exercises there. Still, I could not resist the temptation to come to the races. I love the horses, and a holiday like this is the only opportunity I have of seeing them. I suppose you think I'm very silly."

"Nix!" retorted the Bird with supreme conviction. "Everybody likes 'em—that is, everybody who ain't crazy. You certainly ain't makin' no mistake, sister, when you declare yourself for th' speed thing. Was you ever here before?"

"Only once," replied the divinity. "On last Christmas Day I came over with a gentleman who travels for our house, and had a most delightful day."

"You never had a bet down, then, I reckon?" interpolated the Bird. "It ain't likely that a guy like him would know much about th' game."

"Oh, indeed, yes," she broke in. "I'm ashamed to say I had a small wager on every race. Mr. Galbraith insisted on putting up two dollars on each event for me, and he really appeared to know a good deal about the horses. At the end of the day I was six dollars winner."

"Two dollars to a race!" exclaimed the Bird with every manifestation of contempt. "Two dollars to a race, huh? That gink must 'a' had an awful cramp in his arm! If he got mixed up with th' real thing—he'd 'a' faded away like frost off a doorstep. I've seen his kind lots o' times. They ain't got no savvy—most of 'em 'd hand a dollar cigar to a canary. You just wait till we get to the track and there sure'll be somethin' stirrin'!"

As the train pulled up at the platform immediately before the main entrance to the track, the Humming Bird, with elaborate courtesy, helped his companion to alight and immediately made a bee line for the ticket office.

"Just wait here a minute," he cautioned, "an' I'll get you a badge. There's an awful mob in line an' you'd have to wait all day to get it yourself. I'll shillaber up in front an' horn my way into that end of th' line."

Without waiting for the divinity to protest he rushed over to the window and returned quickly, waving aside all attempts of the girl to reimburse him. It was a heroic undertaking. His bank roll totaled only two dollars; after making the purchase one dollar remained. Still, he comforted himself with the thought that the dollar could be bet on the chances of Saint James in the first race, but even here he counted without his host, because he had hardly passed the turnstiles when he was confronted by the venders of programs. The Bird purchased two, which barred him very effectually—in his present financial condition at least—from further participation in the sport of kings.

His optimism never wavered, however; and as he escorted the vision to the end of the grand stand farthest away from the paddock he felt all the self-appreciation of a conquering hero.

"So you wasn't only once to the races before?" he chattered as he pointed away off to the opposite side of the track where, in one long shed called Irish Row, the horses of the various poorer owners were stabled, from the center stall of which he could see the head of his solitary badge horse protruding. "You see, it's different with me," he continued. "I been with th' ponies all me life an', as I told you, I've got one of the biggest strings here. D'you see that long row opposite? Well, they're all mine. Costs a lot o' money t' keep 'em? I should say it did! But then, all you've gotta do is to win a race or two every week, and then you've got money to throw to the cuckoos.

"Now you just sit here a minute," resumed the Bird; "just sit here till I go down

(Continued on Page 52)

"What are You Stallin' About Anyway? I Ain't No Book; I'm Alive—Hand it to Me!"

VOTE FOR SHIMADA!

Phases of a National Congressional Campaign in Japan

By Samuel G. Blythe

ONE evening early in March I chanced to be on the Isezakichio, in Yokohama. It was just at dusk. The electric lights had been turned on and the ballyhoo men in front of the moving-picture houses shouted the attractions of their various establishments, and excitedly called attention to the pink and purple and yellow pictures displayed above their doors to give a foretaste of the thrills within—pictures wherein out-of-perspective Japanese soldiers were gallantly rescuing futurist Japanese ladies from the demoniac clutches of cubist Japanese villains. At every corner native street fakers were insistently barking their wares, which included medicines, cosmetics, pipes—about the same line of stuff sold by American street fakers, and about the same line of sharpers selling it.

An artist, working in various lumps of brightly colored sugar paste, modeled, with slim and expert fingers, any candy beast or bird desired; and groups of children stood about and shuddered at the fearsomeness of his bright green dragons, and laughed at the comical blue monkeys. There were fountain-pen sellers, offering pens guaranteed to last forever for a few sen a pen; auctioneers; jewelry purveyors, who had rings that looked like gold for seven and a half cents each; and a merchandise lottery, where you trustfully paid so much for a number and invariably received a prize from an imposing shelf behind the managers—a prize that never was one of the valuable things displayed, but always either a soap box, with Mount Fuji stamped on it, or a bottle of liquid face bleach.

Men squatted on the pavement and demonstrated the peculiar merits of the writing brushes they had for sale, rapidly and with many flourishes painting sample convoluted characters, and promising that any purchaser would find himself equally facile, because of the transcendent merits of their brushes. A smooth and smiling young man who wore a kimono and a raffish bowler hat was endeavoring to induce the gaping Japanese to have their fortunes told by means of the bumps on their shaved heads. The thwack-thwack of the flat paddles the auctioneers use in knocking down their goods made a continual din. A band blared Japanese ragtime from a balcony in front of the largest moving-picture palace, which displayed a sign reading: "Foreign Flims Onle!"

The fried-fish shops stank greasily. Stewed devilfish was offered in plentiful supply, and various seaweed concoctions and sweetmeats of all sorts, in stall after stall. Standing on the bridge at one end, the street seemed to proceed through a forest of tall thin trees, growing slantwise, from which hung red and blue and yellow and purple foliage. These were streamers, on which were painted enticements in Japanese characters urging the pleasure-faring Japanese to go no farther, but to stop at this particular place and spend their rin.

A Campaign Rally in Yokohama

ONE enterprising showman had a large yellow gas bag, shaped like a Zeppelin, floating above his door; and the barker called strident attention to it as an accurate model of the Japanese type of dirigible, the Parseval. The jinrikisha men trotted through the crowds and added to the tumult with their continuous warning cries of Hy-ee-ah-ha!

If you shut your eyes it was easy to imagine yourself in Coney Island. Open them and you were on Theater Street, in Yokohama, where the Japanese go to be amused.

I saw many men, their clogs making a hurried flicflac on the pavement, turning into a little alley that led off to the left; so I turned off into the little alley and followed them. We went past a little Shrine of the Fox, where some devout Japanese had placed a dish of rice and soy for the propitiation of that astute god; and presently I saw a large building, from which there hung many white streamers, each streamer screaming something in big black Japanese characters. The Japanese jammed into this building; and I jammed in too. It was a large rectangular hall, with a stage on one of the long sides and a gallery extending above on three sides; and it was filled with silent Japanese, sitting in stolid rows or standing behind the seats, all with their hats on, and many of them smoking cigarettes or their minute pipes.

Police Forcing an Entrance Through the Crowd in Front of the Houses of Parliament to Allow Members of the Diet to Attend the Diet Session

Back of the stage there were more streamers—a dozen of them; and they all seemed to convey the same exhortation to my un-Japanese eye. No person was on the stage; but there was a small table, a pitcher and a glass. It was plain enough. I had happened on a political meeting. The national campaign for the election of members of the lower house of the Diet, or Parliament, was then at its fiercest, with but two weeks to run before election day; and here apparently was a place where the voters of Yokohama were to be told why they should support some aspiring statesmen and patriots.

"A political meeting?" I said to a Japanese who stood beside me and who looked as though he could talk English—you can tell them at a glance, these English-speaking natives, and there are many of them, two hundred to one of the foreigners who can speak Japanese, probably more than that by ratio.

"Yes; a political meeting," he answered, politely bowing and sucking in his breath.

"What party?"

"Government party."

"What do those streamers say?" I asked, pointing to the long white strips of cloth that flaunted their exhortations in Japanese characters of gigantic size.

"They say: Vote for Shimada!"

"Vote for Shimada!" I repeated. "Why, isn't Shimada of the Opposition?"

"Not now," replied the Japanese. "He is now in support of Count Okuma and Baron Kato."

Shimada! I know Shimada—the smartest Japanese politician of the lot, who has had a seat continuously in the Japanese lower house since that lower house was first organized in 1890; Shimada, the adroit debater, the tireless orator—if they had Shimada in the United States Senate their filibusters would be easier—who can talk one hour or ten hours or twenty, and then have plenty of talk left; Shimada, who was in Washington not so long ago—a Japanese Uncle Joe Cannon, without the age; and a Japanese James Hamilton Lewis, without the whiskers; and a Japanese Jim Mann, without the grouch.

Imagine the political sagacity of a man who can stay in Parliament for almost twenty-five years in Japan, where the mutations of politics are so various that even the Japanese are in doubt as to where they stand from day to day, and where new parties come up overnight and die at the dusk—an adaptable citizen, Shimada, and a campaigner to whom any American spellbinder might look for points.

"Is Shimada to speak?"

"It is so announced."

So I waited; and soon after six o'clock, when the hall could not hold another person, and the shuffle of the clogs of hundreds outside who could not get in drowned every other sound, Shimada appeared, clad in his kimono and accompanied by another candidate and a fat and fussy chairman. The chairman spoke. Occasionally there was handclapping. The other candidate read something from a paper and had little applause.

Then Shimada rose, a short, broad-shouldered man, with the square face of a certain type of Japanese, a continual smile, and a flow of language that is inexhaustible. Shimada spoke. He had great applause. As he made each point he stopped and took a sip of water in the most approved style of the American platform orator. He used many gestures. He was impassioned, coldly analytical, ingratiating, jocose and earnest.

"What is he saying?" I asked my Japanese friend.

"He says," replied that willing interpreter, "that the prosperity and security of Japan depend on the indorsement of the candidates offered by the government for membership of the lower house of Parliament, and particularly on the return of himself. He says that the Opposition party—the Seiyukai—has been tried and found wanting; that it has been profligate in its expenditure of the money of the people; that it has no regard for the welfare of Japan, but seeks to hold its power in order to line the pockets of its members with the people's wealth; that the Doshikai is the true party of progress; and that the fate of Japan is trembling in the balance at this election. He promises, if he is elected, to safeguard the interests of the people and to administer their affairs wisely and honestly; and he appeals to their patriotism and their love of progress to send him back to Parliament, where he has represented them for so many years."

How familiar it all sounded! There was Shimada, in a hall just off the Isezakichio, in Yokohama, a candidate for Congress, talking the same kind of talk that a thousand or so Americans will be talking in the United States in the Congressional campaign a year from next fall. Among other things, politics has its share in making the whole world kin.

I learned that the Seiyukai had had a meeting in the same hall on the day before, when the Seiyukai candidates had had a big crowd also, and had put up their streamers and made their appeals. The general election was to be held on March twenty-fifth; and excitement, as both the Japanese and the American journalists put it, was at fever heat at this time, a fortnight before that date.

Few Voters but Lots of Enthusiasm

SO NEXT day I sought out a Japanese friend, wise in Japanese politics, told him about the meeting I had attended, and asked him:

"How many of the men who were at that meeting, or at the Seiyukai meeting on the night before, can vote at the election?"

"Possibly fifteen per cent of them," he replied. "Maybe not more than ten per cent; maybe as high as twenty per cent—but no more than that."

The population of Japan, exclusive of colonies, in 1909 was 50,255,000, and at the present time is probably fifty-three or fifty-three and a half million, as the annual rate of increase is about six hundred and fifty thousand. Figuring, as we do, that one in five is a male of voting age, there should be a voting population in Japan, if suffrage were universal, of at least ten million. Instead, suffrage is not universal; it is largely restricted.

In round numbers about a million and a half of the Japanese have the franchise; and of these, at a general election like the one held in March of this year, about eighty per cent vote. Before a Japanese can vote he must be at least twenty-five years old and pay ten yen a year, or five dollars, of direct taxation. There are other restrictions, also; but these are the general terms. Therefore, it is remarkable to see so great an interest in politics among a people who mostly have no vote or any sort of say in political matters.

The explanation of that is this: The Japanese newspapers are largely political. Every Japanese journalist is a statesman and all are constantly writing of politics. Almost the entire population of Japan can read. Even the coolies read the newspapers. Thus, though their interest in politics must remain vicarious, it is none the less great; and they eagerly go to political meetings and discuss political affairs, though they have no part in either the affairs or the politics of them, except to pay their taxes and

have their riots when there is an attempt to raise street-car fares a third of a cent, or some other momentous question comes along.

The Imperial Japanese Diet had its first sitting in 1890, and the one that will be elected before this article appears in print will be the thirty-first since that time. With the Restoration, in 1868, the Emperor proclaimed an imperial oath of five articles, in which he swore, on and to the spirits of his imperial ancestors, that he would govern the country by means of a legislative assembly, or Diet, and with due regard to public opinion. A Constitution was granted in 1889, and there was an election that provided a Diet, which had its first sitting in 1890.

Theoretically Japan is an absolutism, over which an emperor reigns by virtue of succession; but, to some extent as it has worked out, it is a constitutional monarchy. However, the keynote to the Constitution is the Emperor himself. He exercises supreme power, but executes the laws by the aid of his Cabinet, makes those laws by the aid of his legislative assembly, and submits them to his judiciary for interpretation, in practically the same manner that the President of the United States or the King of England governs.

The imperial theory in Japan is that the Emperor is divinely descended and in direct succession from the Sun Goddess, who was in turn born from one of the eyes of Izanagi, who, with his consort, Izanami, were the two deities who, at the beginning of all things, descended from the High Heavenly Plain and produced the Land of Oyashima, which is now Japan.

Theoretically the Emperor, being divinely descended, is absolute and infallible. Actually the Emperor is directed by the Elder Statesmen, or Privy Council, and by his Cabinet, just as the King of England is directed by his Ministry. Publicly and popularly there is strict adherence to the divinely descended idea; but the Japanese statesmen of later days, though not recanting from this belief—in public, at any rate—have seen to it that the Emperor has adequate counsel, instruction and direction.

The chief obstacle to a fairly democratic government in Japan, with the exception of its ceremonial headship, as vested in the Emperor, is the continuance of the Elder Statesmen, four of whom are alive as this is written, and one of whom, Prince Yamagata, has very great influence close to the throne. As I shall show later in this article, once the Elder Statesmen have the grace to pass over to their revered ancestors, Japan will be a constitutional monarchy and reasonably democratic, with restricted suffrage, and with the legislative assembly and the Cabinet doing the governing and lawmaking.

The Make-Up of the House of Peers

PRIVATELY the leading Japanese statesmen are not so sure about the divine descent of the Emperor. They are ready, in any event, to exercise mundane influences whenever possible and leave the divinity of it for the ceremonies and the ceremonials.

The Imperial Diet, corresponding to the Congress of the United States and to the Parliament of England, consists of a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. There are three hundred and seventy-nine members of the House of Peers, consisting of thirteen Imperial Princes; sixteen Princes; thirty-one Marquises; seventeen Counts; seventy Viscounts; sixty-three Barons; forty-five representatives of the highest taxpaying residents in the various prefectures, who are nominated by themselves; and a hundred and twenty-four men "of erudition or distinguished life," who are named by the Emperor on the suggestion of his various advisers. These serve for life. The House of Peers, unlike the House of Representatives, cannot be dissolved. It can be prorogued only.

The House of Representatives has three hundred and eighty-one members, who represent forty-seven prefectures. The basis of representation is one for each hundred and thirty thousand of population. This applies for urban districts, though any incorporated city of thirty thousand inhabitants is a unit. There is a general congressional election each four years if the House has not been dissolved in the meantime; and the members have a salary of two thousand yen, or a thousand dollars a year. The Diet can sit only three months in any year. During the remaining nine months, as the Constitution has it, in the event of "urgent necessity, to maintain public safety, or to avert public calamities," the Emperor may issue decrees "to take the place of law," which is the little safeguard the statesmen who contrived the Constitution put in to maintain their own balance of power. It is sometimes hard to deal with a House of Representatives; but usually the Emperor is amenable to the wishes of his Cabinet.

Political parties come up overnight, last a short time, and vanish either by absorption or by disintegration. National politics is so new in Japan, and national political thought so scrambled, that it is a matter of no difficulty to form a new party on slight occasion or with tenuous propaganda. Out of these small parties, by coalition and by absorption, other parties grow. At the present time there are two principal parties—the Seiyukai, which is the Opposition party, and is led by Mr. T. Hara, a former Cabinet minister and journalist, and a very astute person; and the Doshikai, which is led by Baron Kato, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, and is a party made up of various other parties.

In addition to these there are the Kokuminto, which is one of the older parties; the Chuseikai, a sort of government party; a Count Okuma party—and various independent parties, some of which represent nothing but one man.

Some spellings give the names of these parties as Seiyukwai, Doshi-kwai, Chusei-kwai and Kokumin-to; but mostly the simplified spellings are used as I have used them, and shall. Differing from England, there is no necessity or custom for having the Ministry of the same political faith as the majority party. The Premier is the Minister President of State and presides over the Cabinet. The other Departments are: Foreign Affairs; Home Affairs; Finance; War; Navy; Justice; Education; Agriculture; and Commerce and Communications, which has control of the railroads, telegraphs, telephones and postal service.

Though there is no connection, by virtue of political membership *per se*, between the Ministry and the House of Representatives, so far as representation of the majority party is concerned, the Ministry can be and is sometimes dissolved by imperial decree whenever it loses in the House.

On the other hand, the Ministry can and does, through the Emperor, dissolve the House and bring about a general election.

That is what happened last December. The present Ministry, of which Count Okuma is the head, and of which Baron Kato is the Minister for Foreign Affairs and leader of the Doshikai party, found itself largely in the minority when the House met. The Seiyukai had the majority. The Doshikai had been formed by Baron Kato as an opposition to the powerful Seiyukai, who call themselves the Friends of the Constitution, out of numerous smaller parties predisposed toward the Ministry.

The rock on which the two parties split, and which forced a dissolution, was what is known as the Two Divisions Bill, which contemplated the addition of two divisions to the present army. There were other differences, but the inciting cause is usually given as the Two Divisions Bill.

The Seiyukai was skillfully led by Hara. It opposed every government measure. Finally the Ministry saw that things had come to a deadlock, and that none of its program could be secured, and determined to dissolve the House and go before the voters, in the hope that a larger number of government supporters might be secured.

A Corner of the Crowd in Hibiya Park, at the Time of a Political Crisis

Speaker on the Balcony of a Restaurant Building in Hibiya Park Denouncing the Naval Policy and Demanding the Resignation of the Cabinet

The Rush for Coronation Honors

NOW, the House was not at all pleased over this idea. The coronation of the present Emperor is set for next November, and the statesmen in the House were eager to retain their seats and have a share in the honors, decorations, titles and other marks of distinction which are sure to come with that event. They did not want to be dissolved a wee mite, with the possibility of defeat ahead of them in another contest at the polls.

This worked two ways, for, after the House was dissolved and the date for the general election was set, it was noticed that a large number of rich and important persons announced themselves as candidates, hoping, no doubt, to win elections and have their share of the coronation honors. The result was that, two weeks before the election, there were six hundred and eighty-one candidates for the three hundred and eighty-one seats to be voted for, and more were coming in every day.

There is no legal requirement for the candidacy of any Japanese who is eligible as a taxpayer and is old enough; no petitions based on total votes, and no nominations are required. Any time the spirit moves a Japanese who is eligible to become a candidate, and he thinks the gods are propitious, all he is required to do is to announce himself and start his campaign. If he is a member of the Seiyukai or the Doshikai, of course his name must be considered by the leaders of those parties; but even though he is refused a chance by those leaders he may become a candidate on his own initiative, and they cannot stop him if he can finance himself.

A method of announcement that is in considerable favor in Tokio and the larger cities is the *gogai*. A gogai is an extra edition of a newspaper. The intending candidate writes or has written for him a neat and adequate appreciation of himself, wherein his own immaculate virtues and a detraction of his opponents are set forth; and wherein, further, the exceeding demerits of those aspiring gentlemen are illuminated in frank terms.

He goes to a newspaper office. This pronunciamiento is put in type and is issued as a gogai, or extra. The newsboys, with their clusters of bells jangling at their belts, rush about the streets shouting their extra—"Gogai! Gogai!" And the citizens of the prefecture interested are duly informed, to the profit of the gogai sellers and perhaps to the increment of the candidate himself.

Other methods more familiar with our Western practice of politics are used. Then come the campaign speeches. Almost every Japanese, and certainly every Japanese statesman, considers himself an orator; and they go after those million voters and a half with placards, pamphlets, meetings, circulars, and in various other ways. The Government sends out its orators. The Seiyukai has its

(Continued on Page 40)

THE BUSHER ABROAD

Cairns, Barroom Falls, Brizz Bay, Sidney Melbourne and the Grate Australian Bite

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

All of a Sudden They Jaump Down on to the Boat and Peck at a Mans Head

ON THE SHIP BORD. Dec. 27.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the boys is playing shovvel bord and I hope there in joying themself and steve Evans was just in my room a little wile a go and wanted I should be his pardner in the game and I says Do you think Im going to hang a round and play games with a bunch of cheap stiffs like them that give a man his own shirt for a xmas present. I says All as I want is for us to hurry up and get to australia and the sooner as we get there I will quit the trip and start home.

Then Evans says Well you know I did not have nothing to do with giveing you your shirt and I want you should play pardners with me and may be we can give some of them cheap stiffs a good triming and show them up and I says no not under no condision I will play shovvel bord or nothing else with a bunch like them cheap stiffs and he says Well you will half to play base ball with them next summer and then I told him a bout me having made my mind up to quit base ball and go in to some business where a man gets treated sqare and he says What business was you going in to and I says I haven't deside it and then Evans give me a pretty good idear Al and may be I will take it up but I got all winter to think about what do I want to do.

But Evans says I should ought to get a job on 1 of the news papers and write some of my pones for them and may be they would send me out to the ball pk. and have me write some of my pones a bout the ball game and then I could get back at some of these no good bums by rosting them in the paper.

Evans says of coarse the paper what ever I give me the job probily would not pay me more then twict what Comiskey pays me the 1st yr. but after that when the paper seen I was O. K. they would probily raze me clear up and give me as much is the reporters gets. And besides that if I was working on a news paper I would not never half to be worring a bout how long my arm was going to last but all as I would half to think a bout would be how long is my brains going to last and Evans says they should ought to last a life time if I did not work them no harder then when I was pitching and he ment I dont need nothing but my fast ball when I am working right.

But I dont know yet what Im going to do and may be I will open up a billard rm. in Chicago and I guess it would be a gold mind on acct. of how poplar I am with the fans and why not after the showing up I give the cubs. but any way Im going to quit the trip when we get up to australia and go home to Florrie and little Al where I bellong and a mans a sucker to ever leave your home when you got a wife and baby let a lone the bills Florries probily ran up on me wile I been a way.

Well Al we stoped off at thursday ilands yest. and was there 3 hrs. and I and Evans palled a round to gather and I would not have nothing to do with no body but him on acct. of he being the only 1 that wasent in on that dirty trick of giveing me my own shirt for a present and Evans him self says it was a dirty trick because they couldent be no other kind of a trick played with that shirt.

but I want you to stick on the trip because I cant get a long with out you and I was figureing on useing you in the game at Brizz Bay. Thats the 1st place we atop at when we get to Australia Al and we get there the next day after tommorow. Mcgraw says They will be a lot of englich lords and this in that out to the game and I want to win the game in the front of them so I was counting on you to pitch.

I says Well I would like to win for you but I got no chanct to win when your club keeps kicking the ball a round in back of me.

Then Mcgraw says Well I will tell you what Ill do with you and if you win the game for me I will give you a real present and not no dirty shirt and if you stick on the trip all the way threw I will give you a diffrunt present evry time you win a game for me.

So you see Al Mcgraws O. K. and on the sqare and he is giveing me a sqare deal and when a man treats you right Im going to treat him right to. I wisht they was some way I could get a way from the White Sox and pitch for Mcgraw all the wile and if he give me a present for evry game I won for him in the reglar season I would have enough so as I wouldent half to throw a way no money on xmas presents for my friends only of coarse Im all ways glad to do the right thing by my friends if nessary. But of coarse theys no chanct for me to get a way from the White Sox because even if Comiskey and Callahan was willing to leave go of me they would half to get wavers and the minut they ast for wavers the other clubs would clame me when you said Jack Robison.

So it looks like as if I would stick on the trip Al and I can pall a round with Steve Evans and Mcgraw and not have nothing to do with the rest of them and have a good time and I guess Ill stick on the trip only I wont know til I pitch that game at Brizz Bay and see how I come out and is Mcgraw going to keep his promus.

I will beat them Al if the luck brakes even and if they dont kick the game a way in back of me.

ON THE SHIP BORD. Dec. 30.

FRIEND AL: Well Al Im going to stay on the trip after all but thats in the condishon that Mcgraw does what he promused and heres what he promused. How I come to be talking to him Steve Evans called me to 1 side wile I was out on the porch yest. and says he just found out that Mcgraw wasent in on that dirty trick a bout giveing me my own shirt and Mcgraw was sore at the men that done it and he wanted to talk to me so I says all right I will talk to him if your sure he wasent 1 of them cheap stiffs Evans says No he was sure. So he called Mcgraw to where we was standing and Evans left I and him to gather and went a way and left us a lone and Mcgraw says What do you want and I says I just found out you wasent 1 of them peopl that give me the shirt and he says No of coarse not and I wouldent do no dirty trick like that. I says Well Im going to quit the trip and go home from australia and he says what for and I told him on acct of them cheap stiffs giveing me that shirt.

Then Mcgraw says Your not giveing me no sqare deal if you quit the trip because Im the 1 youll be hurting against and I havent did nothing to you.

Then I says Well I dont want to be on no trip where I half to associate with the cheap bums thats on this trip and Mcgraw says Well you dont half to have nothing to do with them

I Let Him Feel of My Arm and My Cuff

We was on land most all day the day before yest. at a place name Cairns and we went site seen out to Barroom falls and seen a lot of bannanna and pin apple orchids where pin apples and bannannas grows right on the trees and thats better then buying them when you dont know when you buy them weather there O. K. or rotten til you get them home.

Of coarse you dont half to eat them when they aint good and some times you dont half to throw a hole bannanna a way but you can eat a round the bad spots only a man dont like to pay for a ½ doz. bannannas and come to find out the white part of them would only make a bout 3 hole bannannas if you put them all to gather.

Well Al I will male you all the letters I all ready got ready for you as soon is we get to Brizz Bay and I will write an other letter and tell you how I come out and I will chase them out of the ball pk. if my arm feels good.

Your Pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BORD. Jan. 2.

AL: Well old Pal wear threw with Brizz Bay and now wear on the way to Sidney some thing I dont know what the rest of the name is. But Im feeling so good Al that I dont care weather its Sidney this or that or what is it.

Well Al it was just like I told you and I told you that if I went in there when my arm was feeling O. K. I would make them White Sox think they was in a earth quack or some thing. We beat them 2 to 1 and we beat there best pitcher Jim Scott and made him look like a sucker but that aint all that come off Al and Id of rather had them beat us then to not have the rest of it come off and heres what come off Al. We got in to Brizz Bay the night before last night and it was to late to go any wheres but yest. A. M. we was tooken up to the hotel and a man give Mcgraw a pile of letters and post cards as big is the bat bag and a bunch of newa papers to and when I herd Mcgraw calling the names off of the peopl for who the male was for I couldent hardily stand still but I was a scarred all the wile that of coarse they would not be nothing for me but finely all of a sudden he says Jack Keefe and give me a letter and it was from Florrie.

Well Al I set there feeling of it for a long wile before I opened it up because I kept thinking supose little Als dead or some thing the matter with him and thats why she wrote the letter to tell me a bout it but finely I opened the letter up and read it and they wasent nothing like that in it but there all O. K. Florrie and little Al and the Allens to tho the Allens could have a bad cold or some thing with out me getting worred sick over them. But the letter opened up dear Jack and then she went on and says I dont supose youll speak to I and your baby when you get home on acct of you going all the way a round the world and back wile I and the baby aint nothing but roobs that stays home all the wile but I thot may be you would like to hear how the babys geting a long tho I guess you dont care nothing a bout none of us when you run off and leave us all winter with $250.00 dollars and expect us to pay rent and buy cloths and stuff to eat.

And then she says she was writeing to ask me to give her a check for the other $250.00 dollars I got in the bank because they was a story a round town that the bank where I got the money in it is in bad shape and libel to blow up any minut after the 1 of Feb. so if I got the check to her by the 1 of Feb. she could get the money out of the bank before it blowed up.

Then she says I should write her the check as soon is I wasent to busy holding hands and spooning with the qeens and princes in the diffrunt countrys so you see Al shes a little bit jellus and then she says little Al was just fine and all O. K. and got 4 teeth but theys a hole lot of things he should ought to have besides teeth and she cant buy them til she gets some more money and the Allens sends there regards but they can keep a hold of them.

Well Al I bet I must of read the letter over 1 doz. times and theys a little black spot in 1 cor. of it where may be little Al got a hold of it and then after I got threw reading it I set down and wrote her back a long letter and dident say nothing a bout the qeens and princes because it wont do her no harm to think Im haveing a good time tho I aint saw nothing yet that looks like qeens and princes but most of them looks like a wash womman or some thing. I all so sent her a check for the other $250.00 dollars I got in the bank and now I aint got nothing in the bank but she will get the check before the 1 of Feb. and its better to have her spend the money then the pres. of the bank go south with it and besides by the time we get back home it will be pretty near time to open the season.

Well Al I felt a 100 per % better after I got Florries letter and seen that her and the baby was all O. K. and I wouldent of cared if the White Sox had been lucky enough to beat me but they wasent Al and I beat them and Mcgraw come acrost with a present just like he promused and what do you think he give me Al. He give me a bran new shirt to ware with my evening dress sute and it aint no stiff boozem that you half to work ½ a day getting the buttons fixed in it but this 1 is as soft like silk and got a million rinkles in it and he give me some white buttons a long with it that works on a wire and the buttons matchs the shirt and the shirts white to.

And I dont half to send this shirt to the landry evry time theys some thing drops on it but I can wash it my self on acct it dont half to be irrened because a landry would probily irren all the rinkles out of it and there what makes the shirt so pretty.

Well Al Im feeling 100 per % better and base ball would be O. K. if all mgrs. was like Mcgraw and I wisht I could pitch for his club all the year a round because now there getting on to how I pitch and give me some kind of decent suport and the White Sox dident never have a chanct with us yest. we road a round all the A. M. in automobiles and seen what they was to be seen and then was tooken out to the pk. before noon and played the game and Mcgraw says to me You will half to make this a qick 1 because if you dont get the game over in 1 hr. and ½ we wont get nothing to eat before we half to get back on the boat so I says All right I wont try to strike no body out but I will try and make them hit the 1st. 1 and they wont get a good hold of it because my arm feels good and I will zip them threw there like they was shot out of a cannon and Mcgraw says dont waist your breth teling me a bout it but get out there and show me some thing.

They Says He Was Like Ed Rulebacks Fast Ball and He Dident Never Come Near Enough for Them to Hit

Well Al I guess I showed him all right and if I hadent been in no hurry I bet I could of struck a bout 20 of them out but I kept sticking the 1st. 1 over with a good jump on it and all as they could do was pop them up in the air and they only hit 3 out of the in field all day and they wouldent of got there 1 run only I got carelest when I was pitching to Speaker in the 8 and he hit 1 down the foul line and made 3 bases on it and come in on a fly ball and he would of been out 20 ft. if this here Maggie had of throwed the ball to the plate insted of trying for a record and see how far could he throw it.

But there 1 run dident do them no good and they couldent of acored again if the game had of went 50 inings and we got both our runs in the 3d. and Weaver and Egan kicked a couple and Doyle got a hold of 1 and Scott was lucky we dident get a doz. runs insted of 2.

Well Al Im feeling better then I felt on the hole trip and I cant hardly wait til Mcgraw leaves me get in there again and he will half to come acrost with an other present and it wont be no shirt next time because hes all ready gave me a shirt and I wonder what will he give me.

Your Pal, JACK.

P. S. I forgot to tell you what I done to dutch Schaefer when he come up in the 5st. ining and they was a man on 2d. and 3d. He come up grining like usul and he hollers hello shirt at me and I says I will shirt you and I shot my fast 1 right clost in to him and he fell over scarred to deth and then I give him 2 more fast balls and he fouled them and then I waisted a fast 1 and then I come with my slow 1 and I wisht you could of saw him Al and I thot for a minut he would brake his spinul collins going after it. all the way in to the bench I kept hollering at him. I says You will shirt me will you and he was so sore he couldent say nothing back. what could he of said.

SIDNEY. Jan. 4.

OLD PAL: well old Pal I guess I forgot to wish you a happy New yr. in my last letter but better late then ever as they say so happy New yr. Al for you and Bertha the both of you and I dont wish you nothing but luck. This is Sun. and some of the boys is out over looking the harber and they wanted I should go a long because they say its the gratest harber in the world but what if it is Al Ive saw enough water with out going out and looking at a harber and besides Im not buying no harbers no matter how good they are hey Al.

Theys no ball game today because this is like N. Y. and Philly and Washington and them places and you cant play no ball on Sun. so Im seting in the australia Hotel and writeing this letter but they was a game yest. and the White Sox win it 15 to 4 and I ast Mcgraw before the game to leave me go in there and pitch and he says No he dident want to kill me with work but I guess after the game started he was afrade Hern and this here Faber that pitched for the giants would get killed by some thing else besides work I mean batted balls and Donlin and Maggie and this here indian Thorp run back and 4th. a round the out field so much shaging 3 base hits that there tung was hanging out.

They played the game out to the crickit pk. and some of the australia crickit players was out there practiceing when we come to the pk. and I stood and watched them a wile and honest Al if I played that game they wouldent never get me out and tommorow Im going to try it and heres how it come off that Im going to try it.

1 of the crickit players come up to where I was standing and says what do you think of the game and I says its a grate game for a baby or some thing and the man says Yes I supose it looks easy when you never tride it and I says weather I tride it or not and he says Why dont you get up there and try it onct because we will give you a bat and see if you can hit it and I was going to only the crickit players had to get off of the grounds then because the ball game was going to start.

So I and the man fixed it up and Im going out early tommorow and try it and we got a bet up on it and Mcgraw says he will lone me the money if I loose the bet but I wont loose it Al because all as I got to do is make 5 runs before they get me out.

And I says to the man how much will you bet and he says O a bout 2 lbs. and I says 2 lbs. of what and come to find out they call there money lbs. insted of dollars so wear betting 2 lbs. a peace and thats a bout $10.00 a peace and Al its just like stealing the money because I will tell you how the games played and a man that couldent make 5 runs easy should ought to be clening the sts. or some thing.

They dont throw the ball but role it a long on the ground like when your boleing only the balls little like a base ball and you stand up there with a bat as big is a bord in front of 3 sticks stuck in to the ground and you got to keep them sticks from geting hit and you dont half to take a swing at the ball if you dont want to but you can stand up there all day til you get 1 you like and if you dont hit it far you dont half to run if you dont feel like it but wait til you hit 1 far enough so as you can run and theys 3 more sticks a bout 50 ft. a way and you half to run back and 4th. bet. the sticks and evry trip you make before the ball gets back thats 1 run.

And of coarse they cant curve the ball or put no stuff on it or nothing because it comes a long on the ground so how can a man miss it Al and if they leave me up there long enough I will get a 1000 runs only I dont want to ware myself all out because probily Im going to pitch tommorow. That $10.00 bucks will come in handy Al and I wont half to throw none of it a way on acct of not knowing what to

do with it. Well Al I guess I will go out and walk a round a wile before dinner, and male this letter.

Your pal, JACK.

SIDNEY. Jan. 5

FRIEND AL: I only got a couple minuts to write to you Al because wear going to catch the train for Melbourne but I just want to tell you what kind of robbers they got a round here and the sooner we get out of this town we cant get away to soon to sute me. I dident pitch today because Mcgraw is saveing me to pitch over to Melbourne where the gov. of australia lives at.

They was a game bet. the giants and a australia club and of coarse Mcgraw wouldent leave me pitch that game because I would of felt like a murder and he wouldent leave no real pitcher pitch but he pitched him self and this here Waltse pitched for the australias and the giants beat them and then the White Sox beat Mcgraws club 10 to 5 and its lucky for the White Sox that Mcgraw was saveing me so as the gov. can see me in axion.

But what I was going to tell you a bout is the robbers game they pulled off on me and they should ought to call this here game hold up insted of crickit and for all as I know crickit means hold up in the australia languige. Well Al I and Mcgraw and Steve Evans went out to the pk. early and the man I had the bet with was there all ready laying for us and no wonder after what he had frammed up on me and they was a hole lot of other men with him drest up in there crickit sutes and there catcher wore big shinn gards like as if he was afrade he was going to get his shinns hurt and all as they do is role the ball to him and they ast me did I want to practice a wile before the bet was on and I says no I dident need no practice in no baby game so Mcgraw put up 2 lbs. for me and the man who I was beting with put up 2 lbs. in steve Evanss hands and I picked out 1 of there crazy bats.

And the man says now you under stand do you that your out if them little sticks on top of the big sticks is knocked off of the top of the big sticks and I says all right and they says I wouldent need no pardner but could run back and 4th. a lone so the man that does the boleing got up back of the sticks that was the other sticks from the sticks I was standing in front of them and he wound up and come over hand with the ball and it come bounceing a long the ground and I could see right a way that the grounds was no good because the ball bounced crook it.

I left the 1st 1 go by and layed for the next 1 and it come just right and I took a toe hold and started to cut in to it and I bet Al if I had ever of got a hold of it I would of lost the ball for them but wile I was swinging my bat back to take my wallop I knocked the sticks down with my bat and got my bat tangled up with the sticks and of coarse the ball come along and hit the sticks to because I couldent get my bat lose to hit it and the man who I was beting with says well you dident last long and I says what do you mean I knocked the sticks down with my bat dident I and he says Yes and your out and I says Im not no such a thing and he says all right I will give you an other chanct.

Then Mcgraw cuts in and says No you lost Jack and you got to pay and so Evans give the man the money and I was so sore I dident know what to say and finely I says this is a fine robbers game and why dont you buy your self a gun and go a round sticking peopl up and the man says I will give you a chanct to get even and I says no you wont give me no chanct to get even and steal some more of my money and then he was going to give my money back only Mcgraw wouldent let him.

Mcgraw says we better get a way before they take another 2 lbs. off me and I says yes we better before they take my uneform.

And then I says to the man I thot you was a gentle man and he says Well I couldent make no such a miss take as that a bout you and I says no I guess you couldent and he dident have no come back so we come a way and left him and now I owe Mcgraw $10.00 and I was going to have the man arest it only Mcgraw wouldent let me and Mcgraw says he seen right a way it was a robbers game and give me the wink to not have nothing to do with it but I dident see him give me the wink.

Well Al I will know enough after this to not monky with no crickit game and monky with a game where they make there rules to sute them self and if any body says crickit to me I will hall off and bust them in the jaw. Steve Evans says Well I thing your in better shape then before you played crickit and I says why and he says because they took 2 lbs. off of you but I wasent up there long enough to loose no wait and besides you couldent take off no wait in baby game like that. Well Al a mans never old enough to lern as they say but I bet they wont play that same trick twict on me. You know me old Pal.

Your friend, JACK.

MELBOURNE. Jan. 7.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we been haveing a big time here and I guess even Callahan and Comiskeys glad I come a long even if I give them an other beating this P. M. and we beat them 12 to 8 and I could of shut them out just as easy is roleing on a log only I let up when we was 10 or 11 runs a head but its not on the field where I come in handy to them but entertaneing there friends and the peopl they meet and so 4th.

Well Al dutch Schaefer come up to me yest. A. M. after we got here and says they was going to be a party last night at the Melbourne saviges club and would I write a pone for the saviges and I hadent spoke to Schaefer since them cheap stiffs give me my shirt back and so I says no I wont write no pone for you or have nothing to do with you and he says why not and I says I guess you know why not and he says I supose your still thinking a bout that shirt yet and I says Yes and then Schaefer says he dident have nothing to do with it and I says You were the 1 that give it to me and he says Yes but when I give it to you I thot it was some thing else or I wouldent of gave it to you and I says what did you think it was and he says the boys had boughten a new shirt for me at Vanila and thats what they thot they was giveing me but they had gave it to Stewart the oficer on the ship Bord to rap it up and he had stole it for him self and stuck the old 1 in the packige and they was all sore at him but what could they do because if they had of balled him out a bout it he probily would of got mad back at them and ran the boat right up passed australia and may be clear up to the north pole and froze us to deth and the boys dident care nothing a bout them self but they was a frade to take the chanct on acct of the wommen on the bord of the Ship bord.

So you see Al the boys was trying to treat me O. K. only this here Stewart was a crook and I wisht I had of knew a bout it before we got to Sidney and left the boat and you can bet I wouldent of gave him no ¼ for a tip.

So when Schaefer showed me where it wasent the boys falt a bout the shirt I and him shook hands and I says sure I would write them a pone and I wrote a dandy Al but 1st. I want to tell you a bout what come off yest. P. M. We got here a bout 11 a clock and was drove to the orental Hotel and then we was drove to the city Hall and the mare and council give us a lunch and then they told us that we was invitted up to have tea with Mr and Mrs Dennis the gov. and I says I dident want no tea but Callahan says I had to go a long so we all went a long up to where the gov. lives at and sure enough there was the gov. and Mrs Dennis and we was interduced to them and they was tickeled to deth.

Mr Dennis says to me You certunly look like a athalete and I let him feel of my arm and my caff and he says he wisht he was musseled up like me and I says you would half to be if you was a big league pitcher but I dont supose you fool a round much out doors and he says no he dident have no time and I says Well then whats the diffrunts weather your a big strong man or a little scrimp only if you had my build peopl turns a round to look at you on the st. and the girls would pester you to deth and he says Well I guess I better not interduce you to lady Dennis and I says No Ill get a long better if I dont never meet no more wommen ladys or what ever they are.

But after words I got interduced to the Mrs and she says the same thing her old man says a bout me being big and strong and Mr Dennis come up to us wile we was talking and says this young man is pestered by wommen and she says O my I beg your pardon and she laughed and walked a way from me and I dident get no chanct to see her and tell her diffrunt because of coarse I would just as leave talk to her and what I ment was a bout the girls writeing notes to me or calling me up at the hotel in the diffrunt towns we stop at in the summer.

Well Al we finely come a way from the Dennisis and then I went back to the hotel and fixed up my pone and I dident have much time but I frammed up some thing pretty good and read it to them down to the saviges club last night and heres what I give them:

Wear makeing a trip a round the world
To show the Nat. game
to the peopl of the diffrunt countrys
Is why we came.

Wear glad to be here in Melbourne
For boys youve got a grate town
And boys I want to tell you
Of your town you should be proud.

Mcgraw says Im going to pitch tommorow.
And I hope you will all come out
And your presents and your cheers
Will surly help me out.

I will show you boys my fast 1
and onct in a wile my curve
But when my fast 1 is zipping threw there
You might say I dont need no curve.

So heres to the saviges club
Youve showed us a roil good time
old Glorys the best country in the world
But Melbournes not so far behind.

Well Al I was the hit of the entertanemunt and they was pretty near all of them out there to the pk. today and I guess I all ready told you a bout me beating the White Sox 12 to 8 and it could of been 12 to 0 as well is not and now Mcgraw owes me an other present and he says he will get it for me when we get it to Adeline and we leave for there tommorow night and I havent no idear what is it hes going to get.

Your Pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BORD. Jan. 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I guess theys a million peopl wishs they was a pitcher like me and what do you think Im wishing now Al Im wishing I wasent no pitcher at all but a catcher and if I had of been a catcher and not no pitcher I wouldent be in no danger like Im in now. May be Al you wont know me the next time you see me and may be my face will be diffrunt and it will ether be me or some body else a long on the trip thats got to suffer and its just my luck to be the 1. I bet if I had of knew what we was runing in to I wouldent never of got on the boat at Adeline but they wasent no body told me a bout the danger and here I am takeing a chanct with the rest of them that is all accept the catchers the lucky stiffs and they aint in no danger like the rest of us.

Well Al we got on to the boat at Adeline this P. M. and we hadent been on the boat more then a couple hrs. when I found out a bout what wear going to run in to and I found out wile I and dutch Schaefer was talking to 1 of the crews on the boat. Schaefer says some thing a bout the Ocean water being smoothe and the crew says yes its all O. K. today but tommorow we will be in the grate australian Bite and then theys libel to be trouble and when Schaefer herd him I thot Schaefer was going to fant and I drug him over to a chair and pretty soon he come to again and then I ast him what was libel to come off.

Then Schaefer says You herd what that man said dident you and I say Yes and Schaefer says Well you know what it means dont you and I says no I dident and he says Well it means wear going to run right threw the grate australian Bite insted of going a round it and I says Well what a bout it and he says Well you know what a Bite is dont you and I says Yes I know what a flee bite or a muskeeto bite is and Schaefer says Well this is a million times worst then them and if you dont know what it is youll find out tommorrow when you see it.

Well Al I had to cox him a long wile before he would tell me the truth on acct he says it made him sick to talk a bout it but finely he told me.

They Should Ought to Call This Here Game Hold Us Insted of Crickit

(Continued on Page 65)

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXX

ANNA almost threw herself from the railway carriage into Norgate's arms. She kissed him on both cheeks, held him for a moment away from her, then passed her arm affectionately through his. "You dear!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how weary I am of it! Nearly a week in the train! And how well you are looking! I am not going to stay a single second bothering about luggage. Marie, give the porter my dressing case. Here are the keys; you can see to everything."

Norgate, carried almost off his feet by the delight of her welcome, led her away toward a taxicab.

"I am starving," she told him. "I would have nothing at Dover except a cup of tea. I knew that you would meet me, and I thought that we would have our first meal in England together. You shall take me somewhere where we can have supper and tell me all the news. I don't look too hideous, do I, in my traveling clothes?"

"You look adorable," he assured her, "and I believe you know it."

"I have done my best," she confessed demurely. "Marie took so much trouble with my hair. We had the most delightful coupé all to ourselves. Fancy, we are back again in London! I have been to Italy, I have spoken to kings and prime ministers, and I am back again with you. And queerly enough, not until to-morrow shall I see the one person who really rules Italy."

"Who is that?" he asked.

"I am not sure that I shall tell you everything," she decided. "You have not opened your mouth to me yet. I shall wait until supper time. Have you changed your mind since I went away?"

"I shall never change it," he assured her eagerly. "We are in a taxicab and I know it's most unusual and improper, but ——"

"If you hadn't kissed me," she declared a moment later as she leaned forward to look in the glass, "I should not have eaten a mouthful of supper."

They drove to the Milan grillroom. It was a little early for the theater people so they were almost alone in the place. Anna drew a great sigh of content as she settled down in her chair.

"I think I must have been lonely for a long time," she whispered; "it is so delightful to get back and be with you. Tell me what you have been doing."

"I have been promoted," Norgate announced. "My prospective alliance with you has completed Selingman's confidence in me. I have been intrusted with several commissions."

He told her of his adventures. She listened breathlessly to the account of his dinner in Soho.

"It is queer how all this is working out," she observed. "I knew that the trouble was to come through Austria. The Emperor was very anxious indeed that it should not. He wanted to have his country brought reluctantly into the struggle. Even at this moment I believe that if he thought there was the slightest chance of England's becoming embroiled he would travel to Berlin himself to plead with the Kaiser. I really don't understand why sometimes, but the one thing in Austria that would be thoroughly unpopular would be a war with England."

"Tell me about your mission?" he asked.

"To a certain point," she confessed with a little grimace, "it was unsuccessful. I have brought a reply to the personal letter I took over to the King. I have talked with the high official with whom everything is supposed to rest. What I have brought with me, however, and what I heard from him, are nothing but repetitions of the assurances given to our ambassador. The few private words which I was to get I have failed to obtain, simply because the one person who could have spoken them is here in London."

"Who is that?" he inquired curiously.

"The Contessa di Strozzi," she told him. "It is she who has directed the foreign policy of Italy for the last ten years. Nothing is done without her. And where do you think she is? Why, here in London. She is staying at the Italian Embassy. Signor Cardina is her cousin. The great ball to-morrow night, of which you have read, is in her honor. You shall be my escort."

"The Contessa di Strozzi!" he exclaimed. "Why, she spent last season in Paris. I saw a great deal of her."

"How odd!" Anna murmured. "But how delightful! We shall be able to talk to her together, you and I."

"It is rather a coincidence," he admitted. "She had a sort of craze to visit some of the places in Paris where it is necessary for a woman to go incognita, and I was always her escort. I heard from her only a few weeks ago and she told me that she was coming to London."

Anna shook her head at him gayly.

"You are Frightening Me, Captain Fielder. I am Going to Take You Off to Play Bridge"

"Well," she said, "I won't indulge in any ante-jealousies. I only hope that through her we shall get to know the truth. Are things here still quiet?"

"Absolutely."

"Also in Paris. Francis, I feel so helpless. On my way I thought of staying over, of going to see the Minister of War and placing certain facts before him. And then I realized how little use it would all be. They won't believe us, Francis. They would simply call us alarmists. They won't believe that the storm is gathering."

"Don't I know it!" Norgate assented earnestly. "Why, Hebblethwaite here has always been a great friend of mine. I have done all I can to influence him. He simply laughs in my face. He admits that there was a slight uneasiness at the Cabinet meeting, and that White referred to a certain mysterious activity throughout Germany. Nevertheless, he went down to Walton Heath to play golf."

She made a little grimace.

"Your great Drake," she reminded him, "played bowls when the Armada sailed. Your Cabinet Ministers will be playing golf or tennis. Oh, what a careless country you are—a careless, haphazard, blind, pig-headed nation to watch over the destinies of such an empire! I'm so tired of politics, dear; I am so tired of all the big things that concern other people. They press upon one. Now it is finished. You and I are alone. You love me, don't you? Remind me of it. If you will I will discuss the subject you mentioned the other day. Of course I shall say 'No!' I am not nearly ready to be married yet. But I should like to hear your arguments."

Their heads drew closer and closer together. They were almost touching when Selingman and Rosa Morgen came in. Selingman paused before their table.

"Well, well, young people!" he exclaimed. "Forgive me, Baroness, if I am somewhat failing in respect, but the doings of this young man have become some concern of mine."

Her greeting was tinged with a certain condescension. She had suddenly stiffened. There was something of the *grande dame* in the poise of her head and in the way she held up the tips of her fingers.

"You do not disapprove, I trust?"

"Baroness," Selingman declared earnestly, "it is an alliance for which no words can express my approval, and it comes at the most desirable moment. It has riveted to us and our interests one whose services will never be forgotten. May I venture to hope that your journey to Italy has been productive?"

"Not so entirely as we had hoped," Anna replied; "yet the position there is not unfavorable."

Selingman glanced toward the table at which Miss Morgen had already seated herself.

"I must not neglect my duties," he remarked, turning away.

"Especially," Anna murmured, glancing across the room, "when they might so easily be construed into pleasures."

Selingman beamed amiably.

"The young lady," he said, "is more than ornamental, she is extremely useful. From the fact that I may not be privileged to present her to you I must be careful that she shall not consider herself neglected. And so good night, Baroness! Good night, Norgate!"

He passed on. The Baroness watched him as he took his place opposite his companion.

"Is it my fancy," Norgate asked, "or does Selingman not meet entirely with your approval?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not that," she replied. "He is a great man in his way, the Napoleon of the bourgeoisie; but then he is one of them himself. He collects the whole scheme of information as to the social life and opinions—the domestic particulars, I call them—of your country. Details of your industries are at his finger tips. He and I do not come into contact. I am the trusted agent of both sovereigns, but it is only in high diplomatic affairs that I ever intervene. Selingman, it is true, may be considered the greatest spy that ever breathed, but a spy he is. If only we could persuade your too-amiable officials to believe one-tenth of what we could tell them, I think our friend there would breakfast in an English fortress, if you have such a thing."

Norgate shook his head.

"We should place him under police supervision," he declared, "and let him go. It's just our way, that's all."

She waved the subject of Selingman to one side, but almost at that moment he stood once more before them. He held an evening paper in his hand.

"I bring you the news," he announced. "A terrible tragedy has happened. The Archduke of Austria and his consort have been assassinated on their tour through Bosnia."

For a moment neither Anna nor Norgate moved. Norgate felt a strange sense of sickening excitement. It was as though the curtain had been rung up!

"Is the assassin's name there?" he asked.

"The crime," Selingman replied, "appears to have been committed by a young Servian."

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THEY paused at last, and walked out of the most wonderful ballroom in London into the gardens, aglow with fairy lanterns whose brilliance was already fading before the rising moon. They found a seat under a tall elm tree and Anna leaned back breathless. It was a queer mixture of sounds that came to their listening ears—in the near distance the music of a wonderful orchestra rising and falling; farther away the roar of the great city, still alive and awake outside the boundary of those gray stone walls.

"Of course," she murmured, "this is the one thing that completes my subjugation. Fancy an Englishman being able to waltz! Almost in that beautiful room I fancied myself back in Vienna, except that it was more wonderful because it was you."

"You are turning my head," he whispered. "This is like a night out of paradise. And to think that we are really in the middle of London!"

"Ah, do not mention London!" she begged. "Else I shall begin to think of Sodom and Gomorrah. After all, why need one live for anything except the present?"

"There is the Contessa," he reminded her disconsolately.

She sighed.

"How horrid of you!"

"Let us forget her then," he begged. "We will go into the marquee there and have supper, and afterward dance again.

We'll steal to-night out of the calendar. We'll call it ours and play with it as we please."

She shook her head.

"No," she decided, "you have reminded me of our duty and you are quite right. You were brought here to talk to the Contessa. I do not know why, but she is in a curiously impenetrable frame of mind. I tried so hard to get her to talk to me, but it was useless, so you must see what you can do. Fortunately she seems to be absolutely delighted to have met you again. You have a dance with her, have you not?"

"The next one too," he sighed.

Anna rose quickly to her feet. "How absurd of me to forget! Take me inside, please, and go and look for her at once."

"It's all very well," Norgate grumbled, "but the last time I saw her she was about three deep among the notabilities. I really don't feel that I ought to jostle dukes and ambassadors to claim a dance."

"You must not be so foolish," Anna insisted. "The Contessa cares nothing for dukes and ambassadors, but she is most ridiculously fond of good-looking young men. Mind, you will do better with her if you speak entirely outside all of us. She is a very peculiar woman. If one could only read the secrets she has stored up in her brain! Sometimes she is so lavish with them, and at other times, and with other people, it seems as though it would take an earthquake to force a sentence from her lips. There she is, see, in that corner. Never mind the people round her; go and do your duty."

Norgate found it easier than he had expected. The Contessa no sooner saw him coming than she rose to her feet and welcomed him. She laid her fingers upon his arm and they moved away toward the ballroom.

"I am afraid," he apologized, "that I am rather an intruder. You all seemed so interested in listening to the Duke."

"On the contrary, I welcome you as a deliverer," she declared. "I have heard those stories so often, and worse than having heard them is the necessity always to smile. The Duke is a dear good person, and he has been exceedingly kind to me during the whole of my stay; but oh, how one sometimes does weary of this London of yours! Yet I love it. Do you know that you were almost the first person I asked for when I arrived here? They told me that you were in Berlin."

"I was," he admitted. "I am in the act of being transferred."

"Fortunate person!" she murmured. "You speak the languages of all capitals, but I cannot fancy you in Berlin."

They had reached the edge of the ballroom. He hesitated.

"Do you care to dance or shall we go outside and talk?"

She smiled at him.

"Both, may we not? You dear, discreet person, when I think of the strange places where I have danced with you! But perhaps it is better not to remember!"

They moved away to the music and later on found their way into the garden. The Contessa was a little thoughtful.

"You are a great friend of Anna's, are you not?" she inquired.

"We are engaged to be married," he answered simply.

She made a little grimace.

"Ah!" she sighed. "You nice men, it comes to you all! You amuse yourselves with us for a time, and then the real feeling comes, and where are we? But it is queer too," she went on thoughtfully, "that Anna should marry an Englishman, especially just now."

"Why 'especially just now'?"

The Contessa evaded the question.

"Anna seemed always," she said, "to prefer the men of her own country. Oh, what music! Shall we have one turn more, Mr. Francis Norgate? It is the waltz they played—— But who could expect a man to remember!"

They plunged again into the crowd of dancers. The Contessa was breathless yet exhilarated when at last they emerged.

"But you dance, as ever, wonderfully!" she cried. "You make me think of those days in Paris. You make me even sad."

"They remain," he assured her, "one of the most pleasant memories of my life."

She patted his hand affectionately. Then her tone changed.

"Almost," she declared, "you have driven all other things out of my mind. What is it that Anna is so anxious to know from me? You are in her confidence, she tells me."

"Entirely."

"That again is strange," the Contessa continued, "when one considers your nationality. Yet Anna herself has assured me of it. Do you know that she is a person whom I very much envy? Her life is so full of variety. Fate has already more than made up to her for that unhappy marriage—a marriage that took place only in name. She is the special protégée of the Emperor. No woman at Vienna is more trusted."

"I am not sure," Norgate observed, "that she was altogether satisfied with her visit to Rome."

"That's the Queerest Way of Setting About Building a Factory I Ever Saw"

The Contessa's fan fluttered slowly backward and forward. She looked for a moment or two idly upon the brilliant scene. The smooth garden paths, the sheltered seats, the lawns themselves, were crowded with little throngs of women in exquisite *toilettes* and men in uniform and court dress. There were well-known faces everywhere. It was the crowning triumph of a wonderful London season.

"Anna's was a very difficult mission," the Contessa pointed out confidentially. "There is really no secret about these matters. The whole world knows of Italy's position. A few months ago, at the time of what you call the Balkan crisis, Germany pressed us very hard for a definite assurance of our support, under any conditions, of the Triple Alliance. Our reply was unacceptable in Berlin. It may have helped to keep the peace; one cannot tell. The Kaiser's present letter is simply a repetition of his feverish attempt to probe our intentions."

"But at present," Norgate ventured, "there is no Balkan crisis."

The Contessa looked at him lazily out of the corners of her sleepy eyes.

"Is there not?" she asked simply. "I have been away from Italy for a week or so and my friends there trust nothing to letters. Yesterday I had a dispatch begging me to return. I go to-morrow morning. I do not know whether it is because of the pressure of affairs or because my friends weary themselves a little without me."

"One might easily imagine the latter," Norgate remarked. "But is it indeed any secret to you that there is a great feeling of uneasiness throughout the Continent, an extraordinary state of animation, a bustle—although a secret bustle—of preparation in Germany?"

"I have heard rumors of this," the Contessa confessed.

"When one bears these things in mind and looks a little into the future," Norgate continued, "one might easily believe that the reply to that still unanswered letter of the Kaiser's might well become historical."

"You would like me, would you not," she asked, "to tell you what that reply will most certainly be?"

"Very much!"

"You are an Englishman," she remarked thoughtfully, "and intriguing with Anna. I fear that I do not understand the position."

"Must you understand it?"

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "It really matters very little. I will speak to you just in the only way I can speak, as a private individual. I tell you that I do not believe that Italy will ever, under any circumstances, join in any war against England or any war that has for its object the crushing of France. In the minds of men high up in my country the Triple Alliance was the most selfish alliance that any country has ever entered into; but so long as the other two powers understood the situation it was scarcely Italy's part to point out the fact that she gained everything by it and risked nothing. Italy has sheltered herself for years under its provisions, but neither at the time of signing it nor at any other time had she the slightest intention of joining in an aggressive war at the request of her allies. You see her government felt itself safe in promising to fulfill its obligations in case of an attack by any other power upon Germany or Austria, because it was perfectly certain to every person of common sense that no such aggressive attack would ever be made. You read Austria's demands from Servia in the paper this morning?"

"I did," Norgate replied. "No one in the world could find them reasonable."

"They are not meant to be reasonable," the Contessa pointed out. "They are the foundation from which the world quarrel shall spring. Russia must intervene to protect Servia from their hideous injustice. Germany and Austria will throw down the gage. Germany may be right or she may be wrong, but she believes she can count on Great Britain's neutrality. She needs our help and believes she will get it. That is because German diplomacy always believes that it is going to get what it wants. Now in a few words I will tell you what the German Emperor would give me a province to know. I will tell you that, no matter what the temptation, what the proffered reward may be, Italy will not join in this war on the side of Germany and Austria."

"You are very kind, Contessa," Norgate said simply, "and I shall respect your confidence."

She rose and laid her fingers upon his arm.

"To people I like," she declared, "I speak frankly. I give away no secrets; I merely say what I believe. And now I must leave you for a much subtler person and a much subtler conversation. Prince Herschfeld is waiting to talk to me. Perhaps he too would like to know the answer that will go to his master, but how can I tell?"

The Ambassador had paused before them. The Contessa rose and accepted his arm.

"I shall take away with me to-night at least two charming memories," she assured him as she gathered up her skirts. "My two dances, Mr. Norgate, have been delightful. Now I am equally sure of entertainment of another sort from Prince Herschfeld."

The Prince bowed.

"Ah, madame," he sighed, "it is so hard to compete with youth! I fear that the feet of Mr. Norgate will be nimbler than my brain to-night."

She nodded sympathetically.

"You are immersed in affairs, of course," she murmured. "*Au revoir*, Mr. Norgate! Give my love to Anna. Some day I hope that I shall welcome you both in Rome."

XXXII

NORGATE pushed his way through a confused medley of crates that had just been unloaded and made his way across the warehouse to Selingman's office. Selingman was engaged for a few minutes, but presently opened the door of his sanctum and beckoned to his visitor.

"Well, my young friend," he exclaimed, "you have brought news? Sit down. This is a busy morning and we have had large shipments from Germany. I have appointments with buyers most of the day, yet I can talk to you for a little time. You were at the ball last night?"

"I was permitted to escort the Baroness von Haase," Norgate replied.

Selingman nodded ponderously.

"I ask you no questions," he said. "The Baroness works on a higher plane. I know more than you would believe, however. I know why the dear lady went to Rome, and I know why she was at the ball. I know in what respect you were probably able to help her. But I ask no questions. We work toward a common end, but we work at opposite ends of the pole. Curiosity alone would be gratified if you were to tell me everything that occurred."

"You keep yourself marvelously well informed as to most things, don't you, Mr. Selingman?" Norgate remarked.

"Platitudes, young man, platitudes!" Selingman declared. "Words of air! What purpose have they? You know who I am. I hold in my hand a thousand strings. Any one that I pull will bring an answering message to my brain. Come, what is it you wish to say to me?"

"I am doing my work for you," Norgate remarked, "and doing it extraordinarily well. I do not object to being checked up a certain amount, but I am getting fed up with Boko."

"Who is Boko?" Selingman demanded.

"I must apologize," Norgate replied. "That's a nickname only. Boko is a little red-faced man who looks like a child's toy and changes his clothes about seven times a day. He is with me from the moment I rise in the morning

until I go to bed at night, and he is getting on my nerves. I am fast drifting into the frame of mind when one looks under the bed before one can sleep."

"Young man," Selingman said, "a month ago you were a person of no importance. To-day, so far as I am concerned, you are a treasure casket. You hold secrets. You have a great value to us. Everyone in your position is watched; it is part of our system. If the man for whom you have found so picturesque a nickname annoys you he shall be changed. That is the most I can promise you."

"You don't trust me altogether then?" Norgate observed coolly.

Selingman tapped on the table in front of him with his pudgy forefinger.

"Norgate," he declared solemnly, "trust is a personal matter. I have no personal feelings. I am a machine. All the work I do is done by machinery—the machinery of thought, the machinery of action. These are the only means by which sentiment can be barred and the curious fluctuations of human temperament guarded against. If you were my son, or if you had dropped straight down from heaven with a letter of introduction from the proper quarters, you would still be under my surveillance."

"That seems to settle the matter," Norgate confessed, "so I suppose I mustn't grumble. Yours is rather a bloodless philosophy."

"Perhaps," Selingman assented. "You see me as I sit here, a merchant of crockery, and I am a kind person. If I saw suffering I should pause to ease it. If a wounded insect lay in my path I should step out of my way to avoid it. But if my dearest friend or my nearest relation seemed likely to me to do one fraction of harm to the great cause, I should without one second's compunction arrange for his removal as inevitably and with as little hesitation as I leave this place at one o'clock for my luncheon."

Norgate shrugged his shoulders.

"One apparently runs risks in serving you," he remarked.

"What risks?" Selingman asked keenly.

"The risk of being misunderstood, of making mistakes."

"Pooh!" Selingman exclaimed. "I do not like the man who talks of risks. Let us dismiss this conversation. I have work for you."

Norgate assumed a more interested attitude.

"I am ready," he said. "Go on, please."

"A movement is on foot," Selingman proceeded, "to establish manufactories in this country for the purpose of producing my crockery. A very large company will be formed, a great part of the money toward which is already subscribed. We have examined several sites with a view to building factories, but I have not cared at present to open up direct negotiations. A rumor of our enterprise is about, and the price of the land we require would advance considerably if the prospective purchaser were known. The land is situated, half an acre at Willesden, three-quarters of an acre at Golders Green and an acre at Highgate. I wish you to see the agents for the sale of these properties. I have ascertained indirectly the price, which you will find against each lot, with the agent's name," Selingman continued, passing to Norgate a folded slip of foolscap. "You will carry on the deals in your own name and pay the deposits yourself. Try to secure all three plots to-day, so that the lawyers can prepare the deeds and my builder can make some preparatory plans there immediately."

Norgate accepted the little bundle of papers with some surprise. Inclosed with them was a thick wad of banknotes.

"There are two thousand pounds there for your deposits," Selingman continued. "If you need more telephone to me, but understand I want to start to work laying the foundations at once."

"I'll do the best I can," Norgate promised; "but this is rather a change for me, isn't it? Will Boko come along?"

Selingman smiled for a moment, but immediately afterward his face was almost stern.

"Young man," he said, "from the moment you pledged your brains to my service every action of your day has been recorded. From one of my pigeonholes I could draw out a paper and tell you where you lunched yesterday, where you dined the day before, whom you met and with whom you talked. So it will be until our work is finished."

"So long as I know," Norgate sighed, rising to his feet, "I'll try to get used to him."

Norgate found no particular difficulty in carrying out the commissions intrusted to him. The sale of land is not an everyday affair, and he found the agents exceedingly polite and prompt. The man with whom he arranged the purchase of about three-quarters of an acre of building land at Golders Green on the conclusion of the transaction exhibited some little curiosity.

"Queer thing," he remarked, "but I sold half an acre, a month or two ago, to a man who came very much as you come to-day. Might have been a foreigner. Said he was going to put up a factory to make boots and shoes. He is not going to start to build until next year, but he wanted a very solid floor on which to stand heavy machinery. Look here."

The agent climbed upon a pile of bricks and Norgate followed his example. There was a boarded space before them, with scaffolding poles all round but no other signs of building, and the interior consisted merely of a perfectly smooth concrete floor.

"That's the queerest way of setting about building a factory I ever saw," the man pointed out.

Norgate, who was not greatly interested, assented. The agent escorted him back to his taxicab.

"Of course it's not my business," he admitted, "and you needn't say anything about this to your principals, but I hope they don't stop with laying down concrete floors. Of course money for the property is the chief thing we want; but we do want factories and the employment of labor, and the sooner the better. This fellow—Reynolds, he said his name was—pays up for the property all right, has that concrete floor prepared, and clears out."

"Raising the money to build, perhaps," Norgate remarked. "I don't think there's any secret about my people's intentions. They are going to build factories for the manufacture of crockery."

The agent brightened up.

"Well, that's a new industry anyway. Crockery, eh?"

"It's a big German firm in Cannon Street," Norgate explained. "They are going to make the stuff here. That ought to be better for our people."

The young man nodded.

"I expect they're afraid of tariff reform," he suggested. "Those Germans see a long way ahead sometimes."

"I am beginning to believe that they do," Norgate assented, as he stepped into the taxi.

XXXIII

NORGATE walked into the club rather late that afternoon. Selingman and Prince Lenemaur were talking together in the little drawing-room. They called him in, and a few minutes later the Prince took his leave.

"Well, that's all arranged," Norgate reported. "I have bought the three sites. There was only one thing the fellow down at Golders Green was anxious about."

"And that?"

"He hoped you weren't just going to put down a concrete floor and then shut the place up."

Mr. Selingman's amiable imperturbability was for once disturbed.

"What did the fellow mean?" he inquired.

"Haven't an idea," Norgate replied; "but he made me stand on a pile of bricks and look at a strip of land which someone else had bought upon a hill close by. I suppose they want the factories built as quickly as possible, and workpeople round the place."

"I shall have two hundred men at work to-morrow morning," Selingman remarked. "If that agent had not been a very ignorant person he would have known that a concrete floor is a necessity to any factory where heavy machinery is used."

"Is it?" Norgate asked simply.

"Any other question?" Selingman demanded.

"None at all."

"Then we will go and play bridge."

They cut into the same rubber. Selingman, however, was not at first entirely himself. He played his cards in silence and he once very nearly revoked. Mrs. Benedek took him to task.

"Dear man," she said, "we rely upon you so much and to-day you fail to amuse us. What is there upon your mind? Let us console you if we can."

"It is nothing," Selingman assured her. "My company is planning big developments in connection with our business, and the details afford me much food for thought. My attention, I fear, sometimes wanders. Forgive me, and I will make amends. When the day comes that my new factories start work I will give such a party as was never seen. I will invite you all and we shall have a celebration that everyone will talk of. And meanwhile, behold, I will wander no longer! I declare no trumps."

Selingman for a time was himself again. When he cut out, however, he fidgeted a little restlessly round the room and watched Norgate share the same fate with an air of relief. He laid his hand upon the latter's arm.

"Come into the other room, Norgate," he invited; "I have something to say to you."

Norgate obeyed at once, but the room was already occupied. A little blond lady was entertaining a soldier friend to tea. As the two men entered she withdrew her head from somewhat suspicious proximity to her companion's and greeted Selingman with innocent surprise.

"How queer that you should come in just then, Mr. Selingman!" she exclaimed. "We were talking about Germany, Captain Fielder and I."

(Continued on Page 70)

"We'll Steal Too Night Out of the Calendar. We'll Call It Ours and Play With It as We Please"

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The Nelson Touch

BEFORE the Battle of the Nile, Nelson spent the time from June seventh to August first in searching the Mediterranean for the French fleet. In one night the two forces passed through the same tract of water almost within modern gunshot; but the weather was thick. For some days they were hardly more than a hundred miles apart, each unaware of the presence of the other. The battle was fought on August first, but Nelson's dispatch announcing the victory did not reach London until October second.

Before Trafalgar, he chased the French and Spanish ships the length of the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic and back—once, in the West Indies, being within comparatively few miles of them without knowing it. Throughout his fighting career, in fact, a great affliction and a great anxiety beset him: the affliction of not being able to locate the enemy except by pretty literally bumping into him, and anxiety about the wind—whether it would let him go forward or hold him back, and how to take advantage of it so that it would give him a tactical superiority over the enemy when he closed with him.

All of which shows how vastly different the implements of naval warfare were in his day. Scouting aëroplanes and wireless telegraphy keep a commander minutely informed of an enemy's whereabouts and movements, even across the breadth of a main ocean. With steam power, wind has almost no place in his tactics. To a fighting man like Nelson these new conditions might seem fairly Elysian; but no doubt the basic problems are just what they were in his day.

In the few months that have elapsed to this writing, warfare by land has become as sordid and revolting as one of those contests between lumberjacks, where the two fighters, locked in each other's arms, lie for hours on the ground, each waiting for the other's tense grip to relax sufficiently for his nose to be bitten off or his eye gouged out. Possibly at sea there is chance for a Nelson touch.

The Champions

COMMENT in the sporting pages on the downfall of our distinguished Afro-American fellow citizen, Jack Johnson, leaves us in some confusion. Critics seem quite unanimously of opinion that this event, by transferring the supreme laurel of pugilism from Mr. Johnson's dusky pate to the alabaster brow of a Caucasian, is a thing of high importance to the white race.

They seem, also, quite unanimously of opinion that Mr. Johnson would have beaten his white antagonist handily if he had not for some years followed an injudicious and deleterious mode of living. We are puzzled to discover a cause for racial pride in the circumstance that a white man was able to whip a black man only after the latter had impaired his constitution by dissipation. Possibly the white man's supremacy consists in his having mainly supplied the liquor that undermined Mr. Johnson's prowess.

Championship, deleterious living, constitutional impairment and defeat appear to be the natural process of pugilism, in view of which our unsportsmanly mind could never see a reason for applauding one champion more than another, or the victor more than the vanquished. The latter is merely a few laps farther along on the same road, and the holder of the title at a given time is simply that contestant who has not yet reached the stage where excessive food and drink have dulled his punch.

The sporting pages inform us that Mr. Johnson's overthrow will much increase public interest in pugilism. If that is so we deeply deplore the unwieldy paunch that undid him—not that boxing is not as good a sport as many another, but it has accumulated an atmosphere we could get along without.

The Slav at the Gate

EUROPE'S center of gravity has shifted about considerably—from Athens to Rome; then to Madrid, Vienna, Paris. For the last thirty years no doubt Berlin has been the weightiest city on the Continent. It is entirely possible that the center of gravity will slip over to Petrograd in the course of a century or so. Far from viewing this possibility with alarm, we like to think the Slav has up his sleeve a finer civilization than any yet seen.

Two men sit down to discuss a matter of business. Presently one of them exclaims: "Brother, I am a drunken, lying scoundrel!"—and bursts into tears. Then for half an hour they discuss the immortality of the soul with intensest concern, after which they settle their business. It is only in Russian literature that you come across lifelike characters of that naïve sort. Many Russians say Dostoyevsky was the most national of their authors.

His novel The Brothers Karamzov early postulates that Mitya will probably murder his father. For some six hundred pages various characters, with various emotional reactions, ponder and discuss this probability. Father and son themselves discuss it, the latter with almost insane agitation. The father is murdered; circumstantial evidence against the son is overwhelming. Then the cunning valet who did the murder explains, quite casually, how he accomplished it and exhibits the stolen money that constituted his motive.

One would have to dig down through many centuries of sophistication to find anything like it in Anglo-Saxon character. Even half-French Turgenieff sees humanity in the elemental aspect of grown children in the hands of fate. Tolstoy earnestly recommended the Sermon on the Mount as a substitute for the Compiled Statutes.

The Slavs are the youngest of articulate people. Probably the most is to be hoped for from them.

Using Women's Brains

THERE is still a rather prevalent notion that half of the world's brain power is quite sufficient to manage all of its more important affairs satisfactorily, and that the other half should be excluded. To support this notion, as John Stuart Mill wrote: "It is not sufficient to maintain that women, on the average, are less gifted with certain of the higher mental faculties than men, or that a smaller number of women than of men are fit for occupation of the highest intellectual character. It is necessary to maintain that no women at all are fit for them, and that the most eminent women are inferior in mental faculties to the most mediocre of men."

We do not mean now particularly female suffrage. We mean the total education of women—in spite of the big advances in that field which have occurred since Mill wrote. Especially in comfortably-off families, there is undoubtedly a prejudice against seriously educating women for any immediately productive work.

That the young daughter of the family should be seriously trained to earn a living is rather shocking to papa and mamma. It conflicts with their conventional ideal of her as a social ornament. She may study the same books that her brother does and pass the same examinations, but what is finally required of her is something utterly different from what is required of her brother; and because of that her total education is entirely different from his. She expects to win the race that is set before her by charm, not by intellect. Practically she meets more incentives to do her hair prettily than to develop her mind.

We do not think any fair-minded person who takes stock of the charming women of his acquaintance will deny that a considerable portion of the world's brain power is practically unused. In view of the muddle the world gets into with what brain power it does practically use, this seems a large preventable loss.

Democracy and Education

WE ARE beginning to form an ideal of higher education which would be realized by a college at which each boy started with five dollars and a suit of overalls, the college supplying him with a wheelbarrow and a spade, or some like implements, and strictly requiring him to support himself as he went along.

Professors complain that universities are more or less filled with loafers on whom educational opportunities provided at large expense are pretty much thrown away. On the other hand, in spite of our nominally free public schools and state universities, and the chances for self-support at endowed colleges, a large number of boys who earnestly want higher educational training, and who, therefore, would presumably profit by it, are unable to get it.

The sensible scheme would be to turn the loafers out and put the workers in; but there seems no practicable way of doing it. Equality in opportunity especially in educational opportunity—ought to be the first aim of democracy; but we are a long way from achieving it. We bestow opportunity on many who will not profit by it and withhold it from many who might use it to advantage.

When a boy reaches college age, if he does not value higher education enough really to work for it he should not have it. The reasonable presumption is that he will not get enough out of it to pay him for the time expended; and dragging him through a four-year course by main force, to satisfy his parents' ambition rather than his own, is probably an injustice to him.

As a general proposition, supporting a boy above eighteen is a questionable proceeding anyway. As a rule, it is probably better, by that time, to give him some practice in standing on his own legs. In medicine, for example, a youth who really starts right is supposed to have a four-year literary course and a four-year medical course; then at least a year's experience in a general hospital and a couple of years in specializing—preferably somewhere in Europe.

So far as equality of opportunity goes, this differs in degree rather than in kind from the ancient English system of requiring that a youth who aspired to a good job must have an earl for a grandfather.

Working Together

MEN differ from most other animals in that coöperating with one another is the basic condition on which they live. The strongest and most skillful carpenter could hardly in a lifetime build a common log cabin without drawing on the labor of other men. To fashion with his own unaided hands a tool that would fell and trim a tree would take a long time.

Robinson Crusoe took with him to his island the embodied labor of hundreds of other hands. Set any man down solitary and naked on a section of the most fertile land in the Northern Mississippi Valley, and he would perish of cold and hunger in a short time. The natural resources of the United States barely sustained a few thousand Indians, who were always at the edge of famine; and even they worked together to some extent, or they could not have lived at all.

Nations live by the labor of other nations, as individuals by that of other individuals. Our religion came from Asia Minor, our political system mostly from England. Britons invented the steam engine and the railroad locomotive, by which we thrive. Bell could not have invented the telephone nor Wright the flying machine if many foreign minds had not worked on electricity and aëronautics.

There is hardly an article in our possession and no thought at all in our minds to which foreigners have not in some way contributed. The more extensively we coöperate the more we prosper materially, intellectually and spiritually. As any other nation thrives in any of those respects, so do we thrive. We are richer because an Italian, with German knowledge, thought out wireless telegraphy, a Russian wrote some great novels.

The militarist notion that one nation thrives at the expense of another might appeal to a society of monkeys, with goods consisting simply of what the earth voluntarily produced; but it has no sanction from intelligent human beings.

Rural Credit

NEW YORK has already organized a state bank to issue and sell bonds based on real-estate loans. Mr. Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board—himself a Southern banker of wide experience—recommends a like course to all states where facilities for borrowing on farm mortgages are inadequate. Except that Mr. Harding suggests state guaranty of the bonds the idea is eminently practical and points the proper way to meet the needs for rural land credit wherever those needs are not met now.

In most of the territory where agricultural values are well established and well known to investors there is normally no lack of funds for farm loans at reasonable rates. In other regions borrowers could probably get money at lower rates if their credit were mobilized through a state land bank and the security properly introduced to investors.

No state or national guaranty is needed. What is needed is to bring the merit of the investment before people with surplus money, and to put it in the form most convenient and attractive to them. The investment will then find its proper level in the market without intervention by the state or the nation.

AN AMERICAN PRIVATE IN THE GERMAN ARMY—By Karl N. Llewellyn

IN TIMES of peace we think of him chiefly as a necessary adjunct of the kitchen, almost as much a part of the household as the maid. But you see the maid, and speak to her from time to time, and regard her as an individual; him you perceive dimly, more as a background than anything else; perhaps because his connection with your kitchen so often comes to pass, and not to stay! Then, too, because you see him so often. Everywhere you go his uniform is on the street, and in time you get to taking the uniform for the man in it. You regard him as a type, and think no more about it. Even when he stirs your emotions he does so not in his own person but rather as a tiny part of a great whole whose parts you do not perceive: When he sings, for instance, and the simple chorus in at the window half rouses, half lulls you in the early, early morning; or when you pass the column on its way back from drill, and you curse your luck in being caught to lee of it; or, most of all, when that line of sparkling blue goose-steps passes on parade, impressive, precise, almost automatic. To you he is but a uniformed automaton. That's how you think of him—and you are wrong. That's how I thought of him till I became one of him, and knew him, and knew him to be a man.

How did that come about? At the outbreak of the war I decided to quit Paris and volunteer in the German Army. Just why, it is hard to put on paper. The odds against Germany, three years of my boyhood spent in that country, an old liking and desire for soldiering—these were among the reasons. And Paris was no longer Paris; the city of life and mirth was become sober.

It hardly seemed French in those first days, save for the democracy you saw throughout. About that democracy there was something inspiring. I have seen a cab—cabs being the only means of transportation, and hard to get—seen one with three laborers, in all the dirty reek of unwashedness, stop to pick up a clean-cut officer who happened to be bound for the same station; and the other way about too. After lugging my own bag a mile or so I rode to my station with a conscript and his wife on a market truck. The truckman "wanted to do something for his country, if he was old."

Looking for a Chance to Enlist

THE coming of war changed Germany too. The train on which I crossed the frontier was full of German and Austrian refugees from England. Now, instead of regulation strict inspection of baggage, we found refreshments of all sorts in the customs hall, and gracious damsels to minister to our needs. That had been taken care of by the city or by its various patriotic organizations. Nor did we hunger from that time on, for every station we passed was provided with similar means, more or less elaborate, for helping the soldier boys. My companions, being refugees, were welcome to the supplies; whereas I tasted of the good things of a soldier's life by mere declaration of intention.

It was not so easy to carry the volunteering beyond the stage of intention. At each garrison town I climbed out of the train and consulted some officer on the platform. At each town the answer was: "There's no more enlisting here; we are all full!" Until Osnabrück; there a medical examination and six hours of standing in line procured for me a place among the twelve hundred thousand German "volunteers for the war," and eight cents a day, with a cot in the barracks.

A cot, I said—rather I should say half a cot, for the bunks were iron double-deckers, each with a straw tick, which fortunately was already stuffed before our arrival. There were a dozen of these bunks in a big bare room, with as many stools and lockers, and two washstands and tables. The place was horrible with dirt and filth, for two sets of soldiers had slept there for a couple of days each before being transported to the front. Whether they were too hurried to clean up or whether they thought we needed a little hazing, and just left us something to do, I do not know.

So there I was, a recruit in the Seventy-eighth Infantry, tucked in between anything from a farmer to an incipient university professor and sharing with the man in uniform his work and his play. There I met him as an equal and learned what he thought about it all—there and at the front and in the hospital.

And the first thing he thought about it all was that he wanted to get into the fight!

All the troops were that way—actives, reserves, volunteers, and what not. I think the purest joy of the whole campaign was that of the active troops when they were called back from maneuvers to their garrisons. That meant that war was in the air; that meant the cessation of routine and drudgery, a chance to show what the German soldier was worth. Why else the festive march to the troop train—the regimental music on ahead, the singing and the joking, the girls right and left of the column all the way, for the Germans march through the city in fours; and the flowers—flowers in the soldiers' rifles, flowers in their helmets, flowers in their belts and buttonholes and knapsacks and boots, and flowers showered down on them from windows as they passed by?

Everyone was sure the war would be over in a month or two. Each one was sure, too, that, whatever happened to some other poor fellow, he himself would come back all right. And, besides, was not the Fatherland at stake?

The enthusiasm lasted through the whole trip out. A troop train, with its cars decorated with boughs and flowers, with the men at the doors laughing, cheering, answering the calls from the crowd, is a wonderful sight to see. But it was a lot more wonderful still to be a part of it. The cars were not pretty in themselves, most of them being cattle cars with cross-benches to sit on, and straw on the floor for such as cared to sleep on it. It wasn't easy to get room enough to sleep, until we hit upon the scheme of using our tent canvas as a hammock. That solved the problem until the inevitable catastrophe of ripped canvas and a sore back. However, such accidents couldn't dampen the spirits of the troops.

There were the inscriptions on the cars to cheer you up: "In case of bad weather the war will take place in the ballroom," or, touching on the eight nations with whom Germany was at war, including Monaco, "Declarations of war received here."

Then there was the food, of all kinds. First, the black bread and meat which the men had brought with them—and be it here said that no bread can compare with black bread. Then the products of brick hearths we rigged up in the cars or on the platforms, where each man could cook any food he had been able to "require," as the Germans term it—ungodly messes of potatoes and carrots and sugar beets that we could eat only because we had cooked them ourselves.

The Singing Bavarian Soldier

THE government soup stations, here and there along the route, consisted of long, low, new-built sheds, with benches and tables and tables and benches as far as you could see. Oftentimes half a dozen transports lay there at once, and you came in contact for the first time with men from all the four quarters of the empire, under the same dull gray war uniform. Cooks staggering under huge kettles handed out broth or stew to endless lines of men hungry, good-humored, and full of ironical advice to the man behind on how to get there first. And here let me say a word in defense of the army stew. It isn't pretty, I grant, that ever-recurring thick rice stew with a chunk of mutton or beef here and there. But it tastes all right, though you get it for the thirtieth time in one month. And once in a while there is a pea soup with bacon that even mother can't beat.

At the soup station, as always where Germans are gathered together, we sang. One day my company's glee club was singing the beautiful crude soldier ballads. They were giving us a song of the sweetheart and the homeland—you might almost say *the* song of the sweetheart in the homeland—*Sieh Ich in Finstrer Mitternacht!* And all at once I heard sobbing—and looked up into the tear-stained faces of Bavarian soldiers. It does one good to know those simple-hearted, whole-souled Bavarians—soldiers on their way to the fray, overflowing with the strength of their manhood, and brought to tears by a simple song of home.

You have heard a lot about the way the Germans sing. Well, it is true—all of it. Singing is a part of the German soldier's life, a part you cannot imagine him without. The first thing we did when we were quartered in a village was to hunt the place over till we found some asthmatic old harmonium. Then we would gather round it and sing until we could no longer hear the harmonium wheeze.

We also sang on the march. When men are tired and hungry, when the knapsack rides them like an old man of

the sea, when the deadly monotony of boots, boots, boots is torturing their very souls, without even regularity to rest them; when they have not the strength, not even the will, to look up and away—then someone pulls out a harmonica and pipes into Musketeers are Happy Fellows, or Lippe-Detmold. At first they scarcely notice it; but as the rhythm dins into their numbed wits one can see the drawn faces take on a new expression—to right and left they are falling into step, unthinking, following the instinct that tells them that rhythm means rest. The tune is ended, and then is taken up again, louder, and again, and again. And with the tune the words sing through their minds, with the beating of the words comes the desire, the will to sing, fighting its way up from the depths of consciousness, up through that load of crushing weariness, fighting its way free—and they do sing. That song is followed by another and then another, each one cheering them, giving them new strength. How could they have made those August marches without song!

Or there was the field at Tourcoing. We had been ordered north, a whole division of us, to make an attack on the English trenches near Ypres. Before we went into action our general wished to speak to us. So in a steady, melancholy drizzle we assembled. Company upon company, regiment upon regiment, marched up, wheeled into line and took up their positions on the broad field of mud. We stood waiting there in that sticky, water-soaked clay until we were sunk in up to our ankles. Our baggage on our backs, we endured that greatest hardship of the soldier's life, eternal waiting, while ever more men filled in the gaps, until the ranks of helmeted heads stretched out as far as you could see in the waning light, wavering as one or another of the men slowly pulled his feet out of the sucking mud to take up another position, and sink anew.

Then someone began to sing. It was as though that were what we had been waiting for, longing for. The mighty hymn swept across the field in the darkness, across the field and out and up to heaven; borne by the voices of fifteen thousand men out from the hearts of fifteen thousand men: A Mighty Fortress is Our God. But at times this singing has its ludicrous aspect, too, for a private the world over is a Bromide. I shall never forget the faces of the good folk of Cologne as our transport steamed through their city, up to their matchless cathedral, the men singing:

"*Oh Cologne, thou lovely city,*
Lovely city of Cologne!
And there must I needs leave behind me
My dearest sweetheart all alone."

For weeks and months one troop train had followed another into that station, and every trainload had struck up the same song. In spite of that, the people were kind to us there, fed us with sandwiches and what-not, and gave us postcards on which to write home.

Getting Used to Horrors

From Cologne it wasn't far across the frontier. And with the frontier began the desolation of war. It is hard to say just what the German private thought about that desolation. Those that came first were unloaded at once and marched through Belgium. There was nothing in Nature to show that war was on, and the mere fact that a man's gun is loaded doesn't make him realize it. It was like some particularly exciting maneuver until the first shell burst. And then the turmoil of new impressions was so great that the men were almost dazed. Before the daze was over came those enormous marches; so that by the time they got a chance to think they were adjusted to the new conditions and didn't even notice what might have horrified them a week earlier.

Those that came after had already had news from the advance troops, and they were prepared for almost anything. Theirs was that morbid curiosity that makes people crowd round to see the results of a collision; that used to make the Parisians flock to the Morgue to stare at the bodies exposed there; that made the Belgians take their children for a week-end holiday in the ruined sections of Louvain. So what they saw from the train moved them little. About all you heard was: "Well, we can be thankful that it didn't come through our country." Wrecked houses, shell holes in fields, mass graves! When you dare not, lest it should weaken you, let yourself be shocked even at the wounds and dead bodies of your own comrades, how can you find pity for the others? And one man's share of pity is so insufficient, so immeasurably tiny, that he cannot grasp what goes on about him. Even the civil population was numbed. How could the soldier be otherwise?

There is the bar of language too. When you don't understand a man it is so easy to leave him alone. Where the soldiers did understand some French, or where they stayed in one spot long enough to know the inhabitants, the relations were those of mutual aid.

"You have no reason to complain," said an old matron to me once at Aumenancourt-le-Grand, and a wonderful old woman she was. "We are treating you as if you were our own *pioupious*." And her eyes filled with tears, as did so many eyes where people found a chance to talk. "It is not we that made the war; it is not you. My boy was a soldier too; he's a prisoner now in Germany." And when I tried to tell her that we treated our prisoners well and that her boy was safe, "Ah, yes!" with a sigh. "You say what's good of your own men; everybody does that," and she poured me another cup of coffee that I had brought her the beans to make.

Nervousness Under Fire

No, if the German private was not overflowing with humanitarian sympathy, neither was he filled with brutal love of destruction. He may have been either, the first time he was under fire, but that is no measure of anybody. The first shells have a remarkable effect. You have been marching, marching under tension, expecting you hardly know what, and suddenly the whine of a shrapnel breaks in on you with the crash of its explosion on the still air, and then another and another and another. Whether you realize what they are or not, whether they are near you or not, you duck, dodge, want to run anywhere, anyhow, and run fast. That this is war becomes a fact all vivid and threatening. The tension is snapped.

There is the unexpectedness, the newness, the noise, the uncertainty of what will follow, all in that one instant.

Imagine a theater full of people in that tense hush as the curtain rises, and let a pistol crack all unexpectedly. There you have something of the same effect.

Rifle balls affect you differently. You feel a queer emptiness where your stomach ought to be. You know that they mean you, and you want to disappear, but you don't know how. Then you get hold of yourself, and stiffen up, and go ahead. That is contagious. The officer's example counts for much. He seems to find himself more quickly than do the men—the result of experience in hunting, perhaps, or in dueling. The fact of his fearlessness gives you confidence.

He probably knows what is coming, and if he is quiet you can afford to be.

Once settled, you no longer need him. There was one lieutenant whose men, being in bad cover, were getting nervous under fire, which for tactical reasons they were not allowed to return. To quiet them we saw him calmly stand up in full sight of the enemies' riflemen: "Why, you see, the Red Breeches are shooting high. They always shoot high! Much more dangerous to be back with the reserves. Here you can't get ——" There he lay, dead. But his example had done its work; his men were ready to advance.

That advance! It was the first disillusionment, and a pretty bitter one. None of that music-playing, colors-flying, quick-time work you read about; none of the enthusiasm that sets danger sweetly at naught. Instead a terrible nervous strain, with your comrade shot beside you, whom you may not help; and a pounding undercurrent of thought you try to force back: "Are they going to get me now?" You have an ever-growing impulse just to stay put and shoot—you persuade yourself you could do much more good by staying in half-cover and shooting; and it comforts you to hear the rifle go off—but your line is advancing, and you must advance too. As you stumble up bullets whistle by your head, there is no dodging them. You are close in now, you are winded and weary. You start to shoot again, but find your magazine is empty—no time to reload, for it's up and advance again.

Charge! And with the last breath you have, out with it: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" You are in his trenches, the enemy is retreating.

Then without warning comes the revulsion of feeling. You were very humanitarian on the attack. You would have loved to carry your wounded neighbor back out of range, though it broke your back—purely out of pity for him, of course! Now there they are, the men that were shooting at you, running, running wildly! It isn't nice; it isn't civilized; but there is a fiendish joy in watching them drop or turn somersaults as you shoot, a joy the greater from your sense of new-gained safety after peril.

There is dormant, I believe, in most of us a savage love of shooting at a live mark—the hunting instinct. When it comes upon us for the first time we cannot answer for ourselves. But it fades as quickly as does the glamour of war. War seems to be turning into the old drudgery of peace-time service when you march and march and march, until you drop in your tracks and sleep a sodden sleep for the few hours of rest you are allowed; when you march till even fighting scarcely rouses your leaden eyes from fatigue, till the only joy that you know all day is the sight of the field kitchen waiting for you, with a fresh-cooked hot stew and coffee—which often you cannot keep awake long enough to eat.

I suppose there is no institution to which the German soldier is more grateful than to the field kitchen. It makes it possible for him to wake up to a cup of something hot before the grueling day begins, to save for sleep the precious hours of quiet after a forced march. It makes it possible for him to have a cheering, though simple—very simple—dinner, even in the trenches where there is no firewood within miles, and the lighting of fires is forbidden him. The lumbering clink-clank of that old "goulash gun" on wheels was what made it possible for the Germans, marching in full kit, to keep up with the French retreat in August; and I believe that it was the field kitchens also that enabled them to stand the wet trenches of December with so little sickness.

But the glamour of war fades when, instead of being quartered in some pleasant city where you can spend your pay on all your heart's desire, you are set to bury dead men; when you have so many to bury that you cannot even dig graves for them, and have to throw them, half a dozen together, into the shell holes and just heap dirt on top; when you are handling bodies which have lain for days under the sun that sweetens the French grapes; when the only thing to drown the reek is smoke, and your tobacco gave out a week before. The glamour fades when, before you can occupy a fort abandoned by the enemy, you have to spend hours at coolies' work to get it sanitary enough even to stand in. The glamour fades when your march is so fast that you can't rest, that you can't get a line from home because the baggage is left behind and the postal service can't keep up, that you can't even write to your dear ones to tell them that you have come through all right up to now, and when even the field kitchen is sometimes missing and you have to live off the country the enemy scoured before you—and mourn your friend the while, the man who stood beside you.

The Infinite Fatigue of War

Yet, through all that, the men had the feeling that we were winning, that we were saving home and Fatherland; that what we were doing was for a purpose high and noble, was worth all it cost and more. But how much harder the heartrending retreat after the sixth of September, and the trench warfare, the stand-still, man-eating fight that began then and lasts to-day!

At first our men refused to dig trenches. They were tired—and yet what is war but being tired, almost unto death, yet overcoming it when there is need?—they were tired, and the work was unnecessary. It was cruelty to put upon them more work than they had to do; that wasn't what war was for. And weren't they sure to advance that day or the next; hadn't they been doing it all month? Then what use for trenches?

Yet they had to dig; the officers saw farther than they. They dug not only for themselves but for others. I have spent no more disheartening days—and none more good for the soul—than those when we slaved from dawn to sunset—if in sight of the enemy, from sunset to dawn—digging rifle pits, or communication trenches, or shelters, or bombproofs, which another company moved into and slept in.

Not that it was drudgery all the time. Even among the hardships of the August campaign there was wine, wine of a quality unknown to most of the troops, and in quantities as in Valhalla—though, if I remember rightly, they drank mead in Valhalla.

You couldn't talk for two minutes to a German soldier who had been through those days without his telling you about the wine. Nor was he done with talking of the wine in general; he went into the details of each particular village where he had been quartered, of the *château* into whose cellar he had penetrated with a few others. He told how, ignorant of the labels, the soldiers had gone from one end of the cellar to the other, knocking off the head of any bottle that "looked good." If they liked it, they drank it; if not, they just tossed it away. Once a whole cask of costly liquor had drained away, because nobody thought of turning it off.

Was that wanton destructiveness, vandalism? Think a minute. Wasn't it simply the reckless embarrassment of any commoner who suddenly has more of a thing he has long desired than he knows how to handle? Don't we see equally wanton things every day in the way our newly rich use or misuse their money—things just as foolish as carrying champagne in your knapsack under the rays of the broiling sun, and at noon drinking it all warm with your bread? It seems to me that we have here a trait common to us all rather than a characteristic peculiar to barbarians.

Knocked Out of the Mushroom

Indeed I rather admire the way old Eckermeyer used wine. He and several others of his *Landwehr* regiment were wounded in an attack on a French position. They managed with mutual help to get into the hollow of a stream, sheltered from shells by a bridge. But none could get any farther except Eckermeyer. So, setting out to a farmhouse, he routed out as much wine as he could carry and brought it back to the others. Then they had a pleasant little chat round the bottle until the Red Cross men came and carried them away.

The memory of these Bacchic splendors lingered. The chief use to which we put the French bayonets we found lying about here and there, aside from using them as pokers for the field kitchens, was to probe the soil of gardens in search for hidden wine. I have seen a patient, plodding private spend an hour on one plot, sometimes with success. And not only wine we found. Near Courcy, where we were stationed for some time, thirty thousand francs in gold were found buried, by a man in my company. These were returned to the owner by our colonel, although I must confess his act aroused considerable dissatisfaction among the men.

Even in the trenches the life was varied to some extent. There were other things besides mud and drudgery. The trenches worked up so close to each other in some places that the sappers, working at night, of course, didn't dare pound in the stakes on which they built up their barbed-wire entanglement. The operations had to be conducted in perfect silence to avoid inviting a shower of the enemies' "blue beans." Thus the entanglement stood loose on the ground before the rifle pits. As a result the Germans woke up one morning to find it gone. The French had come in the night, dragged it away, and set it up in front of their own trenches. After a while their vigilance relaxed, in turn, and the entanglement came back to us. Now German ingenuity got to work. The Germans carried wires back from the stakes to the trenches, which wires were taken under the sentry's particular observation. The next time the French tried the game the sentry reported motion in the wires, and a volley stopped that motion. But that wasn't all. One night they got hold of it in spite of us. Some hardy French sapper had made his way through the entanglement and cut our anchor wires!

Then there was the case of Hagemann. He was stationed as lookout in a hole we had dug in and almost through a great mound christened the Mushroom. Just as the relief was marching up a shell shot into Hagemann's cubby-hole, but without bursting—only three in ten of the French shells used to burst. But the air pressure knocked him outside; and there he came somersaulting down the Mushroom and landed right in front of the lieutenant in charge of the relief.

With all that, there is little enough incident in the trenches, aside from the daily

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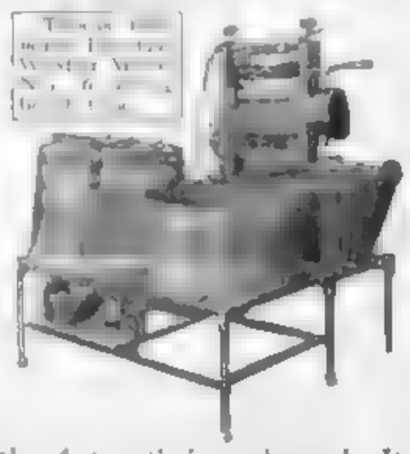

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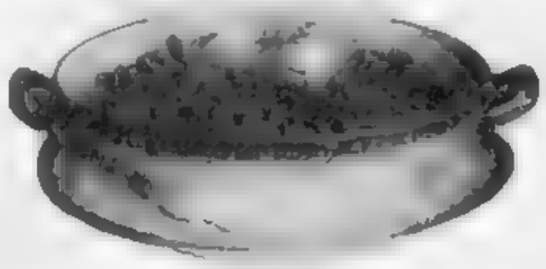

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routine. Come in at sundown, shouldering past the company you relieve, giving them the latest bits of gossip as you pass; stand on guard or dig until your eyes rebel and you have to smoke or drink coffee or eat to keep awake; roll into the shelter when your turn comes—it's foul of air, but warm to a certain extent—and sink into a dreamless sleep—unless you are plagued by the toothache; get up unwashed and weary to the new day, and stand more guard; clean your kit, if you can; snooze, or, if you have any paper, write a line home and try to tell the folks there how it looks; eat if you have any food, and wish something would happen.

At first, you see, the trenches were a comfort. You could rest in them, and you needed rest. You had time to write home how much you needed tobacco, and time to wait until that tobacco reached you. You had leisure to think, to begin to take in all that marching campaign of August, to grasp the fullness of incident so great at first that it escaped you; to enjoy your memories, in short, and pat yourself on the back for having gone through so much.

And above all, you had a chance to wash, wash, wash! Men who had not been out of their clothes for a month, men whose boots stuck to their feet, who were an offense to themselves, now in rest day in the second line could draw bucket after bucket from the well, buckets full of real water. See two of them strip and get to work with a brush, though it be a shoebrush, each laboring over the other until something like the normal white of skin again became visible. Of course there wasn't any soap; but who cares about soap when he's got water, when he's really got water?

And that luxury of a bath could be repeated almost any day you wanted it; in between times you could sleep. You don't know how much sleep you can do without until you have to. But a month averaging well under five hours a night, with a working day of the other nineteen, wears any man down. Here was a chance to make up for it. You had no lights; consequently you could work only in the daytime. From sundown to sunup and the rest days the time could be spent in one long, glorious, snoring sleep. And it was—until the bugs came, and the wet.

Christmas Trees in the Trenches

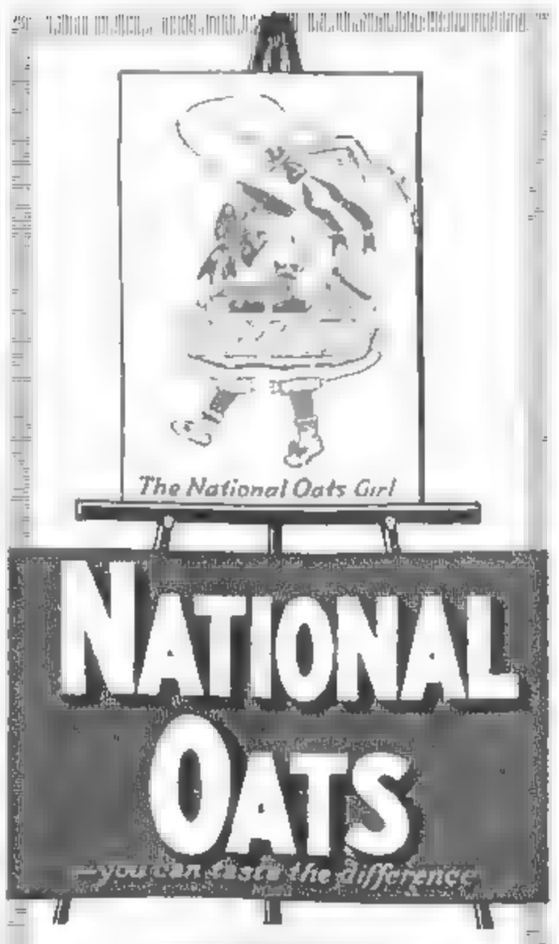
The shelters in the trenches were good quarters as long as the straw stacks in the neighborhood held out. If your straw floor got dirty or damp, you renewed it; and a queer sight they were, in the dark, these huge bundles of straw arriving seemingly all by themselves, for a field-gray uniform is practically invisible at night. But with the end of the straw stacks there was no more protection against foulness and, more important, no protection against vermin. Pungent oils, and such other things as you could get from home, hindered but did not eradicate.

Then came rain and the all-encasing mud. And thus solid comfort in the trenches found its end—except, perhaps, at Christmas time.

Christmas is the great home festival in Germany. All over the country the people felt the need of sending to the warriors on that day all of home that could be carried. For a week the postal service accepted ten-pound packages. Many a man was remembered all too well, and had to call on his comrades to carry some of his truck; all were remembered to some extent. How many of the packages went to the front labeled "To someone who has received nothing else"! And those who had more divided with those who had less.

Everything was there—candles for the little Christmas trees they cut themselves, goodies of all kinds—mothers were sure to send sons' favorite things to eat, too. I shall never forget the face of that sergeant who on Christmas Eve received a photograph of his wife and the baby girl who had been born since he left home. And, what counts for most, there was everywhere a closer fellowship even than before. Every man felt the need of making his comrades do duty for the home folks, and of himself doing duty for their families.

So they made merry and they sang. Have you heard how their song was carried over the snow-clad fields to the English trenches, and how the English soldiers were filled with Christmas longings; how some of them ventured over and spent the evening round their enemies' Christmas tree? And of how the German private sang and grew



WINNERS

Sketch the Girl

CONTEST

Open to Everybody

1st	Mrs. Katherine Guest, 1711 Perry St., Jacksonville, Fla.	$500.00
2nd	Arthur Willard, 5920 Etzel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.	250.00
3rd	Edwin A. [illegible], Mt. W[illegible]ck County, Pa.	125.00
4th	Mrs. [illegible], [illegible] Providence, R. I.	75.00
5th	[illegible], [illegible] Algona, Iowa	50.00
6th	H. B. Stough, Chadron, Nebraska	25.00

School Children

1st	Emily M. Nichols, 14 years, [illegible] Crawford St., Portsmouth, Va.	$250.00
2nd	[illegible], [illegible] ville, Texas.	100.00
3rd	[illegible], 915 17th St., Denver, Colo.	75.00
4th	Leslie McDougall, 14 years, Morenci, Arizona	30.00
5th	Mabel Blair, 15 years, 4219 E. 22nd St., Kansas City, Mo.	15.00
6th	Gladys Parker, 14 years, 310 West Elm St., Tyler, Texas	5.00

Checks for the first six prizes, each class of [illegible]tion, listed above, also checks for [illegible] 200 cash prizes of $5.00 each in OUR NATIONAL-EVERYBODY Contest and 2,500 prizes of $1.00 each in SCHOOL CHILDREN'S Contest, will be mailed to the winners on May 15th. A Souvenir Prize will be mailed to every child contestant under sixteen who failed to win a cash prize.

SEVENTY-TWO THOUSAND sketches were entered, every one of which represents a splendid effort—that's characteristic of NATIONAL OATS eaters; they have well-nourished bodies that put vigor and enthusiasm in all their actions. NATIONAL OATS is pure, rolled, white oats—richer, cleaner, sweeter and more delicious in flavor than ordinary Oatmeal or Rolled Oats.

EAT

NATIONAL OATS

You Can Taste the Difference

Most grocers sell NATIONAL OATS. If yours does not, he can get it for you.

National Oats Company
Address—St. Louis

When You Buy Shotgun Shells

YOU probably have a favorite brand of shells. You ask for them by name when you buy. But has it ever occurred to you that the maker and loader of those shells expects you to go further than that?

He knows that there is a difference in shotgun powders. He knows that experienced men, old hands with a shotgun, buy not only shells, *but also powder, by name.*

So for your convenience he uses various recognized brands of powder in loading. For your guidance he prints the name of the powder with which a box of shells is loaded upon the top wad of every shell and on the outside of the box.

The next time you buy shells ask for

Infallible

Smokeless Shotgun Powder

It will improve your shooting either at the traps or in the field. It is a powder of unusual uniformity. You always know what to expect when you shoot it.

It gives uniformity in recoil, and *light* recoil. It gives uniformity in patterns, and *even* patterns. It gives uniformity in velocity, and *high* velocity. It is water-proof, weather-proof and age-proof. You can depend upon it always. When you buy shells ask for Infallible Smokeless Shotgun Powder. Look for the name on the wad and on the box.

Get these two interesting books: "Trapshooting" treats of this delightful sport from the viewpoint of the veteran and the beginner. "Hercules Sporting Powders" is of interest to everyone who owns a rifle, shotgun or revolver. Free for the asking. Write for your copies today.

HERCULES POWDER CO.
12 W. 10th Street
Wilmington, Del.

strong in the thought of the Fatherland, till the terrible late December attacks of the French were flatly repulsed.

Don't you see? He isn't the brutal, soulless braggart pictured to us so often, wantonly ravaging and ravishing. He isn't the haloed hero without fear and without reproach that many of his people seem to think him. Nor is he a machine, merely accepting and executing orders, an impersonal, spiritless automaton incapable of thought or feeling.

He is just a man, a plain man like you and me, "the backbone of the nation," fighting as best he knows how to save his country and his dear ones. He believes them in danger by no fault of theirs. If he be right, we must sympathize with him; if he be wrong, we must none the less honor him. He has given himself, his all, to a cause.

To this at least he has a right—that we try to understand before we judge.

First-Aid Paste

FIRST-AID service to the injured has just been given a new weapon, which promises to increase its efficiency enormously. This is simply a paste that will keep a wound from becoming infected in the minutes or hours—or perhaps even two or three days—before a doctor arrives to give regular treatment. An ugly tear or a deep cut may be suffered by a workman in a shop or in the woods, and the wound may become badly contaminated unless some kind of quick action is taken. The paste, jammed down into the open wound, will stave off trouble during the many hours of delay.

This first-aid paste was devised primarily for the wounded in the European War, because experience has shown that the longer the delay in treatment the more likely is the wound to be fatal. Though the paste was invented for battlefield first aid, to be applied by the soldiers themselves, it has been given its first trials in machine shops for treating ordinary accidents. Such promising results have been reported from the shops that general use of the paste has been started in the British Navy. Experience in a great number of cases there will quickly prove whether or not it will live up to the present rosy promise.

The paste is the invention of Sir W. Watson Cheyne, president of one of the most distinguished surgical societies in the world, and his associates on a special committee that undertook to find some way of improving first-aid treatment.

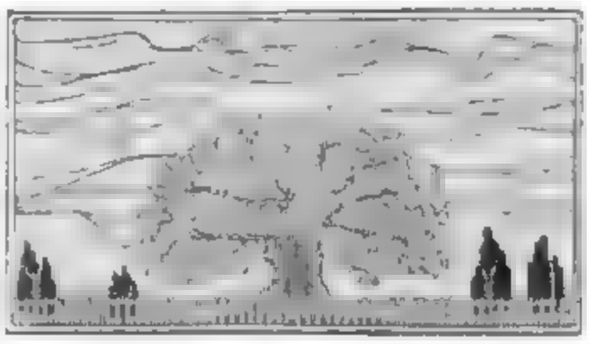
Their first conclusion was that some chemical mixture should be found which would spread through a wound of its own accord, and either kill or hold in check the bacteria already at work there until more elaborate sterilization was practicable.

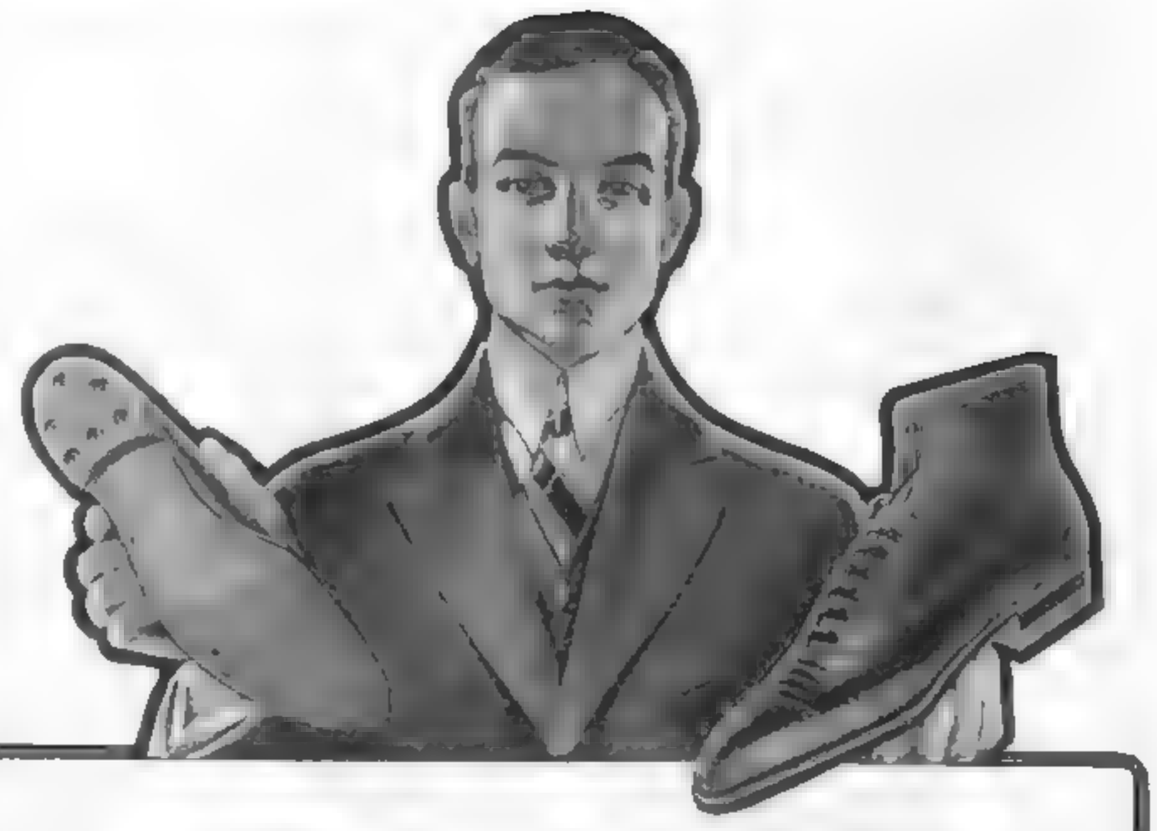
A mixture that would do this would keep a wound in a condition practically unchanged for the many hours up to three or four days before professional treatment could be obtained, and so abolish or minimize the handicap the doctor must have in his race against infection.

Several antiseptics were found that would creep through tissues and so work their way through a wound. Carbolic acid appeared to be one of the most penetrating and efficacious of the antiseptics tested.

It was further concluded that the chemicals should be put into the wound in such a form as to stay there until removed by a doctor, and this demanded a paste mixture. Out of their experiments they finally hit on a paste with a basis of six parts of purified fat to one part of white wax, with which is mixed carbolic acid to twenty-per-cent strength.

Such a paste can be kept readily in small glass jars in a first-aid cabinet; and if the mass tests now under way in the British Navy give the same results as the laboratory and machine-shop tests already studied, the simple remedy is due to prevent an enormous amount of suffering from infected wounds.





Your Shoes Should be Like These!

YOU can make your shoes look better, wear better and feel better by having attached to them

O'Sullivan's Heels

of New LIVE Rubber

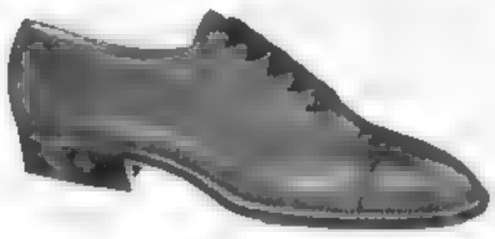
They wear two to three times as long as the best leather heels and preserve the shape and lengthen the life of your shoes.

O'Sullivan's absorb all the shocks and jars of walking, saving nervous strain and wear and tear on shoes and you.

O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS cost but fifty cents attached and can be obtained at any shoe store or cobbler's shop.

Many manufacturers attach O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS to shoes right at the factory. Such shoes are called O'Sullivanized Shoes and are carried by leading dealers throughout the country. If your dealer does not carry them, write to one of the manufacturers below.

Hazzard-O'Sullivanized

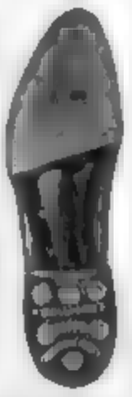


Style 094

One of our most attractive and popular English effects made of dark shade mahogany, Russia calf, low, broad English walking heel, with famous O'Sullivan's Heels, $3.50.

$3.50 and $4.00

Ask your dealer for the famous Hazzard shoes made with O'Sullivan's Heels right on them.



Write us for fully illustrated descriptive catalog.

R. P. HAZZARD COMPANY, GARDINER, MAINE

The CARTHEAN Shoe

O'Sullivanized

Carthean Shoes for women include every style from dainty dancing slippers to sturdy English walking boots. All of them have O'Sullivan's Heels attached, and are priced at $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.

All shoe dealers have them or will get them from the makers,

DUNN & McCARTHY, Auburn, N. Y.

Walk-Over Shoes *O'Sullivanized*

For Men **$4.50** and Upward **For Women**

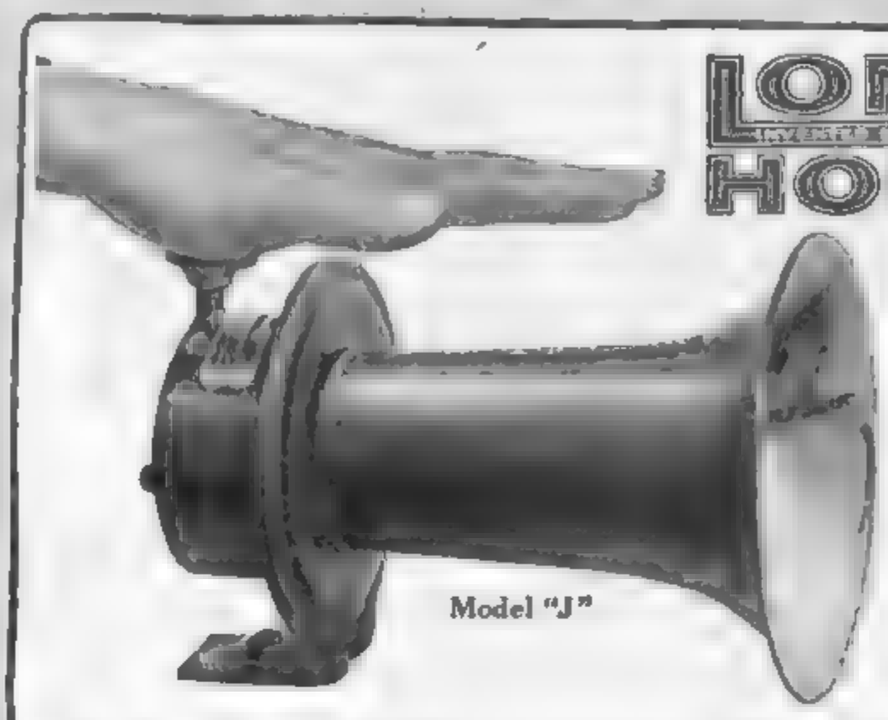
WALK-OVERS O'Sullivanized are made in low shoes for men and women—and in dainty Louis-heeled slippers.

Your local Walk-Over dealer can supply you with these shoes.

GEO. E. KEITH CO., Campello, Mass.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

One Firm
One Service
One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory



Model "J"

$5.

Is the Voice of your Horn Insured?

When a horn loses its voice it loses its power to warn. It becomes useless.

The voice of the Long Horn is perpetually strong, full-toned and far-carrying. It is insured for all time because Long Horn construction is *guaranteed*.

Here is the guarantee—"Should any part of the Long Horn illustrated (Model J) ever prove defective, we will do more than repair it—we will give the purchaser a new horn."

No such guarantee covers any other make of mechanical, hand-operated horn in existence. It means that $5 is the *first cost and only cost*. See the Long Horn dealer today. *Booklet on request.*

JOHNS-MANVILLE
SHOCK ABSORBER
Smooths Out the Ruts and Bumps of Every Road

Jars and vibrations not only lessen your comfort but damage your car. This shock absorber supplies the springs with the extra flexibility that is needed to cushion or absorb these vibrations and to prevent their transmission to the body of the car. It saves the engine, springs and tires and materially increases your comfort. The Johns-Manville Shock Absorber fits springs up to 2¼ inches wide. Supplied with Spring Perch for attachment to Ford Cars. See your dealer. Write for booklet.

PER PAIR $15.

J-M Lens (Non-Blinding)
Entirely eliminates headlight glare. Puts more light where you want it. Per pair, $3.25.

J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining
Comes cut to size. Saves measuring, cutting and fitting. Absolutely dependable and proved more economical.

J-M Auto Clock
A guaranteed 8-day timepiece for $5.00. Choice of flush or dash mounting. Finished to match fittings of car

J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug
Soot proof, heat-proof, leak-proof. Has held the preference of the hard-to-suit car owner 14 years. Price 75 cents

OTHER J-M ACCESSORIES

Jones Speedometer	J-M Narco Tire and Top Repair Materials	J-M Packings and S. A. E. Gaskets
Carter Carburetor	J-M Dry Batteries	"Noark" Enclosed Fuses
J M Tire Pump	J-M Fire Extinguisher	G-P Muffler Cut-Out
J-M Automobile Tape		

Write for booklets

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
294 Madison Avenue, New York
47 Branches Service Stations in All Large Cities

Out-of-Doors

In the Jewel Box

THAT gay gentleman, Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France following the death of Louis XIV, in general organized his life on the principle that everybody loves a cheerful spender. At times, however, he would sigh with regret that the lower classes—peasantry or canaille—were disposed to be resentful about their taxes, he being well advised that if the taxes were taken away from him he could not continue his little suppers.

A friend of the Regent was the Duc de Saint-Simon, author of the best memoirs of his time and an excellent Boswell, alike to the Grand Monarch and the Gay Regent. This worthy duck, duke or duc was ever a steadfast counselor to the mighty, always to be mighty and always, so to speak, to throw out a front. One conversation between the Duc de Saint-Simon and the Regent was on the question of buying another diamond for the enrichment of the crown jewels of France—and incidentally for the pleasance of the Regent and the ladies. Saint-Simon describes the matter thus:

"By extremely rare good fortune a servant employed in the diamond mines of the Great Mogul found means to secrete about his person a diamond of prodigious size. To complete his good fortune he safely arrived in Europe with his diamond. He showed it to several princes, none of whom were rich enough to buy, and carried it at last to England, where the King desired it, but could not resolve to purchase it. A model of it in crystal was made in England; and the man, the diamond and this model were introduced to the financier, John Law, then prominent in Paris, who proposed to the Regent that he should purchase the jewel for the King. The price dismayed the Regent, who refused to buy.

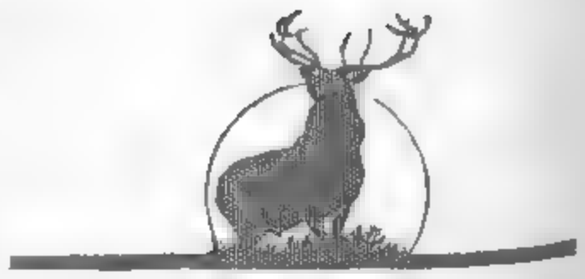
"The state of the finances was an obstacle on which the Regent much insisted. He feared blame for making so considerable a purchase while the most pressing necessities could only be provided for with much trouble. I praised his sentiment, but said that he ought not to regard the greatest king of Europe as he would a private gentleman; that this was a glory for his regency that would last forever; that, whatever might be the state of the finances, the saving obtained by the refusal of the jewel would not much relieve them—in fact, I did not quit Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans until he had promised that the jewel should be bought. . . . The bargain was concluded on these terms. Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans was agreeably surprised by the applause the public gave to an acquisition so beautiful and so unique. The jewel is known as the Regent's Diamond."

America's Crown Jewels

We don't have kings and crown jewels and regents in this little old republic of our own. Mostly we have business; but we have been so successful, and are now so great and rich, that, before long, it will be up to us to hand down to later generations some objective proof of our own greatness and richness. We must some time be able to say that we can afford all these unused things of value, and can lock them up to show to other generations—that is to say, like most rich and successful persons, some time in our career we shall want to offer proof that we do not have to save the nickels any more, and that now and then we can afford a little leisure.

What are our American jewels? Some time they will be cathedrals, museums and art galleries. Meantime—and also some time—they will be our splendid mountains, our wildernesses, our sporting out-of-doors, where a man can wear a blue shirt and say: "Hang the expense! I'm off for the hills!"

Speaking of jewels, however, are you familiar with the Sierras? the Rockies? Do you know how exceedingly beautiful Nature is in some of the most favored portions of those countries—how extremely fascinating they are in the best of Nature's mood? In the high mountains the air is so brilliant it carries an actual sting, almost like that of diamond rays. The grass and the trees are as green as emeralds—not less. The blue of the cloudless sky—so much bluer than you ever can see blue in lower or moister countries—is deep sapphire, or sapphire plus something.



"Mighty classy car! Got her insured?"
"What do you mean—insured?"
"Fire, theft, liability, collision, etc. Ever think of all the expensive things an automobile can do and have done to it?"

"No! Never thought anything about it!"
"Well, you'll think about it if you just graze someone on a street crossing and get a shyster lawyer threatening a fake lawsuit!"

"You can't insure against that, can you?"
"Certainly—or suppose a leaky carburetor or gas tank starts a fire somewhere on a lonely road——"

"Say, I——"
"—or you smash a rig or back into another car——"
"For Heaven's sake——"
"—or if you come out of the house some night and find your car has been stolen!"
"Well, what can I do about it?"

"You can insure against it all in the automobile policies of the 'Two Hartfords' the fire and theft portions in the 'Old Hartford,' which has protected your family for more than a century, and the other hazards in its associate, the new Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, which is bound to maintain the 'Hartford's traditions.'"

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
and
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Agent in your locality is a good man to know.

COUPON—SIGN—TEAR OFF—MAIL

The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.
P5 Hartford, Conn.
Gentlemen: Send me your booklet, "Criminal and Financial Liability of Motorists."

Name _____
Address _____

7 Vital New Features

Given in Goodyear Motorcycle TIRES

1915 Goodyears mark the summit of motorcycle tire achievement. Even without these 7 big improvements, Goodyears won all notable records for speed and endurance.

15% Price Reduction

And now, in spite of these extra costly features, Goodyears in the 3-inch size have been lowered 15 per cent in price. Goodyear popularity — mammoth production — made possible this tire saving for you.

3 to 1 Demand

The demand for Goodyear Motorcycle Tires is almost 3 to 1 of any other make.

Last year their sales were greater than all other makes *combined*.

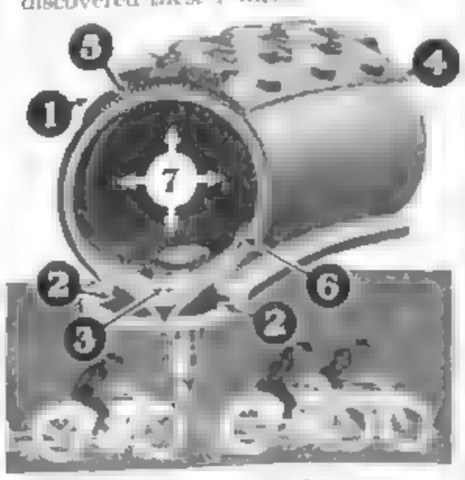
Goodyear sales were 39 per cent more than the previous year.

They were six times as great as four years before.

And 3 out of 4 new motorcycles came equipped with Goodyears.

Riders judged them under all conditions. And they did not think that men could make them better.

Yet Goodyear experts whose research costs us $100,000 yearly—discovered these 7 ways



Mileage Increased—(1) by giving a heavier, tougher tread.

Creeping Prevented—(2) by stiffer, firmer beads, (3) by equipping the tube with a metal valve spreader. It clinches to prevent the tube from creeping.

Ply Separation Prevented—(4) by welding each ply at every point. This is the same as in the famous Goodyear automobile tires.

Fabric Fortified and Shocks Absorbed—(5) by a breaker strip of heavy rubber between the tread and the fabric, as in Goodyear automobile tires.

Chafing Prevented—(6) by perfecting a feather edge flap, (7) by giving a 30 per cent heavier inner tube of supreme-quality stock.

$50,000 More Value

We are giving $50,000 more value in 1915 Goodyear Motorcycle Tires.

For these 7 features cost us much of what we save by multiplied output.

Yet we are content to give them freely—for they are winning new thousands to Goodyears

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
Motorcycle Tires

When you buy motorcycle tires—when you buy a motorcycle—be sure that you insist on Goodyears.

They cost you no more than lesser tires, remember. And any dealer can supply you Goodyears or can get them from a nearby Goodyear branch at once.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

The sunset is made up of a million giant opals. Topaz and tourmaline lurk in all the rocks. Lapis lazuli and aquamarine lie at the bottom of all the lakes. Have you never sat on the high shoulder of some hill, up near the clouds, where the wind blew clean, and felt the same fascination you experienced when you looked at a mass of glittering gems—jewels accumulated by some monarch who could afford to buy them and keep them—just as this Republic can afford to buy and keep the best of its mountain landscapes?

It is enough simply to be alive in the high Sierras, in the upper Rockies—above the timber line, up near the snow. Lower down, also, the scent of the pines, the taste of the white water, the sight of the blue, wavering pennant of the camp fire—these are almost delight enough; but if carnal man demands trout for the table, why, then it is boots and saddle, and, rod under leg, one rides even deeper into the wilderness.

Who has not felt, betimes, the spell of the mountain river, roaring down out of its high sources, white over the rocks, deep and cool green in the pools? It is in human nature to want to follow any such stream clear to the head. There never were trout so large that one did not think there were trout a little larger farther up. One baskets a trout or so from this pool, almost grudging the time, because it is simply necessary to go on and on. That is ambition—that is human nature. But what a glorious experience it is to follow a mountain river back into the high mountains, with no strings to draw one back to camp at any given day; to go back into the mountains beyond the tin-can zone—a difficult thing from Panama to Nome today!

I recall a little trip not long ago where we followed a bold river back and up until it became a thread with lakes strung on it—until we had reached the last lake, almost up to the clouds. Such an experience is more than a mere fishing trip—it is touch with the rare and beautiful things, the condensed wealth of the world.

Old John the Ranger

Old John the Ranger knew there were trout there; but it almost made no difference when we looked out over the lake from a high shore, studying the bars for good fishing places. Old John grumbled a bit when he saw the head of the lake still stained a trifle with glacier water.

"Just the luck!" said he. "I've caught some old whales right up there."

There were no tin cans on this lake. It has seen but few visitors in all its many, many days. Its shores have never been laid out for the use of man. As beautiful as apples of gold in pictures of silver, it was roughset in great bowlders which had come down in the snowslides years past. These rocks, hid deep in alders and willows, lay for half a mile, to weary and entangle the angler—if any angler can be weary. The cover came so close to the water that it was impossible to get out a back cast; but we hardly looked where we were going. Out in the lake, beyond reaching distance from the shore, the trout were rising—and there was no boat or raft!

All anglers are resourceful, and there was need of resource here. We studied the shore line, regarding some of the giant bowlders, big as a church, which had rolled on out into deep water; and—for thus does Nature leave her secrets unguarded ever—leading out to one of these big bowlders we found a sort of giant stair of lesser stones. A step here, a jump there, and we were on a flat-topped rock, with room to cast, and over twenty feet of water as clear as any diamond in the world.

Old John chews tobacco and fishes with worms. I have never seen on a human face an expression of greater content than that on his as he sat down and, reaching into his pocket for a plug of twist, bit off one vast and blissful chew.

There did not seem to be any trout at all. Out beyond us the transparent water became less and less so, until it reached a twilight zone of translucence, fading into the opaque.

I cast a long line out as far as I could reach—cast again and again. A grand trout struck the fly and I brought him in steadily, brilliant and beautiful as a whole casket of spilled jewels. And back of him came a whole procession of dark, graceful forms, converging from below, beyond and on every side. We had been on the rock a couple of minutes and here were fifty trout in sight! I need say little more.

Bought— Wired— Forgotten

What is it that you tuck away in the corner in the dust and dark, never look at, never touch, never give a scrap of attention or care—

and yet is always ready, always steady, working for you at morning or midnight—for many months, often years?

COLUMBIA BATTERIES

You can't buy a better dry battery. The largest battery manufacturers in the world have been working for twenty-six years to insure and maintain Columbia superiority. They sign their name to the goods as a guaranty of quality.

For bells, buzzers, tractors, telephones, gas engines, gongs, automobiles, motor boats, hand lamps, barn lights and any other service where the dependability of the battery is a basic need—insist on getting Columbia Batteries. Cost no more—last longer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
FACTORIES IN U. S. A. AND CANADA

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—No Extra Charge

EVERY BUYER GETS THE LOWEST PRICE

Purchaser of Office Equipment Assured of Fair Treatment Through One-Price Policy

Buying From Baker-Vawter Saves Much Time and Money

House loyalty makes every buyer anxious to match his wits against those of the seller in order to strike what appears to be a bargain. The big unanswered question is always, however: "Have I struck bottom with this fellow? Couldn't I have secured a bigger discount, a longer dating or better shipping terms?"

And very likely he could!

The seller with a wavering policy is generally willing to venture a little farther into the deep waters, in the hope that he may later find a helpful error in his figures, or that this order may be a stepping stone to future and more profitable favors.

But the Law of Averages is the Constitution of Business Dealings. On a year-in-year-out average, price paid for value received is bound to strike a balance—or the seller must go out of business.

And the time spent by the buyer in bothering over and discussing prices is money lost out of the business. That time could have been used to make money for the firm through constructive thinking.

Baker-Vawter Has Standardized Values.

To eliminate price haggling in every line is impossible. But the nature of the loose leaf and steel filing equipment business has enabled Baker-Vawter to adopt a fair, square, one-price-to-all standard.

The conscientious buyer must, of course, have assurance that Baker-Vawter prices are as low as is consistent with the quality.

Baker-Vawter is a great loose leaf and steel filing equipment manufacturer with the most modern of specialized manufacturing facilities. It is the largest in the world, selling direct to over 55,000 users, rendering individual service to each. A huge volume of sales, the purchase of raw materials in enormous quantities, and the production of finished goods at the lowest possible manufacturing costs, to which is added only a small net profit per dollar based on the big output, give every buyer the assurance that Baker-Vawter prices are right.

Baker-Vawter's Costs are Known.

The Baker-Vawter Cost System gives exact costs, not estimates, on every item. Using these records as a basis, selling prices are fixed—with definite discounts for quantity—and no one has the power to shade the prices or terms.

Every buyer faces the same. Every buyer gets the lowest price. "Price jockeying" is futile. No one pays for the shrewd buyer's bargain. Past business and idle promises count for naught. There are no favorites, whether the order amounts to $5 or $5,000.

This absolute price protection policy lowers Baker-Vawter's selling costs. The salesmen lose no time in price bickering. And the buyer saves his own time and always gets the lowest price without argument.

?

How much time are you losing trying to force down estimated prices?

Why not save that time—use it for matters that are more vital to your business—and yet be assured that you are buying at as low a price as the shrewdest buyers alive?

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Old John and I took them out as we liked, methodically, carefully and reverently; I never saw even the roughest man who did not have reverence for a trout, and John was not of the rough. We stopped and admired them now and then, as anglers will. The climax of our entertainment came when old John, chewing most vigorously, gave an exclamation and nodded toward the arch of his rod. He had on two trout—one very large, for he was using a little fly above his baited hook.

"That blame' thing come right out from under this rock," said he, "and chased my fish; and then he grabbed that little fly—and looky yonder! There's another one just as big. We've been settin' on them all the while an' didn't know it."

Where those two great trout came from we never really did know, but John landed his double. And while he was doing so I cast a gentle fly over the other big one; he fastened, and was ours.

How blissful the slow and gentle ride back to camp after a day such as that, the old packhorse squattering along, with plenty of trout in the panniers! I presume trout do have something to do with the bliss of one's soul at such a time; but, none the less, I asserted that I caught old John looking at the sunset.

"Ain't it a fine day?" we said one to the other more than once apropos of nothing in particular, save that it had indeed been a remarkably fine day.

I do not now remember how many trout we had, but I do remember the toothed, white sky line of the Sierras. And I know how green the pool was by our camp, and how blue the smoke looked when we came riding down. Apples of gold in pictures of silver!

And not long ago, at another time, it was in the Rockies—the Rockies where they rise high and sharp directly from the plains. Here and there from their tall sides come down little streams which, when they reach the lower valleys, wind among willows and through beaver meadows, and sometimes over gravel bars and between high banks. We were traveling by motor car and we paused at such a stream—just big enough for big trout; just deep enough to be crossed on the bars here and there; just wide enough for easy casting without entanglement—the sweetest, decentest trout water you ever saw out-of-doors.

"Now if only there really were trout," I began, "wouldn't it be ideal?"

Landing a Two-Pounder

"Two and three pounds—plenty of them," said Jack, who here was our leader. "Some womenfolks caught six here the other evening, right by the bridge. They lie right under the willows, hunting hoppers now."

It was late afternoon, but our party boded that we needed trout for breakfast. Therefore, while the rest assumed points of vantage along the shores, whence they could easily offer advice, criticism and derision if need be, I got into my waders, strung up as good a rod as the best maker in the world ever made, appending as good a reel as ever was made and using a tapered leader—a better one I never saw. Thereto I added a fly as much resembling a grasshopper as might be.

The water was cold when I stepped in—cold, and clear as crystal. The sky was blue, with some little white clouds, and a strong wind was coming down from the mountains where the Indians say the Old Windmaker lives. I did not really much care whether I caught any trout or not. Not so, however, the waiters on the bank, who were disposed to be utilitarian in their notions.

I struck one fine fish and lost him without seeing him at all; but round the very next bend, at a spot that was absolutely ideal in every regard—tell me, have you not almost always been disappointed with these ideal spots?—I raised a regular story-book trout in a story-book place. In these ideal surroundings, whether or not the rest of the picture was ideal, I certainly played him to such effect that by and by he was on the gravel bar—two pounds and better.

"Come on down here!" called out a voice, by this time a trifle more respectful. "They are jumping all over." This from the feminine contingent, who had always been a trifle vague as to how trout are taken, though well advised as to how they are eaten.

I waded down to the head of a big semicircular pool. Pound trout, two-pound trout and pound-and-a-half whitefish were

Elgin Wonder Tales

Found in Search for Lost Torpedo

"SEVERAL years ago I was engaged in laying buoys for torpedo practice in Long Island Sound, when I dropped my Elgin watch in sixty feet of water. Some days later a diver, while searching for a sunken torpedo, picked the watch off the sandy bottom. I drained it, had it cleaned and oiled and am carrying it today—as good as ever."

(Original letter on file at Elgin Headquarters.)

This naval officer's experience with Elgin reliability and sturdiness may give you a suggestion for that graduation gift or wedding present that is coming due this summer. Elgin Watches represent the highest skill in watchmaking. They possess heirloom possibilities and give lifelong service. Ask your local dealer, *your Elgineer.*

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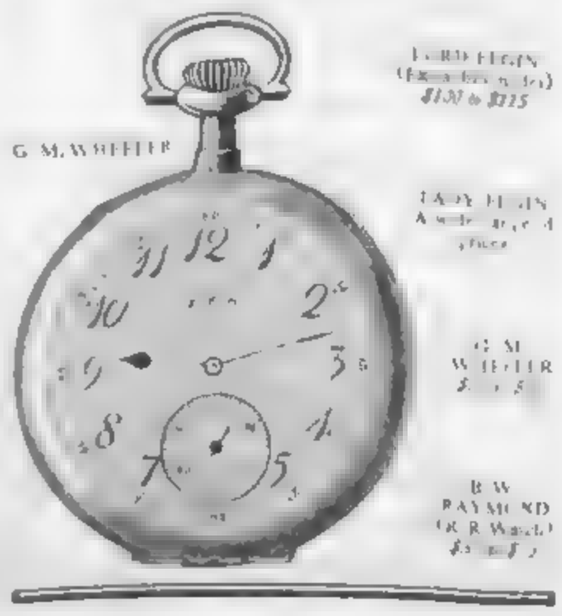
Watches
KEEP TIME

Write for Elgin Wonder Tale Booklet, sent free. Send stamped and addressed envelope for Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO
Elgin, Illinois



The First Alarm

of pipe trouble comes when the damage is already well under way. This happens hundreds of times—but not in houses or buildings piped with

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PIPE

The most disheartening thing about a pipe failure is not the *immediate* inconvenience and expense. It is the *permanent* deterioration of the building remaining after even the most careful repairs.

In tens of thousands of homes and business structures where Byers has been installed during the past half century, pipe troubles have been practically unknown.

Byers rust-resisting, stress-defying quality is equalled only by the old irons proved by centuries of self-preservation.

For Byers pipe is made from iron, puddled as it has been for fifty years by the same honest hand controlled methods that were in use prior to the invention of modern cheapening processes.

Have your architect tell you the permanence of Byers; have your plumber explain the superior workmanship assured by its perfect cutting and threading qualities, guaranteeing always tight, safe joints.

Know your pipe before it goes in Write for the Byers Book and *know*.

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breaking there on the evening feed. From their position on the steep bank, thirty feet above the pool, the watchers could see every fish distinctly, though I could not.

"A little farther down—no, to the right—no, this way—there he is!" Somebody on the bank was going to be a trout enthusiast if this kept up.

And it did keep up until our little party thought the basket had enough for breakfast. I do not recall any pleasanter trout party in all my life.

All of us true sportsmen pose a bit. We like to talk about the beauties of Nature and pretend that we do not care for the fish or birds at all. That is part of the doctrine of being a true sportsman, perhaps. Yet I find my own mental impressions so confused, whether by the trout or the sunset, whether by the green of the willows round us, or the blue of the sky above and the white of the glaciers between, that I am on the point of saying I cared not at all for those fish, and only for the sunset and the wind—and maybe the contented look of one or two who occasionally peered into the basket as we rode, to certify themselves that the breakfast was still there.

And there was another time, not so long ago, in another of our great wilderness refuges. Near by the beaten trails other anglers had whipped the life out of the stream. One man offered, however, who knew a thing or two. We went out in the afternoon, five or six miles, and caught thirty trout, some round a pound. I was delighted; but, as for him, he was scornful.

"You don't call those fish?" said he. "You wait. To-morrow I'll show you some real trout."

The next day we mounted our trusty buckboard and rode to the end of the trail. Then we drove five miles farther, up a cañon and across country where a team and buckboard could not possibly go—but where they did go, none the less. We came out on a strange mountain meadow. For three miles our mountain river flattened and lay calm. Off to the east rose the notched Absorakas.

Was Not the Regent Right?

'There's lots of 'em in here," said my companion. "I come here about once a year. I don't believe anybody's been here this summer. There's hardly any little ones in here at all. You won't catch one as little as a pound in weight."

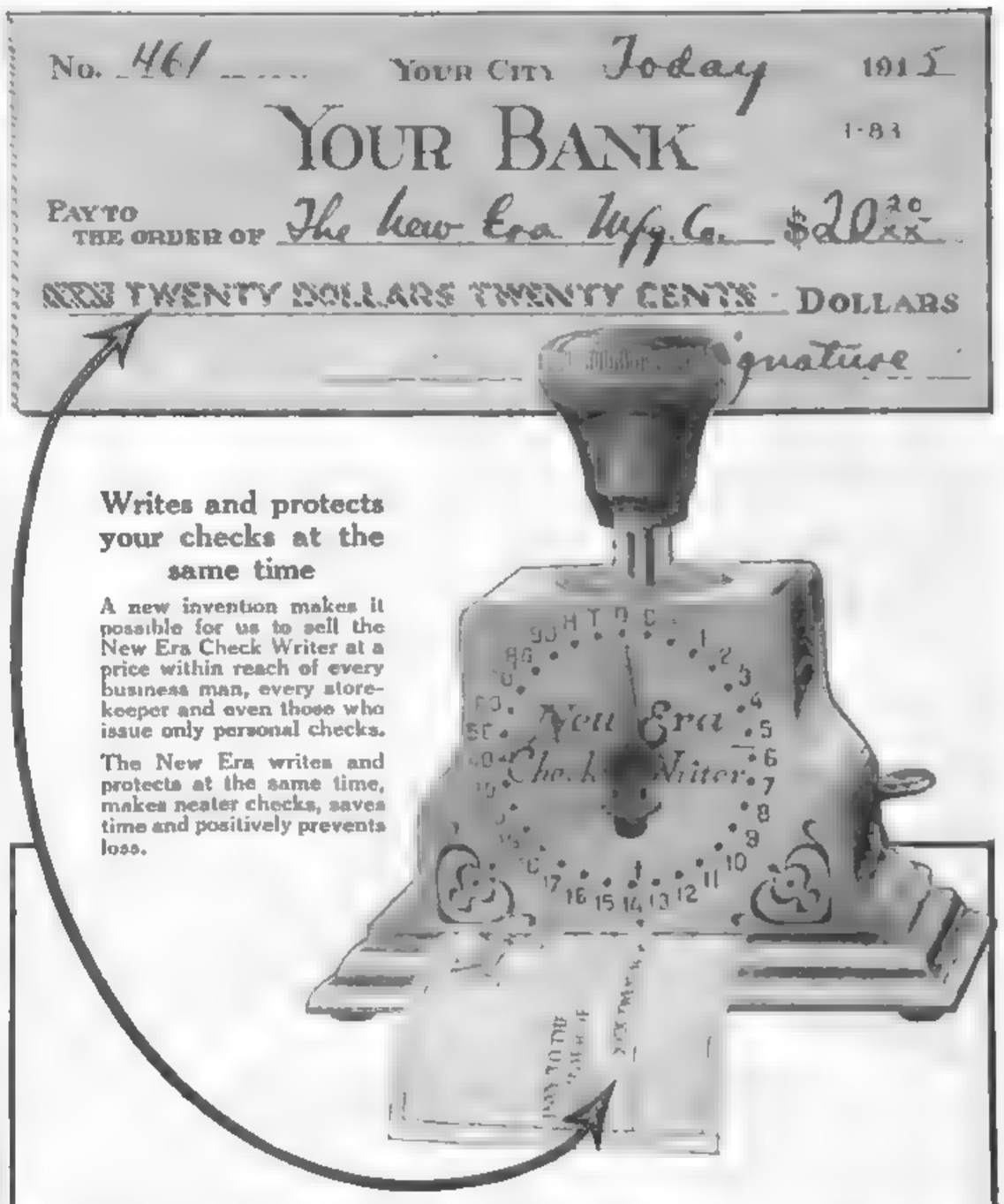
It sounded like the imagination piscatorial at its best, but it was literally true. In all my life I have never seen such a stream as that for big trout; nor have I ever seen conditions more comfortable.

Two or three times I raised one big one which I thought was an earlier acquaintance. At last, from my position above, I could see him come up slowly and deliberately—a heavy, thick-shouldered fish; four and a quarter pounds he was. When I struck him I soon found the five-ounce rod did not control him, and he walked round pretty much as he pleased.

After a long struggle we got this heavy, dull fish into the net and incidentally added him to the two other fish that may or may not have been the ones I had raised on the same bank previously—at least, we declared they were. And when we went to camp for lunch, and cleaned up our trout, we found what had made our big trout so thoughtful. He had that morning eaten a bullfrog a little longer than my hand! I have sometimes heard it said that trout do not care for frogs.

When we lifted our box into the buckboard that evening it was heavy with trout, very heavy. Perhaps—for one ought to be honest in such matters—the heaviness of the box may have left my reason not wholly calm and dispassionate; but, though I cannot swear whether we had twenty-four or twenty-six trout, I can swear that never was mountain wind sweeter, never was mountain valley more beautiful, never was sky more blue or mountains more wholly delectable than those.

They are our jewels these things set apart. Sometimes—unless I happen to be broke at the time—I am ready to say that saving the last cent you can is not all there is to life. Sometimes—especially when far back and high up in the wilderness—I am ready to say the old Regent was not so far wrong. There are a few things a great and rich people can afford just to lock up and lay away. You do not look at a jewel box every day only once in a while, but it is comfortable to know that you have got jewels on the ice.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TWENTY DOLLARS TWENTY CENTS Dollars
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Writes and protects your checks at the same time
A new invention makes it possible for us to sell the New Era Check Writer at a price within reach of every business man, every storekeeper and even those who issue only personal checks.
The New Era writes and protects at the same time, makes neater checks, saves time and positively prevents loss.
New Era Check Writer

$23,000,000 stolen in one year on raised checks—a great part by trusted employees!

A drop of acid and the stroke of a pen may wipe you out of business any day

Any day you may be wiped out of business by a raised check. The newspapers are full of such accounts—yet the newspapers hear of only 2% of the cases—the 2% where the crooks are caught.

You can never know when *your* turn may come. Crooks and even trusted employees, tempted by desire and the ease with which checks can be raised, are robbing business men everywhere.

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The Supreme Court has decided that you must use all possible care in protecting your checks. All writing can easily be removed from any ordinary check, and any amount can be written in over your signature. $23,000,000 was stolen by check raisers in this way in one year alone. Can you afford to risk loss when positive protection now costs so little?

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Saves you $15. to $45.

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To men who have hesitated at the high prices of check writers

A new invention now places the wonderful New Era Check Writer within your reach. Our price, $20, saves you $15 to $45 as compared with machines selling from $35 to $65. And we frankly believe the New Era is the most efficient machine for protection of its kind ever offered at any price. Do not buy a check protector without first getting our proposition. Do not buy any check writer without seeing the New Era. Mail coupon, or a postal will do.

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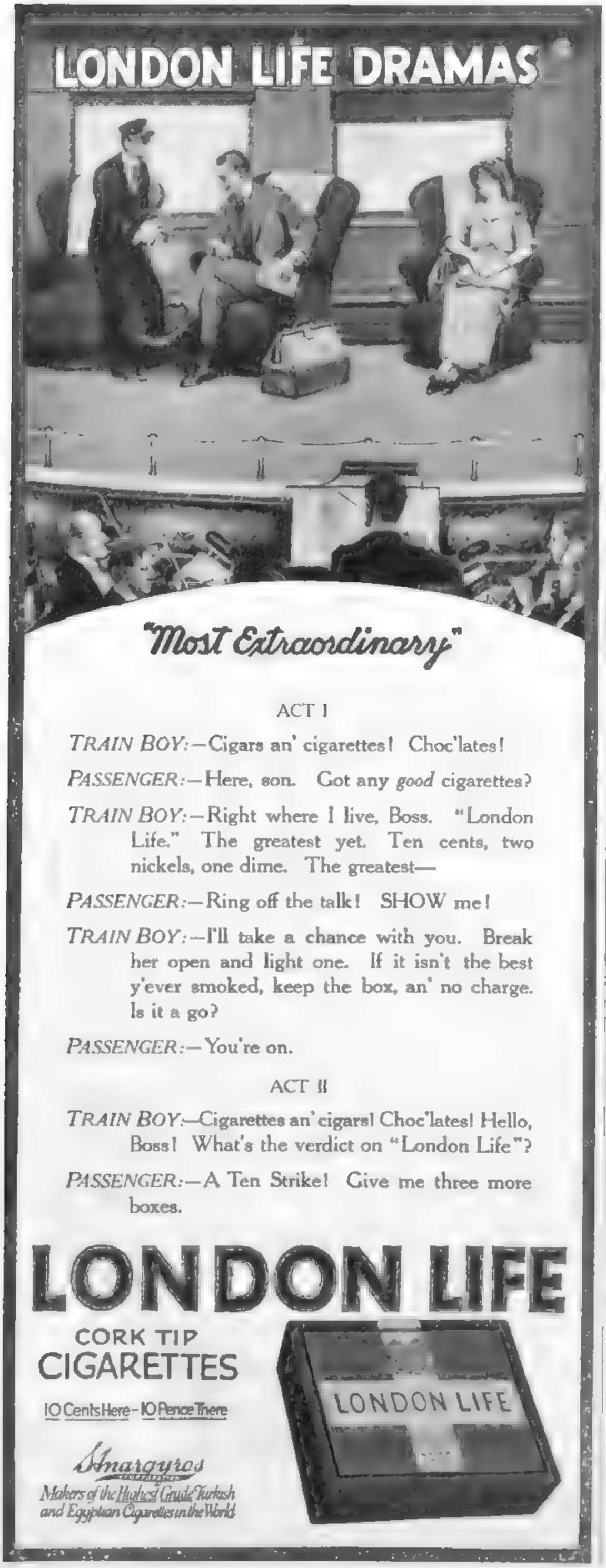
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"Most Extraordinary"
ACT I
TRAIN BOY:—Cigars an' cigarettes! Choc'lates!
PASSENGER:—Here, son. Got any good cigarettes?
TRAIN BOY:—Right where I live, Boss. "London Life." The greatest yet. Ten cents, two nickels, one dime. The greatest—
PASSENGER:—Ring off the talk! SHOW me!
TRAIN BOY:—I'll take a chance with you. Break her open and light one. If it isn't the best y'ever smoked, keep the box, an' no charge. Is it a go?
PASSENGER:—You're on.
ACT II
TRAIN BOY:—Cigarettes an' cigars! Choc'lates! Hello, Boss! What's the verdict on "London Life"?
PASSENGER:—A Ten Strike! Give me three more boxes.
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CORK TIP
CIGARETTES
10 Cents Here—10 Pence There
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Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World
LONDON LIFE

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

LAND is the simplest, most natural form of investment, as well as one of the oldest, and as a rough rule, the farther west you go, the more people invest in land. When you come to the Pacific Coast it still overshadows all other sorts of investment; though, of late years, trade in bonds and stocks seems to have increased there.

Development of orange and lemon lands in Southern California absorbed a great deal of money that on the Atlantic seaboard would probably have gone mostly into bonds, stocks and mortgages. Forehanded persons put their savings into English-walnut groves and olive trees. Then there was a lot of investing in lima-bean farms and vineyards. Farther north, round Fresno, raisin-grape land was a prime investment; and money was put into prune orchards at Santa Clara. Still farther on, round Sacramento, investors went in for deciduous fruits.

Within a few years there has been a tremendous investment in apple and pear orchards in Oregon. In several of the valleys there you may now see thousands of acres of young trees just coming into bearing, or only one or two years old. Meantime the citrus-fruit industry has pushed on beyond Sacramento.

To many men of modest means this sort of investment is exceedingly attractive, because it means a home and a permanent job. A man can apply his own labor directly on the investment and pay himself wages, besides a return on the capital—at least, if the crop and the market turn out as well as the prospectuses say they ought to. In truck gardening round Los Angeles a diligent family that understands the business can make a very comfortable living on a couple of acres, I am told.

Coast cities have increased rapidly in population of late. For example, from 1900 to 1910 Seattle gained a hundred and ninety-four per cent in population; and Los Angeles two hundred and eleven per cent—leading all cities above a hundred thousand inhabitants in ratio of gain. From a mere village of a few thousand population thirty years ago Los Angeles has grown to about half a million. Some of its suburbs, like Long Beach and Venice, have doubled and trebled in population within a few years. All of which, of course, involved a very brisk investment and speculation in town lots and plots which might be available later on.

A Wide-Open Game

As far back as eight years ago the twenty-mile valley between the city and the seashore was pretty thickly dotted with Heights and Views and Places, duly laid off in lots and needing nothing but inhabitants to be fine suburban communities. Much farther back than that, indeed, the wise Eastern visitor annually shook his head over the lot boom and predicted early disaster for it; but people came to buy and build and settle down in the sunshine, and the boom kept on. The panic of 1907, for example, scarcely dented it. Naturally pretty nearly every resident who could scrape up five hundred dollars, or even less, had a stake someway or other in the land, until the man who had not an equity of some kind in a lot or a theoretically subdivisible acreage was not in good form.

It was always a wide-open sort of game, into which everybody was invited. To an extent this applied even to down-town or central business property, investment in which is commonly restricted to persons of large means, because each transaction involves a large sum. In Los Angeles a dozen or so years ago several pieces of central business property were bought and improved on a plan somewhat different from any I have run across elsewhere.

The property was deeded to trustees and investors were invited to take units of one thousand dollars, or any multiple thereof. They got six per cent on the money as a first charge, and then a proportionate share of whatever profit might accrue from enhancement in value of the land or from rental of the buildings. Thus a small investor, instead of buying a single outlying lot, might put his thousand dollars into central business property. I believe the several ventures that adopted this plan were successful; but for some reason the plan has fallen into disuse.

Then a number of companies were formed to buy and develop urban or suburban land—selling stock to investors in denominations as low as one-dollar shares. The oldest and largest company was founded years ago by a musician who had discovered that he could make money by buying a town lot in the growing city, holding it a while and selling it. For years the company was very successful. Its general plan was to buy a tract just off the city's skirts, subdivide it, put in permanent improvements—such as paving, sewerage and electric lights—and sell the lots. With the swift growth of the city, each successive subdivision was quickly absorbed.

In time the company was paying dividends of thirty per cent a year or more. Its one-dollar shares sold round four dollars and a half, and its list of stockholders lengthened year by year, especially as it sold stock on partial payments. It put up a down-town office building and its activities increased on all sides. The balance sheet of December thirty-first last showed eighteen million dollars of assets, and there were then some eighteen thousand stockholders—largely, of course, small investors.

The business outran the ability of the management, however. Three years ago, stimulated by continuous success and by the copious stream of investors' money that flowed into the company's coffers, the management bought more than three thousand acres of unimproved land at two thousand dollars an acre. The purchase price came to six and a quarter million dollars. There were various estimates as to how many millions more would be required to put the property in condition for subdivision. The company paid about two and a quarter million dollars on the land, giving a mortgage for approximately four millions.

Model Villages Built to Order

When the mortgage came due, a year ago, the real-estate business was not so lively as it had been. Partly because of criticism of this purchase, the management was getting into much trouble. Twelve real-estate experts appraised the land at a little over three million dollars, or considerable less than the company still owed on it. There ensued a ventilation of the company's affairs. People began to remark then that the president, after all, was a musician rather than a business man.

Probably the land will be handed back to the estate from which it was bought, the two and a half million dollars or so—including interest—already paid on it will be charged to profit and loss, and the new management will realize a very substantial equity for the stockholders.

The loose business and accounting methods are, of course, of only local interest. More generally significant is the unfortunate purchase of the land, which shows how easy it is to overplay real estate, even in the best cities, and that there is as fine an opportunity to lose money as to make it in that field. Still, subdivision goes on.

Recently I was looking over a brand-new subdivision not a great many miles from this same tract. The business streets were finely paved with asphalt. There were broad, solid cement sidewalks and attractive masts for the electric lights on every street. Sewer pipes and water mains, of course, were all laid. Already there were half a dozen well-constructed and well-appearing business buildings and perhaps twenty or thirty neat bungalows. It looked like a town right out of a bandbox—trim and neat, and finished in all details. The gentleman who did it told me the site had been a barley field eighteen months before.

That is one great thing about the Coast boomer—he believes in his proposition sufficiently to spend a lot of money on it before he asks you to come in. This winter I dropped off at a four-year-old village in Oregon, with perhaps five or six hundred inhabitants, and found asphalt pavements and cement walks such as I should not expect to find in any town east of the Mississippi with less than four or five thousand inhabitants and fifty years' history.

At a new California town conversation chanced to turn on an old acquaintance.

One Idea

There's just one thought we want to give you in this advertisement.

Picture a big, clean factory with bright, happy workers, scientific methods, the most advanced mechanical equipment.

All fit together into one great idea—the production of the best possible medium-priced clothes for men. That has been the Clothcraft Idea since 1846.

Of course they never reach the "best possible"—no one can—but drop in at the store and see how nearly they have reached it in this season's models at $10 to $20. Ask us about No. 5130, the famous Clothcraft Blue Serge Special at $15.

CLOTHCRAFT
All Wool Clothes
$10 to $20 Ready to Wear

The Clothcraft Store
(IN YOUR TOWN)

Write for The Joseph & Feiss Co. 820 St. Clair Ave. Cleveland ... Style Portfolio showing 24 new styles of Clothcraft Clothes for Men and Young Men and a complete line of information as to the nearest Clothcraft Store

"Too bad about him," said one of the town proprietors—"gone stony broke! He came out here with quite a bunch of money; but instead of getting in right he went off to"—mentioning the locality. "If he'd gone to any one of twenty other places he would have made a pile; but as it was he lost every dollar he had."

There are, of course, a great number of people who did get in right and made handsome profits; but the only thing to be said about town-lot speculations is that one must take his chances. Something more may be said about buying agricultural land of any sort—particularly fruit or vegetable land. Generally speaking, with both fruit and vegetables, the great point is not so much to raise the stuff as to market it to advantage. Marketing facilities are fully as important as the productivity of the land. A fine crop by no means implies a fine profit.

The other day I saw a statement of the results from a good crop in one of the best apple-growing districts of the country, which showed that the proprietor, by working hard himself and requisitioning most of the labor power of his family, had managed to keep from going into debt on the year's campaign.

People with agricultural lands to sell are quite apt to figure what the buyer may expect by taking the results on the best farm in the best year. Naturally not all farms nor all years are the best.

Radium Facts

RADIUM water is coming to be a common remedy for all sorts of disorders, though it is the operation of radium metal on cancer that is most widely known. Since the days soon after the discovery of radium, it has been appreciated that radioactivity probably explained why many noted spring waters have more beneficial effects than any chemical analysis ever justified. It is only lately that a noticeable movement has developed to manufacture radioactive water many times stronger than the action of the cure waters, and give it to patients in fixed doses.

American research work has indicated that when radium water is taken as a medicine it works its way through the entire body, and proceeds to accomplish effects quite different from those of the application of a little tube of radium imbedded in a cancerous growth. The particular value of the radium scattered through the body is yet subject to a great amount of study; but it now seems to rouse all the cells of the body to greater activity—a sort of tonic for them all. In no one disease is this internal use of radium entitled to the word cure, but in a score of diseases—such as rheumatism, gout, anæmia and neuralgia—the increased cell activity is often helpful.

A report just issued by the Radium Institute, of London, on similar experimental work, shows that radium water has given surprisingly good results in many cases of the terrible disease of arthritis deformans. Some cases did not show improvement, but most of the fresh cases improved remarkably.

The radium is not simply mixed in water, for a much less expensive and easier method is at hand. Radium metal and salts are thought to be in process of changing from one element to another. Ordinary metallic radium in the course of this changing makes what is called radium emanation—a radium gas. This emanation is easily absorbed by water. Consequently it is simply necessary to filter water through a mass of pitchblende ore—from which radium is extracted in Austria—or a quantity of the radium-bearing ore found in Colorado.

The water picks up the emanation and the ore can be used again and again—so slowly does radium wear out. This radium emanation disappears in a few days, escaping in all directions; but these operations all add to the value of the radium water, provided it is used soon after it has been prepared.

The latest research has indicated that much stronger doses of this radium-absorbing water are advisable than had at first been expected. It is possible to determine exactly the radioactive strength of a dose of the water. Heavy doses of strongly impregnated water have not yet been found to be harmful, though the limit of a prudent dose has been fixed.

Experiments of stimulating plant growth with radium have fixed a maximum dose beyond which the effect is to decrease growth rather than increase it.

IPSWICH

You Never Dreamed of Getting Good Socks at Two for a Quarter

Yet, these socks are good looking enough for anybody, no matter how rich. They are probably *more durable* and *more comfortable* than any socks you own, because they are SOFT-KNIT. Loosely twisted yarn cushions the feet—lessens corns and calluses—resists rubbing and cutting.

The fashion of SOFT-KNIT Socks is sure to become popular—they are so sensible, so comfortable, so very economical.

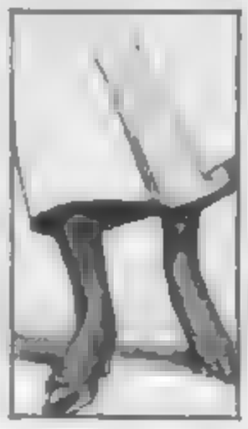
The dye in these stockings is absolutely the best—sanitary, non-crocking. Reinforced with tough yarns where the wear comes.

If Ipswich 15c socks fail to give good service, return them to us with dealer's name and we will replace them or refund your money, as you prefer.

№ 1650
IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS
Guaranteed

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c for two pairs, or $1.50 for a dozen; state size, color desired and name and address of your dealer. Prompt delivery, postpaid in the United States.

Also IPSWICH STOCKINGS



For Women

The most complete and best values in women's seamless 25c hosiery on the market because:

All have wide, loose tops.

All have strong, clear fabrics.

All have tough heels and toes.

All are sanitary dyed.

Over a dozen different kinds and weights in lisle, mercerized yarns and fibre-silks in black, tan, white and leading colors, at 25c.

36,000,000 pairs made annually for men, women and children, 15c to 50c.

Over 15,000,000 pairs of ladies' stockings gave entire satisfaction last year.

For Children

Tough, best yarns and strengthening dyes. *Sanitary* dye and finish (eliminating fear of poison). *Soft Knit* to ease the tender feet. Our 15c and 25c ribbed stockings are the best in the market. Made in twelve different sizes—5 in. to 10½ in.

We recommend Ipswich to mothers of youngsters who are hard on hosiery. Make sure to get the proper size for your Little Men and Women. Made in black, tan and white.

Over 8,000,000 pairs of these children's stockings gave satisfaction last year.

One week's spinning of Ipswich Yarn would encircle the earth more than 20 times.

Ask your dealer or write us

Ipswich Mills
(Founded 1822)
20 River St., Ipswich, Mass.
Oldest and one of the Largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

A Big Six at a Sm

IT is no longer necessary to invest a large sum of money in order to get a good six cylinder car.

That day passed when we surprised the public with this big, comfortable, substantial Six for only $1475!

The Overland Six is *larger* than most popular-priced Sixes.

In addition, it has *more* definite advantages.

To start with, the powerful six cylinder 45 horse-power motor is of the very latest en-bloc design.

It has high-tension magneto ignition.

This, for a popular-priced Six, is very unusual.

The wheel-base is unusually long—125 inches.

It cur
It has
The
The

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept.
Made in U. S. A.

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY,
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton

Price

...e seven adults.

...35" x 4½" all around.

...non-skid.

...of the very best hair and the costly, bright French finish, black, hand-buffed leather.

...OHIO

The highest-priced cars have no finer upholstery.

Such deep and soft upholstery, with the Overland underslung rear springs and large tires, insures complete comfort.

There has never been a Six, below $2000, that has more advantages than this one.

Our dealer has a new one for *you*. See it today.

Deliveries can be made immediately.

Brief Specifications

Seven-passenger touring car
135-inch wheel-base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping
One-man top
Pockets in all doors
Rain vision, ventilating type windshield, built to
Full floating rear axle
35 x 4½ inch tires, smooth tread in front, non-skid in rear
45 horsepower motor
High tension magneto
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High-grade magnetic speedometer

OTHER MODELS

United States—$795 to $1600. All prices f. o. b. Toledo
In Canada—$1065 to $2150. All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

A MIGHTY good doctor says to me once: "When it comes to curin' folks Nature is the real M. D. I'm only her assistant." That's the way I feel about curin' tobacco for VELVET.

Velvet Joe

IT'S hard to show Nature anything about curing tobacco. So we have adopted Nature's own way to make VELVET the *smoothest* smoking tobacco—slow, patient ageing.

Men may "process," but they can't put into tobacco any finer pipe qualities than those Kentucky's limestone soil so richly gives to the *Burley de Luxe.*

But these qualities *can be* improved. They are brought out in their fullness in the aged-in-the-wood mellowness of cool, slow-burning VELVET.

For two years the finest Burley leaf remains in sealed wooden casks, and then only is it ready to be made into VELVET.

Get *your* tin *now*—join the growing ranks of the army who have found VELVET tobacco a delight without a single drawback.

Send a 2c stamp for "Pipe Philosophy"—a book of Velvet Joe's philosophy and

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One-Pound Glass Humidors

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VOTE FOR SHIMADA!

(Continued from Page 19)

corps of spellbinders. The candidates themselves make the welkin ring—or whatever in Japan corresponds to our well-known welkin—and the interest is as general as though all the coolies had a vote instead of no other relation to the government than ratepaying and the requirement to think the Emperor a god.

Japan took over many Western ideas faster than she could assimilate them; but Japan seems to have had no difficulty in getting into a full Western campaign swing. All the modern improvements were discernible in that campaign of which I saw a part, and some Japanese innovations. The prize was great. It is quite certain that there will be many coronation honors, and no people in the world are keener than the Japanese for decorations and titles—unless that people be our own.

One essential for political success in the cities of Japan is the support of the firemen. The firemen, in cities like Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka and Kobe, are great political powers, which is not to be wondered at when you consider that Tokio, for example, burns down about once in every ten years, owing to the flimsiness of the thousands of wooden houses, the way they are strung together, and the lack of adequate water supply.

A fire that burns a hundred or two hundred houses is no uncommon thing. The firemen are potential political factors in their wards, and the astute politician, seeking to go to the House of Representatives, consults the firemen and gets their support. Otherwise his chances are not so good as they might be.

The Japanese are strongly impressed with the value of house-to-house canvassing; and in the campaign I saw early in March there was considerable excitement because some candidates had put women into active political service. The newspapers commented on this innovation, which, however, shows the tendency of Japanese times; for during my visit a Japanese woman actually was allowed to sue a man for breach of promise and was awarded damages. This was the first time in the history of Japan that a woman had been granted any such privilege, or held to have any legal nuptial or prenuptial standing whatsoever; and the editors, writing solemnly about it, said it foreshadowed a feminist movement in Japan, which they viewed with alarm or tolerance, as the case happened to be. However, certain of the candidates did send out women to canvass for them—and that was not the only way they used women, either.

Shampoo Artists in Politics

A Japanese institution is the female hairdresser. There are hundreds of these women, who go from house to house arranging the hair of the Japanese women into those elaborate pergola and porte-cochère effects they esteem so highly.

The coiffure is so important that the Japanese women hold their hairdressers in great regard and seek to hold the friendship of skilled ones; for without a good hairdresser a Japanese woman is at a social disadvantage. Her elaborately arranged hair is the most noteworthy and consequential part of her scheme of personal adornment. Necessarily the hairdressers, coming into such intimate relations with the women of the households of electors, if properly retained, can exert an influence for their clients on the electors through the medium of their women.

The hairdressers are not the only workers, for the candidates employ shampooers and masseuses, and in some cases the midwives. There are about two thousand shampooers and masseuses in Tokio alone, and some five hundred midwives; and they have their spheres of influence, which can be controlled if proper arrangements are made.

Another useful political factor is the family doctor. He is in most cases on terms of intimacy with the families of his patients and he is not at all averse, in many instances, to adding to his income by some electioneering work, provided the emoluments offered by the candidate who approaches him meet with his professional and ethical ideas. School-teachers are employed also. They are supposed to retain a certain influence over former pupils who have grown up and become voters; and they are often very effective as canvassers. The numerous priests are often used.

In short, the alert Japanese candidate does not overlook a bet. He will even buy a few votes if he has the chance; and he ordinarily has the chance. It is quite possible, if one knows how to go about it, to buy votes in comfortable little blocks—delivery being guaranteed by the purveyors.

Meetings were held in all the large cities and in the country districts. Count Okuma, prevented from making a tour of the country by public business, made six speeches into a phonograph, and the ensuing records were sent to all parts of the empire. Opposition candidates followed this lead.

There was a vast outpouring of literature; and though there were few cart-tail orations many public meetings were held, and there was much more commotion than the small percentage of those directly concerned as voters would ordinarily indicate. Of course there was not the overpowering interest we take in the last weeks of a general election; but the newspapers presented a great deal of political argument and—for them—the voters were quite excited.

No party seemed to have any set platform. The ins wanted to stay in, and the outs wanted to get back. The Doshikai told of the iniquities of the Seiyukai, elaborated certain governmental scandals, and appealed for support for themselves in the way of sending back enough Doshikai candidates to give that party an opportunity to carry out its program. The Seiyukai derided the claims of the Doshikai and promised great things and even more vigilant opposition if they were kept in the majority.

Some Fancy Political Promisers

After these preliminaries these parties, and the other and smaller parties, promised whatever it seemed to the spokesmen that the people of the localities in which they were speaking desired. If they went into a province where there was no railroad they promised immediate railroad construction to that province. It is estimated that the candidates pledged the government to thirty or forty thousand miles of new railroads during that campaign. They made other similar promises, and each assumed all the political virtue there is existing in Japan.

This article was written before the date of the election, March twenty-fifth; and at the time it was written, on March ninth, it was the consensus of the expert political opinion of Japan that neither the Doshikai nor the Seiyukai would return a clear majority. It was expected that the Doshikai would gain some seats, and the Seiyukai lose some.

The Kokuminto will have some votes and will be in Opposition, also. This leaves the Doshikai, the Chuseikai and the Okuma parties, and the independents, to fill up the gap. The Chuseikai will act with the Doshikai, or for the present government. Wherefore there will be a little body of independents, in all probability, who will hold the balance of power; and wherefore, again, the government expects to have some advantage because of its dictation of the dispositions of the coronation honors.

Politics has not been very long an occupation or concern of the Japanese—that is, politics in the way of getting votes and handling the elected—but there are some very practical ideas among the leaders, one of which is the way the coronation honors may be used to get government support.

It is a moot question among the influential Japanese whether, if the present Ministry does not get a majority in the Lower House, it should resign when it has presented its policies again and has again been defeated by the combination of the Seiyukai and the Kokuminto, and such of the independents as may align themselves with the Opposition; or whether it should remain in power and again dissolve the House, and again force a general election.

The Ministry can do this. Defeat of its policies in the House carries no obligation to resign and go to the people—as in England, for example. If the Ministry sees fit it can dissolve the House; or it need do nothing but take its defeat. Of course, as this is written, all this is merely speculative; but the result of the election is pretty clearly foreshadowed. It is the general opinion that neither Ministerial nor Opposition supporters will be in a majority in the House, that the independents will hold the balance of power, and that the government

Dedicated to the Service of Mankind

IT helps mine the coal and the metals. It brings renewed fertility to the soil. It prepares the way for aqueducts. It digs the foundations of buildings. It affords healthful recreation.

It is a mighty, though kindly, power which finds its greatest service in hearty sport and productive industry.

It is called—

HERCULES POWDER

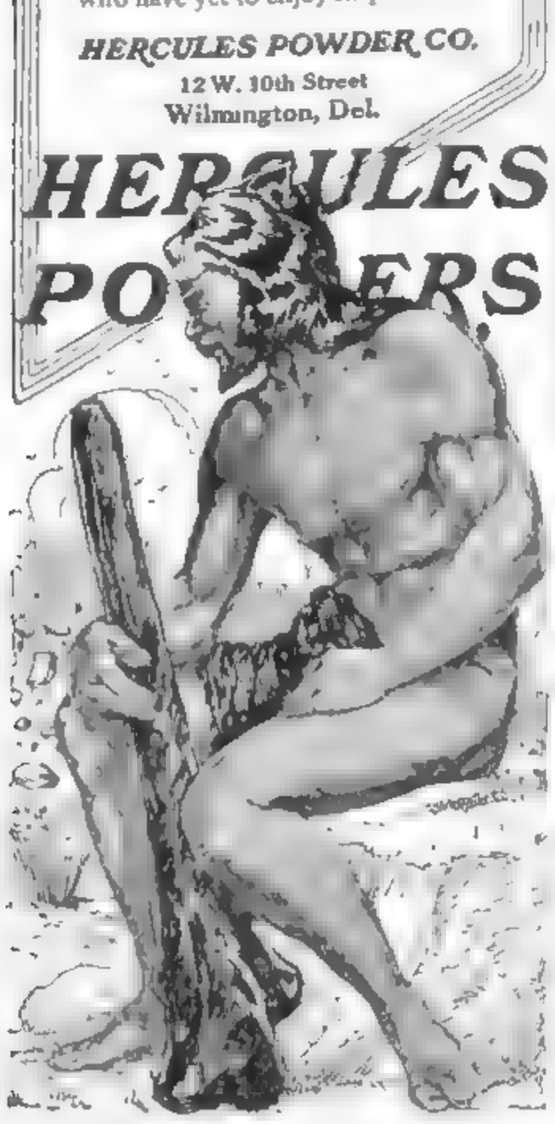
In one form or another, from one end of the country to the other, it daily renders mankind lasting service.

With the aid of Hercules Dynamite the mines of the West—from California to Alaska—give forth their precious ore. The great output of coal mines is made possible by Hercules Blasting and Permissible Powders. The farmer of Maine and the fruit-grower of Louisiana both thank Hercules Dynamite for better and more abundant crops. There are thousands of wholesome, ruddy-cheeked men and women, members of gun clubs—who value shells loaded with Hercules Sporting Powders for the recreation they have given them.

What may Hercules Powder do for *you?*

Write for two books! "Progressive Cultivation," written in a plain, understandable style, explains how Hercules Dynamite will help you get bigger crops. "Trapshooting" is a profusely illustrated little book that will interest those who already know this delightful sport as well as those who have yet to enjoy its pleasures.

HERCULES POWDER CO.
12 W. 10th Street
Wilmington, Del.



has most powerful means at its command for securing independent support.

The curious part of the campaign is the absence of any set political programs or platforms. Of course it is well-enough known, in a general way, what the Seiyukai and the Doshikai stand for, and what the government program is; but the candidates go on the principle that it is the best thing for them to promise the people of whatever locality they visit the exact things which interest the people of that locality and appeal to them most. More than in any other political campaign I have ever seen, these Japanese candidates are all things to all men.

The negotiations with China, which were progressing throughout the campaign, were of value to the government; and it was urged that if the people did not support the government the demands might fail. On the other hand, it was rather clearly established that a good portion of the delay in China by the Chinese negotiators was due to the hope that there might be an overwhelming defeat of the Japanese government which made the proposals, and perhaps a new Ministry. The Japanese publicists took cognizance of this situation, but said the demands would stand, no matter how the election went.

Besides, the present Ministry need not get out unless it wants to or the Emperor forces it out; and he is not likely to do that. Except as he is advised by that gallant old reactionary, Prince Yamagata, the first of the four Elder Statesmen, the Emperor is a very tractable person. Sometimes Prince Yamagata gives the politicians pause, because he is in closest possession of the imperial ear. It is claimed by the opponents of the present Okuma Ministry that this Ministry was appointed through the influence of the Genro, or Elder Statesmen.

The Seiyukai, or Opposition, is in sympathy with the Satsuma Clan, a very powerful factor in Japanese life in every way, and with the navy, which is largely a Satsuma institution. The Genro, or Elder Statesmen, are held to be the main support of the present Ministry. Wherefore it is but natural that the Seiyukai contend that the continued power of the Genro argues against the principle of constitutional government; and the Seiyukai proclaim themselves the Friends of the Constitution.

The Elder Statesmen

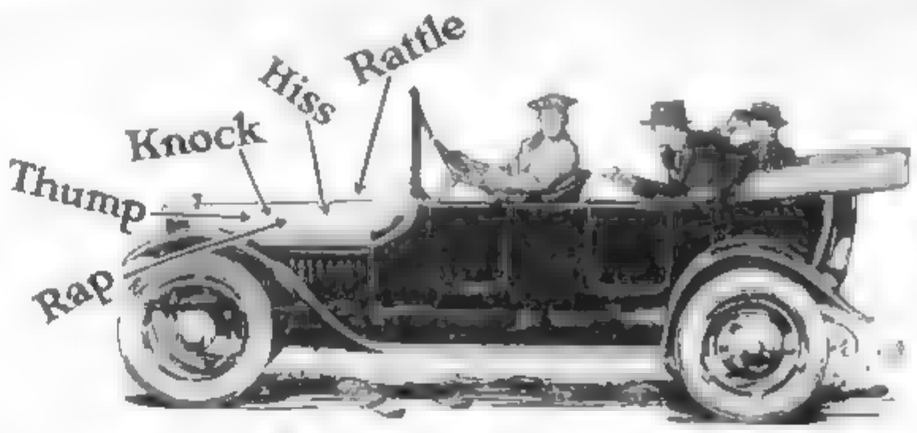
The influence of Yamagata, who, since the death of Ito, is the most powerful of any Japanese, and of the other Elder Statesmen, is due to the hanging-on of the old system of clan predominance, and explains the opposition of the Seiyukai to the present Ministry, dictated by Yamagata and his three colleagues of the Genro; for Yamagata is a Choshu man, while the Satsuma Clan is allied with the Seiyukai.

Four of the Genro remain, and they are thus characterized by the Japanese: "Yamagata has the power of silence, and Oyama is silent without power; Inouye has the authority of speech, and Matsukata speaks without authority."

Those who know of the inner workings of a Genro conference say they usually are conducted along that basis. Prince Yamagata listens to everything that is said and says very little. He is most uncommunicative for a Japanese. After the conference is over he may discuss with his intimates what was talked about, and his criticisms are usually sharp and severe. So far as Prince Oyama is concerned, the affairs of state do not trouble him. He is not interested and is glad when a matter is settled, one way or another, and he is assured that he will not be bothered any more about it. It is all a bore to Prince Oyama and any way out suits him, so long as he has his pence.

Marquis Inouye is an energetic and forceful old man. Likewise he is most voluble. If the Marquis arrives at a Genro conference with anything on his mind he does not rest until he has elaborated his ideas with copious speech. Then, having elucidated his ideas, he does not rest until those ideas are put in force, if that is possible. But, talkative and argumentative as he is, Marquis Inouye is not a marker to Marquis Matsukata, who talks and protests and insists and condemns and proposes more than all the others together. Still, Marquis Matsukata takes his part of it out in talking, for he does little to put his ideas in force.

A conference of the Elder Statesmen, as described by a Japanese, runs about like



Why worn motors never "come back"

YOUR smallest expense—lubrication—is your only protection against your heaviest expense—depreciation.

When motor wear comes, it comes to stay. The noises and rattle of worn-down motor parts grow worse—not better.

Metal worn off by friction is gone forever. That is why worn motors don't "come back."

A year's supply of the most efficient lubricating oil you can buy will cost you very little more than the cheapest oil on the market—maybe five dollars a year.

As a matter of fact, poor oils "use up" or "wear out" much more quickly than efficient oils—and so cost more than they appear to. And the very fact that they quickly "wear out" should be a warning signal.

Poor "wearing" oil means a quick-wearing motor.

Is it worth your while then to buy a cheap oil and risk serious and permanent depreciation in the value of your car?

It is part of our daily work to analyze the lubricating problems in large manufacturing plants, all over the world, and to specify the oils which will most efficiently meet the conditions in each case.

The same thorough engineering analysis has been put into the study of automobile lubrication.

The condensed lubrication Chart on this page is more than interested advice. It represents the best engineering practice based upon extended scientific research.

Among motorists who are intelligently watching expense, this Chart has for years been a standard guide to correct lubrication. If your car is not listed, a complete Chart will be sent at your request.

A plain question you must decide is this: Will you buy correct lubrication—or pay ultimately for the costly penalties of incorrect lubrication?

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

Detroit	New York	Philadelphia	Minneapolis
Boston	Chicago	Indianapolis	Pittsburgh

Correct Lubrication

Explanation In the chart below the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. Use "Arctic" A Mobiloil Arctic. A Mobiloil A. B Mobiloil B. E Mobiloil E. The recommendations cover all models of pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Avery	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Model C-1 Ton							Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
Carter car	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Chandler							Arc	Arc
Chase (air cooled)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water cooled)							Arc	Arc
Chesterfield							A	Arc
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc
Cole	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Demarest Belle car	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroiter			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl.)							A	Arc
Dodge							Arc	Arc
E M F	Arc	A	Arc	Arc			B	E
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" Com'l	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Garford	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" Com'l	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Grant							Arc	Arc
Haynes	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc
" Model 32	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
I H C (air cooled)					B	A	B	A
" (water cooled)					A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A				
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Jackson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery							A	A
" Com'l			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
King	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
" (8 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
" Com'l							Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" " (Model 48)							A	A
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Leopard Stewart			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	E	E
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Lyons Knight							A	A
Mack	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
" Model 50							A	A
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 22-70 Series							Arc	Arc
Metz	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" Knight							A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	B	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder					A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Simplex	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stevens							B	B
Stoddard Dayton	A	B	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A
" Light 4							A	Arc
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Knight			A	A	A	A		
Stutz Bearcat	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Com'l			Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc
Velie	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight							A	A
" Utility							A	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and transmission gears. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C"

Coolness and Comfort
that make summer bearable

YOU can get warm-weather coolness and comfort, freedom of body and contentment of mind, by wearing a Wilson Bros. Athletic Union Suit—perfected in comfort by the patented closed crotch.

The fabrics feel soft and cool to the body. The garment is light and roomy. Tailored to fit the form, yet allowing free play for body and limbs. Ideal underwear for men who hustle.

The crotch is closed—there are no open edges to bind or cut and no buttons to pinch or chafe. Just a single smooth thickness throughout the crotch—same material as garment. No seams to break, chafe or pull. Always orderly and smooth. A refined under-garment that combines comfort, coolness, dressiness and convenience.

Made in all desirable tub-tested, woven fabrics, sleeveless and half sleeves; knee and three-quarter lengths. For men, $1.00 up; boys, 50c up.

Sold by retailers who are seeking to build a reputation for merchandise of substantial quality. Go to them for your men's furnishings.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bros mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If you cannot find the dealer carrying these lines, write us and we will tell you where you can.

Wilson Bros—Chicago

this: After they are in conference Marquis Matsukata begins to talk, harangues all present, and urges his own ideas on the subject at hand. Prince Yamagata listens and says nothing. What Matsukata says makes no impression on him. The attitude of Marquis Inouye is that of amused tolerance. He smiles at the gesticulating Matsukata; and, if an Elder Statesman can be so undignified as to wink, he winks at Prince Yamagata, as though to say: "Listen to that old man talk, will you?"

Then Marquis Inouye has his energetic say. Matsukata may try to argue with him, but Inouye has no difficulty in beating him down. Prince Yamagata may not agree in all respects with what Inouye says, but he generally assents, with the remark: "Well, that may be so."

The dream of the younger men in Japan is for the removal of the influence of the Genro. Of course they do not want them to die, but they are fully cognizant of the fact that they cannot live forever. They say that when the Genro are done there will be no more of them and that the government of Japan will be democratic and constitutional in just that added measure; for there is no doubt that the Emperor is largely influenced at present, as was his father, by the advice and counsel of the Genro.

Another incident of politics in Japan is the mob. The mob may be voluntary or involuntary, so far as the government is concerned. It may protest against government action or it may protest against opposition to the government. It may be and often is organized by the government to demonstrate, or it may be and often is organized by the opposition to demonstrate. A Japanese mob very infrequently organizes itself, and then not to protest against governmental matters in the large, or national policies, but against an increase in street-car fares and such vital matters.

It is generally well known in Tokio when there is to be a mob demonstration, because most of the mobs are deliberately organized, either for or against. The result is that the one thousand who go to mob are watched by ten thousand who go to watch the mobbing; and the whole parcel is set down in the papers and in the dispatches as the mob. The Japanese mob goes about its mobbing in a decent and orderly fashion. They never mob the palace. That would be irreligious. At an appointed hour they are at an appointed place, usually one of the parks or in front of a government building.

Then they take off their clogs, hang them in the trees, and go to it. I could not get an explanation for the hanging of their clogs in the trees. Likely as not it is due to the kindly spirit of the Japanese, who might be tempted to slip off one of those clogs and use it as a weapon. A right handy weapon one of those wooden clogs would be, too. A friend who lives in Tokio told me that at the beginning of the war a man—a foreigner—sitting in a public restaurant, began a tirade in favor of the Germans. A Japanese sitting near by took off one of his clogs and let it fly, with the result that the pro-German argument stopped forthwith.

The Feminist Movement

The mobs surge in the fashion of all approved mobs, and their leaders howl speeches and imprecations. They throw a few stones, and then they take down their clogs from the trees and go home. But they are strong in the newspapers and in the dispatches. An anti-American mob, fussing about in Hibiya Park, in Tokio, can be a very fearsome thing when transplanted to the newspapers in America, some thousands of miles away; much more fearsome than it is in Tokio, especially as it is well-enough understood by the wise that the mob was made to order—or ordered to be made, as it were—and about as spontaneous as a conference of the Genro.

Another phase of this demonstration for political effect is the demonstration after a victory. For example, when Tsing-tau fell there was a demonstration, a great popular uprising of rejoicing and festivity; but not on the day Tsing-tau fell, as I am informed. The populace rose and rejoiced on the day following, after they had been told to rise and rejoice.

Commenting on new phases of this general election, Mr. K. Takahashi, a most talented and accurately informed publicist, said: "The three phenomena that more or less mark a new political awakening of Japan are the participation of women in the canvassing for votes, the appearance of literary men as candidates, and the active interest taken by educators in the election. They may not be new in Western countries, but they are decidedly so here, in our own peculiar way."

It seems there was a former instance when a woman canvasser for votes appeared; but women never appeared in numbers until the present campaign, as I have already said. In commenting on this Mr. Takahashi says:

"A great many people are asking, in some alarm, whether the new tendency of the women, if it becomes general, would not end in depriving their homes of much of their attraction and wholesome influence or whether it would not destroy the charm and gracefulness of the gentler sex. I do not think so, because a general election does not come every year, and when one does come the election period lasts only a few weeks, and therefore will not interfere with the work of the women at home."

Men of Letters in Politics

"Besides, women who go out canvassing are those who have a certain amount of self-confidence, born of intelligence and principle, and have the time to spare; so there can be little ground for objecting to their taking up the work. As for the fear that they may lose their attractiveness, if that virtue is to wear out so easily they do not deserve to be protected. Moreover, it may be said of women canvassers that the finer moral sensibility of their sex makes them incapable of the corrupt practices with which many men canvassers are charged nowadays. Though comparatively few in number, the canvassing women speak for one phase of new consciousness of their position that is palpitating in the mind of their sex, which is not unwelcome in view of the present status of that sex."

Thus, the feminist movement progresses in Japan. As for literary men, Mr. Takahashi thinks it is of little credit to them that their candidacies should be hailed with ridicule and curiosity; which, he asserts, is the sole result of their endeavors thus far. The average candidate has enough local or general reputation to obtain votes.

Not so with the literary men, to whom Mr. Takahashi pays his respects as follows: "Average literary men are to the public little more than mere bundles of narrow conceits, with a knack of speeding the pen, but with plenty of loose ways of life." He thinks, however, that nothing should prevent a literary man from going to Parliament, provided he has proper qualifications and can be elected.

Education has been kept apart from politics in Japan and educators have been indifferent to political affairs; but in this election the educators are interesting themselves, and that seems to Mr. Takahashi to be another encouraging sign of the times.

Japanese thought runs in many currents at present and is in a good deal of a mess; and so is Japanese politics; but, notwithstanding its casualness and the lack of political solidarity in its parties, there is a strong train of continuity, because of the great respect and profound reverence for the ruling power, the Emperor—the belief in his divine descent and his absolutism.

There have been many administrative changes and some scandals, and the party organizations have generally been evolved and organized round men rather than round principles; but party government in our sense will come, for the Japanese, in spite of his strong strain of idealism in religion and tradition and custom, is, at the bottom, since his introduction to the utilitarianism of the West, a practical person.

And he will see that a political party organized round a man or a set of men can survive only so long as those men survive—and usually not so long as that; while a political party that adopts a set of well-defined principles lives indefinitely, provided its principles are fundamental and not those of expediency.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE GREAT FARMERS' STRIKE

(Continued from Page 5)

farms themselves—as their laboratory, the country children are filled with the delightful consciousness that they are working on the very problems out of which their living is made. Their parents know it too; and soon every such school becomes a continuation school in which every parent in the district is enrolled, whether he knows it or not.

Take the case of Manly Rudolph, for instance: He had made up his mind that just as soon as possible he would leave his father's farm near Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and find a job in town. The old way of farming had nauseated him—especially the job of hauling manure from the cow stables through a deep wallow from the barn to the formless but not by any means odorless heap in the yard.

Now, Dean Russell, of the Wisconsin Agricultural College, has adopted a plan for bringing good, scientific agricultural training to the boys of the farms in a fashion that in itself makes a big story. A two winters' course of twenty weeks is given in the county seat. Manly Rudolph enrolled in this short course at Eau Claire. When he saw the opportunities for the use of his brain in farming he became filled with a fine enthusiasm of the sort that does things—a German sort of enthusiasm for efficiency. His father caught the infection and let him have his way.

The boy has remodeled the barn, rendered it sanitary, is caring for the herd in an improved manner—incidentally perhaps making life better and more certain for the babies who consume the milk—and has replaced the wallow with a manure pit which neither offends the eye nor wastes the rich plant food that Manly now knows belongs to the fields, and not to the well from which the water supply comes, nor to the watercourse into which the drainage runs.

A Beneficent Contagion

Another of these boys, Julius Marten, is introducing successful alfalfa growing into that northern neighborhood, keeping a daily record of his herd of Guernseys and making a reputation for fine pedigreed Golden Glow seed corn. Orrin Kurth and Roy Russell are rivals of Julius Marten in alfalfa growing, and young Mr. Burnell has built a water system from which pipes run to all parts of the house and barn.

"Examples like these," says Dean Russell, "might be cited and multiplied from every county where the work is going on." They might be multiplied by thousands if one could get the facts from the numerous rural schools of the new kind that are spreading as though by some sort of beneficent contagion all over the United States.

Wherever the right sort of rural school has been established—or even when it is only half right—the Great Farmers' Strike has been called off. It is rather hard to explain why the getting of an education out of life adds so much to happiness and content; but the boy on the bleachers again comes to my assistance.

I suppose boys like nothing better than their education in baseball; but if they were required to learn to pitch out of a book there would be more hooky played than ball. Girls take great delight in feeding, washing, bathing and dressing their dolls, and thus getting a part of their education; but if they had to learn the management of dolls out of a book it would be rather dull. Bows and arrows as toys for Indian boys are obsolescent on the reservations. There is something false and unsatisfactory in them to the young warrior whose father either does not hunt at all or uses a repeating gun. He now gets no education out of them that correlates with life.

We Americans, in city and country, are only about thirty per cent efficient. Three cylinders are missing. We are developing only a third of our rated horse power. The greatest reason is that our education is a bow-and-arrow education in an age of forty-two-centimeter guns. Only a minute fraction of our body of young people ever go to college; and yet nearly all of them must pursue a course leading to college if it leads anywhere.

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about the life of ages in which life was vastly different. We waste time on Greek and Latin when no man's life is long enough to learn half of what is available in English, which is vastly more important than anything ever written in Greek or Latin; and even then we do not learn either Latin or Greek!

We do this through weak-mindedness, under the hypnotism of literature and the customs of the past. Because Tom Brown and David Copperfield studied Latin we feel that it is good form to have our boys do the same. In other words, the bow-and-arrow system of education does not make as efficient men as the forty-two-centimeter-gun education.

Efficiency! That is the watchword of the day, and the deepest question in the world is that of national efficiency. The development of the efficiency of our rural communities to the highest percentage will be a world phenomenon second only to a similar uplift in the teeming rural population of Russia. I should not favor it if it had to be done at spiritual or intellectual loss; but it will bring illimitable gains, both spiritual and intellectual. Now we teach in the common schools reading, writing, arithmetic, history, language, geography, physiology—and that is about all. All these are better taught in the new kind of rural school than in the old kind.

I have mentioned language, reading, arithmetic and physiology. To-day the rural-school classes engaged on the problems related to the wheat crop are studying Russia, where more than a hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat are impounded by the Turks. They are studying the Dardanelles and their history, running back to times when old Ulysses drank delight of battle with his peers "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy." They are learning of the Balkan and Danubian regions, of the wheat of Canada and India, of the corn of Argentina, of our own fertile valleys.

In the Fields of Applied Science

They talk of Progreso and the acts of the Wilson Administration resulting in the liberation of the sisal fiber lying in bales in Yucatan, that our wheat may be bound by the red machines which go tinkling along trimming the pile of the fields into sheaves. Here are history and geography and current events, all merged with life—the life of the home not less than the life of the school.

There is more bacteriology in farming than in medicine; more chemistry than in pharmacy; more botany than any school course gives; more manual training than is given anywhere outside the technical schools—and all these things are woven in the web of life. Not since the Spartans reared their youth for the one use of warfare have any people had the training for efficiency that will come to the Americans through the sort of rural school which has already been planted here and there over the land, and which is sure to come in and possess it.

I should be sorry to see a sordid and money-grubbing life built up in these schools; but nothing like that takes place. I saw in the schools of Page County, Iowa, classes of little girls dressed up as ears of corn, giving a sort of agricultural miracle play. Their ritual was taken in part from the Song of Hiawatha, in part from Whittier's Corn Song, in part from other poems and prose works, and in part was made up of verse written by their teacher. It was art.

Out of such schools will come a new literature and a new drama. Indeed, the Little County Theater, established through the work of Mr. A. G. Arvold, a proponent of the new kind of rural school, at the North Dakota Agricultural College, is only the first of its sort. There will be many more. My raspberry essayist recited a very mushy love poem, which at least showed him to be no mere sordid materialist; and across the room was a farmer's boy engaged in making astronomical calculations so abstruse that I preferred not to discuss them. These schools were palpitant with life—a very wonderful life.

An immense ground swell of culture will come with this rural renaissance because of the germinal power of truth and the happiness people get from the search for truth. Book learning runs out between the fingers of the ordinary man like dry sand; it is only to the unusual mind, to which literature is an end and not a means, that our

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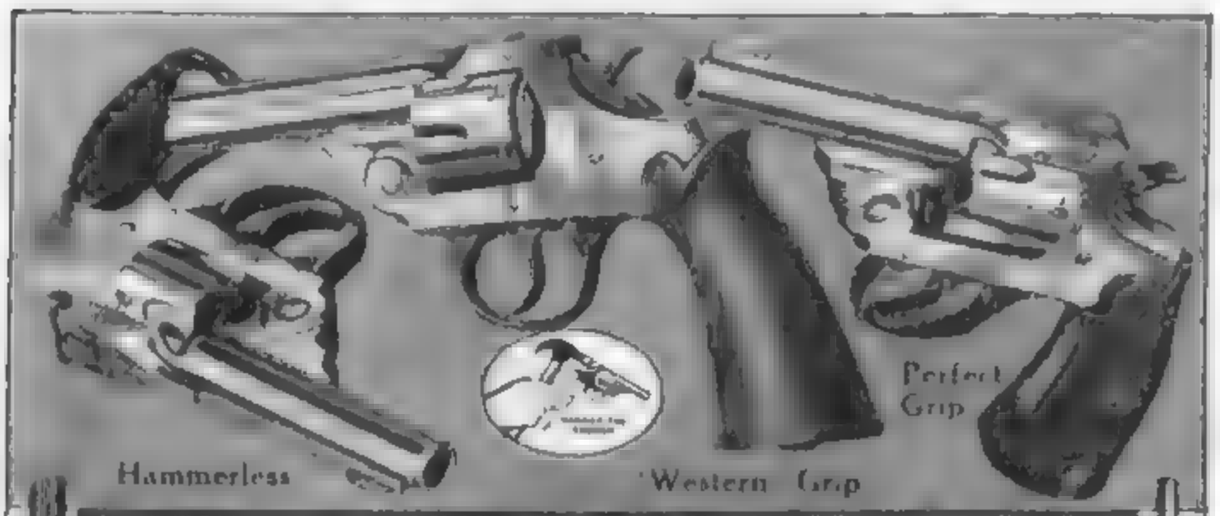

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present system of schools adequately ministers. Such minds are sometimes among the most precious gifts to the race, but they have had too much to say about how other minds should be trained. No greater happiness can come to nine people out of ten than the consciousness of doing well the day's work. Children are but young men and women; and they are happiest when they are conscious of being useful.

In the six Cook County, Illinois, rural schools, in which the new departure was in the beginning tried out by Superintendent Tobin, the first work in agriculture consisted of seed-corn testing, seed-corn curing, canning clubs, rope tying, and some manual-training work—a small beginning but of incalculable importance. The people at once developed an enormous interest in the schools. Farmers brought in more seed corn than the schools could test. There was no more crying of children when the time came to go to school; under the renaissance the attendance was nearly perfect. Happiness came with a correlation of the school work with the life work of the homes.

There is in this country an organization for the promotion of the use of schoolhouses as social centers. It is a fine movement and has already accomplished much good. This new kind of rural school, however, is making social centers of the schools without really meaning to do anything of the sort. Go to the Highlands-Mendota Beach rural school, in Dane County, Wisconsin, and you will see how Miss Grace Wyman has made over a neighborhood through the school.

One bitter January day Miss Wyman looked from her rostrum at twenty-six discontented, sulky pupils. The schoolhouse was a dingy old barn of a thing, with only one room and no place even to hang wraps. The heating system was a stove in one corner, out of which proceeded some heat but no comfort; the basement was a damp hole in the ground—in fact, it was a typical American rural school. And, to make it still more accurately typical, across the windswept ice of Lake Mendota could be seen, like many-towered Camelot, the vast assemblage of buildings of the greatest state university in America, on which Wisconsin had poured out millions, with a splendid enthusiasm for education.

What Miss Wyman Accomplished

So much for the dome; so pitifully little for the basement! The stove smoked, and the children rubbed their eyes and looked so unhappy that Miss Wyman made up her mind that she would do something.

She did. The first thing was to give an exhibition, so as to get the people together. Now that community is known as a country district that found itself. Go to the school now and you will find a remodeled schoolhouse, the project for which was carried at the first school meeting after the exhibition. The first thing Miss Wyman had to do was to remove the local feeling that the school was good enough. Now that community will never be satisfied with improvements. Here is a picture of what a glance over the room now shows:

Many things are going on at the same time, but all is orderly. One pupil is busy with a typewriter, a girl is sewing at a table and another is using a sewing machine. A primary class in reading is reciting to one of the older girls; a boy is putting outlines of a class lesson on the blackboard; the teacher is conducting a recitation. There is a buzz, but it is the sound of orderly industry.

The clock strikes and the classes pass to their seats. The girl leaves the typewriter and another takes her place. The sewing machine changes hands. There is a piano in the room; and somewhere about is a workbench equipped with tools costing the enormous amount of twelve dollars and seventy-five cents, but worth everything to the boys. There is also a cooking outfit costing five dollars and fifteen cents but containing twenty articles, with which the girls carry on their domestic-economy work.

"We have socialized our school," said one influential patron to me. "We never knew what it was to have educational advantages in the district until we socialized it."

Roosevelt's Country Life Commission rendered the verdict that the first great need of the country is a new kind of rural school. Mrs. Mary T. Harvey, a Missouri teacher, believed this to be true; and, going to a county superintendent at Kirksville, she said: "Give me, for three years, your worst district!" He gave her the Porter School, which was then in much worse condition than was the Highlands-Mendota Beach school when Miss Wyman began building it anew.

Mrs. Harvey has made herself a national reputation in the Porter School. Much more than Miss Wyman, I think, she has ruralized her school. The attack was the same—the movement to make the physical condition of the school plant respectable. Miss Field began her work in Page County in the same way; and, in fact, it seems almost the inevitable point of departure from the old to the new.

The medium of Mrs. Harvey's teaching is agriculture. The school is the laboratory and counting room of the neighborhood. Young people now go thence to short courses at the Agricultural College. Every morning wagons gather up the children within a six-mile radius and deliver them at the schoolhouse door.

Moreover, Mrs. Harvey has passed the crisis of her work in winning by a narrow margin in a school election in which those made ill by too much progress tried to vote out of existence the new kind of school, the farmers' club, the farmwomen's club, the literary clubs, the school farm and garden, and the school wagons that transport the children.

The Great Rural Renaissance

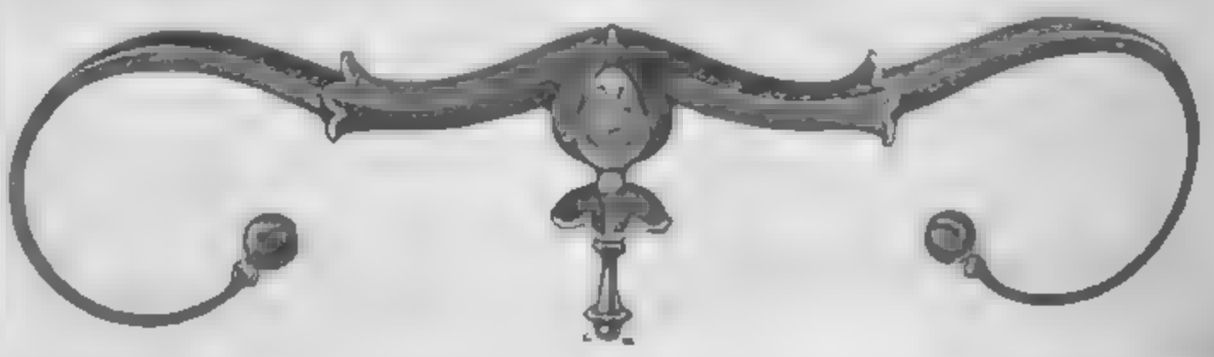
Mrs. Harvey's first act in the Porter District was to find a house and settle down as a resident of her parish. In the state of Washington and elsewhere the school manse, or teacher's house, is coming to be a common thing; and it will one day be the regular thing, with its school glebe, or farm. The rural teachers will be a man and his wife. Their work will be so clearly profitable to the people of the district that they will give money to schools as freely as to barns and silos, and for very similar reasons.

There are already hundreds of county agents in the United States receiving salaries running from fifteen hundred to six thousand dollars a year. They are educators, and they are doing the sort of work that must eventually be done mainly in the rural schools. When the teachers do that sort of work they will receive, as a matter of course, that sort of pay—not by any system forced on the school districts but by the will of the people themselves.

To be sure, most rural teachers receive very small salaries; but really they get more than most of them are worth while enguged in their present unfruitful labors. They can do better work, however. Miss Field started with a hundred and twenty very ordinary rural teachers. After she had been making over the schools for five years I asked her how many of the original force she still retained, and was told that about two-thirds of them had stuck.

This is a greater proportion than will be found to persist for five years in most counties. And these teachers were now happy, proud, were paid much better salaries than formerly, and some of them had had the opportunity to take good city positions—and had refused.

The great Rural Renaissance is on; the Farmers' Strike is off. When the movement has completed its development city people will begin to return to the farms in order that their children may have the advantages of the country schools. And out of a country life of that sort will come great national changes. When the farmers begin to think in a body—or even in two or three bodies—their thought will stir the nation to its foundations.



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The thought of *eight hundred thousand* women who use the Hoosier is voiced in letters like these:

"It is the last word in kitchen convenience," wrote one.

"My automatic servant."

"Saves miles of steps for my tired feet," from a white-haired woman of seventy.

"Puts my kitchen at fingers' ends."

"I've had mine fifteen years. Money wouldn't buy it if I couldn't get another"—and so on through thousands of letters.

You're bound to buy a kitchen cabinet before long—common sense and economy will persuade you. When the day comes buy a Hoosier.

Write today for the booklet that describes it.

Its sturdier construction makes its first cost your only cost. *One* Hoosier lasts a lifetime.

Experiment if you must with little things you buy often, but don't risk buying a kitchen cabinet—a lifelong labor-saving machine—until you see a Hoosier.

There's a sound reason why nearly a million women have chosen the Hoosier—and that is your best reason for buying one.

The low price is backed by this broad guarantee—*"Your money back unless you are delighted with any Hoosier you buy."*

This is "White Beauty"

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET

Sit Down at Your Work—Save Miles of Steps

5 Styles of Hoosiers

Each a remarkable value at its price

One fits your need and purse

The pure aluminum table slides out sixteen inches beyond the base—and only aluminum is good enough for this table which we back with this Hoosier guarantee—though this one feature costs us $100,000 extra every year.

Around you are your salt, sugar, flour and other supplies, at fingers' ends—and forty labor-saving features, seventeen of which we control. You can store four hundred articles in the Hoosier—all in instant reach.

And Only One Dollar Now

Brings All This Hoosier Convenience to You—

The balance of the low cash price is payable in a few weekly dues of a single dollar—no interest; no fees of any kind. One dollar now brings all this convenience to your own home. Don't let such a little stand in the way of so much. Take steps now to get your Hoosier from our dealer in your town on this easy plan.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO., 155 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

Branch: Pacific Building, San Francisco

4500 Agents in United States and Canada

FREE Booklet

Write today for "You and Your Kitchen." Learn all about the Hoosier—how women everywhere have freed themselves from long kitchen hours and drudgery. Over 150,000 women have already asked for this book.

Your copy, with name of nearest dealer, will be sent postpaid if you merely send us a post card now.

In The Second Annual AJAX Tire Mileage Contest for Employed Drivers

208 PRIZE WINNING CHAUFFEURS AVERAGE 7,722 MILES

$5,000 IN CASH AWARDS

MILEAGE	PRIZE	AMOUNT	NAME OF DRIVER	ADDRESS	OWNER	CAR
21,985	First	$500	Garth C. Jensen	Stevens Pt., Wis.	John N. Welsby	Cadillac
21,483	Second	300	Frank Gray	Chicago, Ill.	Carl N. Gottfried	Peerless
21,039	Third	200	Alfred C. Smith	Springfield, Mass.	Oliver Smith, Livery	Cadillac
20,910	Fourth	100	Laurence Ross	Ticonderoga, N.Y.	William Henry	Maxwell
20,075	Fifth	100	E. C. Bode	St. Louis, Mo.	A. H. Bode, Livery	Packard
18,942	Sixth	100	Albert Nathan	New York City	F. L. Young	Stoddard
18,466	Seventh	100	H. W. Bode	St. Louis, Mo.	A. H. Bode, Livery	Packard
18,190	Eighth	100	Herman Bushey	Brockton, Mass.	Francis E. Shaw	Lenox
18,148	Ninth	50	Anthony B. Silvia	Haverhill, Mass.	Chas. W. Eaton	Simplex
17,452	Tenth	50	L. LaFountaine	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Wm. D. Hoxie	Stevens-Duryea
16,662	Eleventh	50	R. L. McNeal	Ticonderoga, N.Y.	James C. Leach	Stevens-Duryea
16,617	Twelfth	50	Merrill W. Garber	Fitchburg, Mass.	Douglas Crocker	Packard
16,461	Thirteenth	50	Charles W. Lewis	New York City	Donald McAleenan	Renault
16,384	Fourteenth	50	Harry Coghlan, Jr.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Mrs. Anne Coghlan	Ford Coupé
16,071	Fifteenth	50	S. Lichtenstein	New York City	Harris L. Rosenthal	Simplex

30 CAPITAL PRIZE WINNERS AVERAGE 16,509 MILES
178 MINOR PRIZE WINNERS AVERAGE 6,241 MILES

SPACE does not permit the listing of each of the winners of the 208 prizes offered. The mileage records and the affidavits of owners have been canvassed and prizes awarded by the judges: Messrs. Alfred Reeves, General Manager National Automobile Chamber of Commerce; President R. A. Patteson, Tarrytown National Bank, and L. W. Scudder, Certified Public Accountant, New York.

To the many employed chauffeurs who entered this second Ajax Tire Mileage Contest, and thus helped to make it successful, we extend our appreciation.

Demonstrating Ajax Super Quality!

In the most difficult test by which tire quality can be measured—use on heavy cars driven by employed chauffeurs—the super *in-built* quality of Ajax Tires is demonstrated. The figures brought forward by the winners of the contest show that *higher* mileage is built into Ajax Tires—to be brought out in actual service.

What has been accomplished by chauffeurs for their owners is being duplicated over the country on hundreds of cars. The Ajax Tire Mileage Contest is interesting for the figures of mileage achieved and the evidence of Ajax *higher* quality. The contest results justify the confidence we have for the product we build, which confidence is expressed in the Ajax *written guarantee* of 5,000 miles.

AJAX TIRES

Guaranteed

in writing

5000 MILES

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

Announcing A New Mileage Contest!

The third annual renewal of the Ajax Tire Mileage Contest for Employed Chauffeurs is announced. Five thousand dollars ($5,000) in cash prizes will be given in 208 awards. In event of ties, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant. The contest is limited to employed car drivers who achieve the greatest mileage from Ajax Tires beyond 5,000 miles, previous to March 31st, 1916.

The judges and rules of the contest will be the same as governed the two previous Ajax contests. Ajax dealers will supply entry blanks and all detailed information, or same will be sent upon direct request to the Ajax-Grieb Rubber Co., 1796–98 Broadway, New York.

Drivers, enter now! It may be your good fortune to win an important prize, while conserving the interests of your employer.

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796–1798 Broadway, New York

Atlanta, 4–6 W. Harris St.
Boston, 1084 Boylston St.
Brooklyn, 1182 Bedford Ave.
Chicago, 1507 Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, 18th & Euclid Aves.
Dallas, 2117 Commerce St.
Denver, 1518 Broadway
Des Moines, 909 Locust St.
Detroit, 507 Woodward Ave.
Indianapolis, 423 No. Capitol Ave.
Kansas City, Mo., 1730 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1229 So. Olive St.
Minneapolis, 905 Marquette Ave.
Philadelphia, 316 No. Broad St.
Portland, Ore., 329 Ankeny St.
Seattle, 806 East Pike St.
San Francisco, Golden Gate & VanNess Aves
Factories: Trenton, N. J.

MRS. MALLABY'S MISTAKE

(Continued from Page 11)

Again I gave her my word of honor, and again we earnestly shook hands upon it.

"And—and it wasn't bigamy or anything like that?" she asked with a rush.

"How could it be bigamy," I reproachfully replied, "when I've never even been engaged yet?"

"Then that's all right!" And without further ado she took the picture from me. It had grown dusk, but I could still see the eager interest in her eyes. Indeed, her eyes reminded me of two eagerly interested stars watching the earth take form.

"And you won't give me up?" I asked.

"Hiram," she cried, "I would die before I gave you up!"

And with greater earnestness than ever we shook hands on that too.

I think the next fortnight was the happiest I had ever spent up till that time. In fact I will go farther, and say I am certain the next fortnight was the happiest I had ever spent up till that time. In the first place, I made an arrangement with Mrs. Mallaby that until the farm had been on a paying basis for a full month my wages would be paid in full in the form of board and lodgings.

In the second place, I had daily spirited arguments with Uncle Ronald on how best to attain Pleasure and Profit on the Farm. And as all his theories were based upon the immediate expenditure of considerable sums of money—which Mrs. Mallaby did not possess—it was always an easy matter to reduce him to a sulky silence.

In the third place, the hens were laying well enough to balance our store account, so Mrs. Mallaby wasn't worrying about the immediate future.

And in the fourth, last, and most important place, we had a concert every evening, in which Nellie played the violin while I assisted at the piano. She was really a talented player, as I might have known from her contralto eyes; but the passages which pleased me most were the whispered words we exchanged—from the corners of our mouths—in relation to our secret, and Nellie's leaning over my shoulder to look at some particularly intricate score before playing it, and Uncle Ronald sitting more and more under Mrs. Mallaby's wing—figuratively speaking, of course—and frowning tremendously, all high forehead and eyeglass tape, at his everlasting study of Pleasure and Profit on the Farm.

I might have known it was too good to last, but I never dreamed that Emily would burst upon me that way while Nellie and I were in the chicken house looking for the hen who was eating her eggs. Even now I make a grimace whenever I think what might have happened if it hadn't been for Nellie, and while it is true that Nellie was helped a lot by the egg and the pepper it was not so much the egg and the pepper that saved me as it was that spirit of loyalty which Nellie had already indicated when she pledged me her word—on the stepladder—that she would die before she gave me up.

Mrs. Mallaby and Uncle Ronald were out looking for raspberries that afternoon, and Nellie and I were in the chicken house. In one hand Nellie had an egg, which I was presently to blow; and in the other hand she had a small bag of pepper, with which I intended to fill the empty shell. This loaded egg was then to be slipped under the suspected hen, and when she pecked the shell and got her beak full of pepper it was fondly hoped that she would never have the heart to eat an egg again.

Meanwhile I had discovered that one of the roosts was loose, and I was hammering it into place when I heard a car turn into the yard. I peeped through the corner of one of the whitewashed windows, and whom should I see but Emily and Jimmy Courtney! I remembered then, when it was too late, that like a fool I had mailed my golf club dues a few days before from North Telford. And Jimmy Courtney, of course, was treasurer of the golf club and a very particular friend of Emily's. In fact, when Emily had begun to assume her proprietary airs over me Jimmy Courtney had done a great deal of wailing, together with the concomitant gnashing of teeth.

"Oh-ho!" said Nellie, peeping over my shoulder. "Company!" And before I could stop her she had slipped outside with the egg in one hand and the package of pepper in the other. "Good afternoon," she said to Emily.

"Do you know where Mr. Townsend lives?" asked Emily at once.

"No, I don't," said Nellie, truthfully enough.

"He's a tall, dark young man with very white teeth, and he mails his letters from the North Telford post office. The postmaster said he lived somewhere along this road."

At that, still peeping through the whitewashed window, I saw Nellie's back stiffen. Whether it was telepathy or not I cannot tell you, but I do know that when Nellie's back stiffened it was because it had suddenly flashed into her mind that these two visitors were detectives, and that they were after me.

"No," she said, and instinctively she backed a step as though to get between them and the open door. "No, we haven't lived here very long ourselves."

Up till that moment I had been on the point of going out, but of course you can see that when Nellie denied all knowledge of me I couldn't very well go out. In fact, I couldn't go out at all without making Nellie look foolish—and why should I have wished to make Nellie look foolish when she was so loyally shielding me like another Sister Beatrice?

"Got thin, long legs," said Jim Courtney as though to refresh Nellie's recollection, "and the last time I saw him he was trying to raise a mustache."

"N-no," said Nellie, and, returning to indisputable ground, she added: "We haven't lived here very long ourselves."

It was a warm day and I had left my coat outside the chicken-house door. I suppose Emily saw this coat, because first her eyes roved that way and then she looked back at Nellie.

"Perhaps your brother knows," she suggested.

"I have no brother."

"But there's somebody in there," said Jim Courtney impatiently, and beetling his brows toward the chicken-house door he shouted: "Hey, you!"

In one side of the chicken house was a small door, and the moment Jim Courtney shouted "Hey, you!" I made for that door. But through some unlucky chance a barrel had been set against the outside of the door to keep it from blowing open, and I could open it only about three inches. Through this aperture, however, I thrust my arm and began to wriggle the barrel away. Nellie heard me struggling with that embarreled door. "Hey, you!" shouted Jim Courtney again, and though I couldn't see him I heard him get out of the car.

"Go back!" cried Nellie. "You can't go in our chicken house!"

There was no reply, but knowing Jim Courtney as well as I did I knew he was advancing. I knew this also from the crescendo of Nellie's voice.

"Go back! Go back! Go back!" she cried. By that time I had got the door about six inches open, and all at once there was a deuce of a howling sneeze from Mr. Courtney. The next moment Nellie had dashed into the chicken house and had fastened the door behind her. One spring and she was with me. "Quick!" she gasped, "I threw the egg and pepper at him!" One last shove and the back door opened. Then, like another Paul and Virginia, we gained the woods unseen and reached the slope that overlooks the river. There, thinking of James, the Well-Spiced Omelette, I was about to laugh, but as I was on the point of breaking into laughter Nellie burst into tears.

"Oh, Hiram!" she sobbed. "I'm a wicked girl and a story teller! But—w-w-w-what are you looking at?"

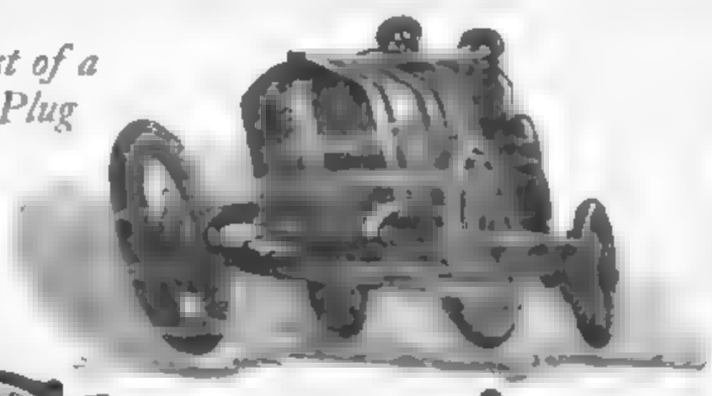
Curiosity proving the stronger emotion she forgot her tears and followed my startled glance down toward the river.

As I have already related, Uncle Ronald and Mrs. Mallaby had gone hunting for raspberries that afternoon, and through a vista of trees we could see them down by the river. Uncle Ronald was holding Mrs. Mallaby's hands, though perhaps she was only trying to pull him up, because Uncle Ronald was on his knees. It was one of those scenes which are not for outside eyes, so Nellie and I quickly turned and looked at each other instead.

"Let's—let's walk on!" she whispered.

We walked a little way under the trees, and there I stopped because I knew my time had come, too, because never before

The Test of a Spark Plug



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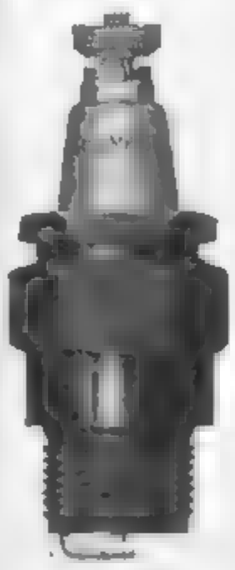
"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

$1.25
Champion One-Piece Heavy Stone. All Sizes.

For high-powered Automobiles, Trucks and Stationary Engines.



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Champion Two-Piece Heavy Stone. All Sizes.

Same general construction as the "one-piece," but can be taken apart.

Spark Plugs

You would never think of subjecting your own motor to such strains as we put upon an engine, to discover any weakness in the spark plug which we design for it.

Even after perfection has apparently been attained, we test these Spark Plugs time and time again, in the motors for which they are intended, under every conceivable speed and load strain.

Nothing short of *super*-efficiency will satisfy *us*.

But that is why Champion Spark Plugs give such universal absolute satisfaction to users.

That is why Ford—Overland—Studebaker—Maxwell—Metz engineers, and the experts of sixty-odd other factories representing over 75 per cent of all American-made automobiles, see to it that their motors leave their factories equipped with Champions.

To accept a substitute when you replace your spark plugs, is to disregard this most definite expression of scientifically determined expert opinion

Our Guarantee: We guarantee complete satisfaction to the user—free repair, replacement or money back

Insist on Champions. See your dealer or write direct to us.

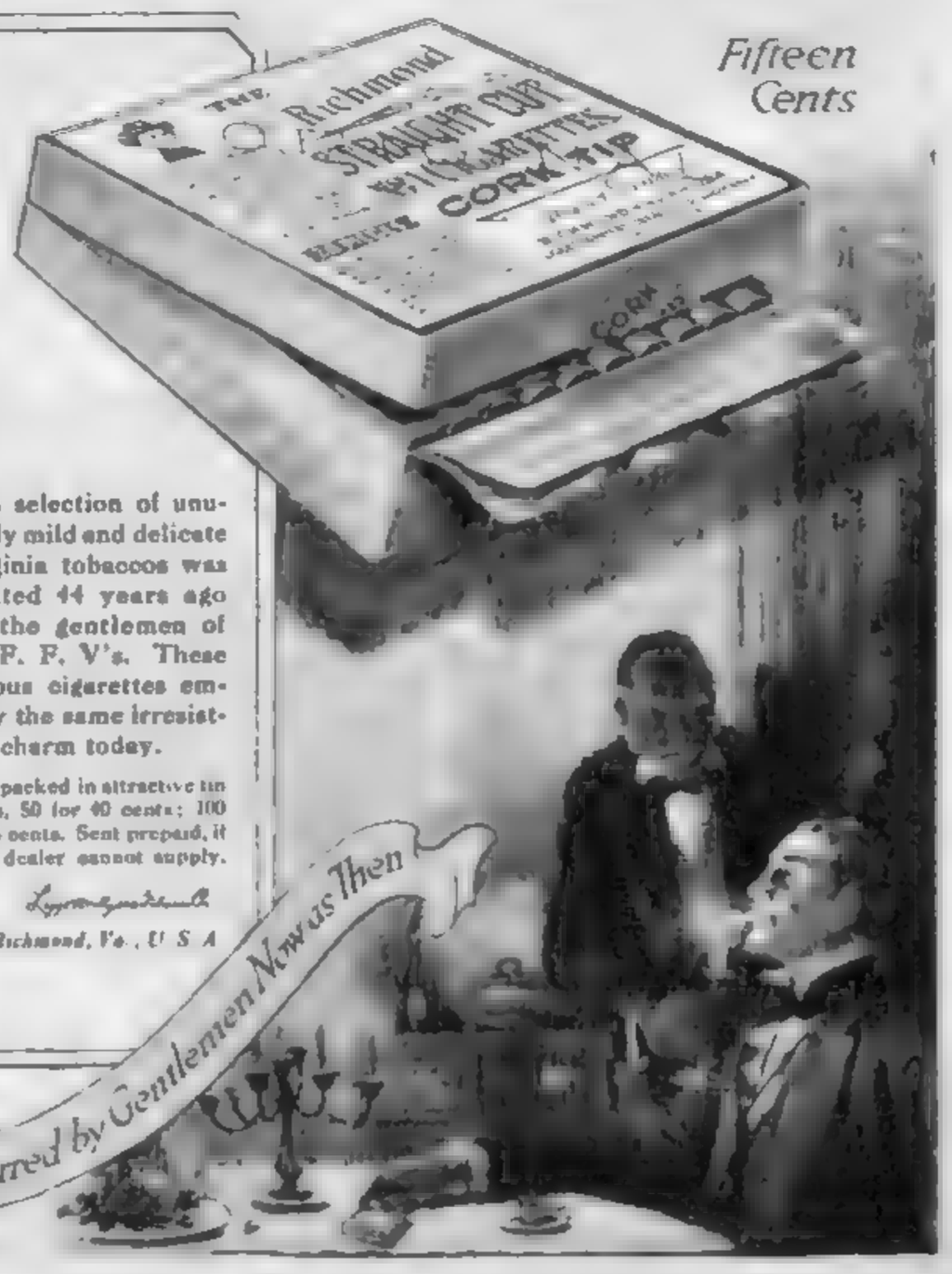
Champion Spark Plug Company, 103 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

DEALERS:—Ask your Jobber's Salesman for our Profit Sharing Agreement, or write to us for it at once

Richmond Straight Cut

Cork Tip or Plain **CIGARETTES**

Fifteen Cents



This selection of unusually mild and delicate Virginia tobaccos was created 44 years ago for the gentlemen of the F. F. V's. These famous cigarettes embody the same irresistible charm today.

Also packed in attractive tin boxes, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. Sent prepaid, if your dealer cannot supply.

Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Preferred by Gentlemen Now as Then

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Full of life and snap

It seems so eager for the road that you become unmindful of distances. It gets away instantaneously. It skims the road silently and smoothly, without motor vibration or sideway at high speed. The buoyant springs and soft, full leather cushions absorb the road shocks.

The motor is 30 35 horsepower.
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
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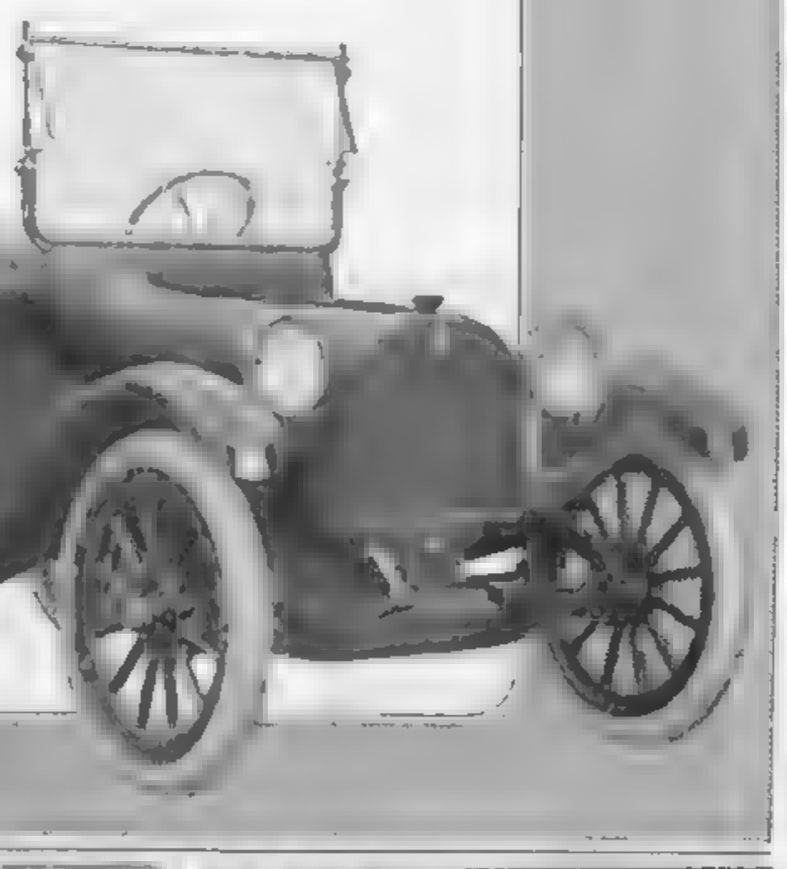
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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the *whitening* effect of the
OXYGEN when using
Calox
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

Oxygen is nature's great purifier. That's why CALOX prevents dental troubles by removing the cause of tooth decay.

All Druggists, 25c.

Sample and Booklet Free if you mention your Druggist.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
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Esterbrook Pens

Esterbrook's Relief No. 314

is an extraordinary pen that adjusts itself to any desired slant and writes smoother than the old goose quill. Made of special alloyed metal—won't corrode—and finished like a gold pen.

SEND 10c for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
New York Camden, N. J.

had I seen her eyes so deeply contralto: and yet from her manner one might not have thought that Nellie thought so—at first.

"Nellie ——" I began.

"That's not fair, Mr. Townsend," she said. "I doubt if I know your first name yet."

"My first name," I carefully answered, "is a secret which I shall not tell to anybody on this farm until I have first told it to the girl I love."

"Oh!" she said in a muffled little voice. "Excuse me!"

"And even then," I continued, "I shall only whisper it in her ear just after I have kissed her."

"Dear me!" she breathed. "Then I don't suppose I shall ever know!"

"You don't?" I cried. And after a few moments of confusion I told her my name. Not only that, but in order to make a clean breast of it I also told her why I had been running away. It was a recital which needed a wealth of telling, and the sun was beginning to set before I had fairly started.

"It'll soon be dark," said Nellie. "We must hurry back home. But, oh, Hiram—Jeffrey, I mean—you don't know how much better I feel now I know they can't come and take you! It's such a relief to have no secrets from each other!"

I felt the same way myself—or at least I should have felt the same way myself if I hadn't still been carrying the secret of my ownership of Bachelor's Blush. But as for that, it worried me not at all. I simply decided to forget it. And yet somehow I couldn't quite forget it when I found Uncle Ronald waiting for me in the yard, for Uncle Ronald had the frown of authority on his high forehead, and he was waiting for me—near the chopping block—like a lord high executioner waiting for the condemned man.

"One moment, Hiram," he said. "A few words with you, if you please, before you go into the house."

I stopped and looked at Uncle Ronald with real admiration, which he pretended not to notice, and I was still looking at him, while he, apparently, was carefully selecting his opening words, when an elderly farmer drove into the yard behind an old white horse.

"Mrs. Mallaby in?" he asked.

We waved him toward the kitchen, little suspecting who he was, but a moment later when we heard him talking—through the open window—I had very strong suspicions indeed as to who he was. Now, a caller is a caller in the country, where cats and dogs run to the window to view a passing team, and even Uncle Ronald bent his ear to catch the conversation which was going on in the kitchen.

"I on'y heerd ye were over here to-day," the elderly farmer was saying to Mrs. Mallaby. "Did ye buy this place too?"

"Buy this place too?" echoed Mrs. Mallaby. "What do you mean? I only bought one place."

"You're the lady who bought the old Thackell place, ain't ye?"

"Yes, I think that was the name—Thackell."

"'Course it is. I'm caretaker over theer. I was down in the Cedar Swamp the day ye were up with the agent, and that's how I missed ye. But I been expectin' ye to move in for more'n two weeks."

At this point Uncle Ronald left me, with much importance, and hurried into the kitchen.

"But I tell you I only bought one place," protested Mrs. Mallaby, "the first house on the North Telford Road."

"No, ma'am!" cried the elderly farmer with a decision that knew no error, "the place you bought is the fust house on the South Telford Road. You git your deed an' see!"

Nellie must have entered the kitchen, too, because the next voice I heard was hers.

"You mean to say that this isn't our farm?" she cried.

"No, miss. The house looks just the same, but the place your ma bought was the old Thackell place."

"Then if this isn't our farm," demanded Uncle Ronald, "in the name of heaven, whose farm is it?"

"Used to be the old Briggs place. But I understand a young city feller bought it the week before you bought yourn. I seen him once fox hunting—tall an' spindly, dark complected ——"

And just as I vanished round the corner of the woodshed—to do my chores—I heard a triple chorus of consternation come floating out of the kitchen window:

"Then this is Hiram's farm!"

"But, Hiram, why on earth did you do it?"

That was Mrs. Mallaby, after I had come in for supper, looking as innocent as I could and even attempting to whistle.

"I thought you'd been swindled," I humbly confessed, and I told them—in short—why I had done it. When I finished I think there were tears in Mrs. Mallaby's eyes, and I know there were tears in Nellie's. Uncle Ronald rose like a patriarch and gave me his hand.

"So that's why you did it," said Nellie's mother; "because you didn't want to turn two poor women out of doors!"

"At least," I truthfully answered, "that is one reason why I did it."

"And what's the other?"

"The other reason is that, as soon as you've found another man, Nellie and I are going to be married ——"

Mother and daughter fell upon each other's neck in a furious embrace, as rosy as a couple of sunsets. "Whoever heard of such a thing!" squealed Mrs. Mallaby; "Uncle Ronald and I are engaged too!" Her beaming eyes fell upon the table. "What a poor little supper!" she cried. "You two men go outside—we're going to have a regular feast to-night!"

We went outside, Uncle Ronald and I, and as though by common consent we walked to the brow of the hill where we could see the sunset over Bachelor's Blush.

"Pleasure and Profit on the Farm," I murmured, and I slyly winked over at the sunset.

But Uncle Ronald didn't take it that way.

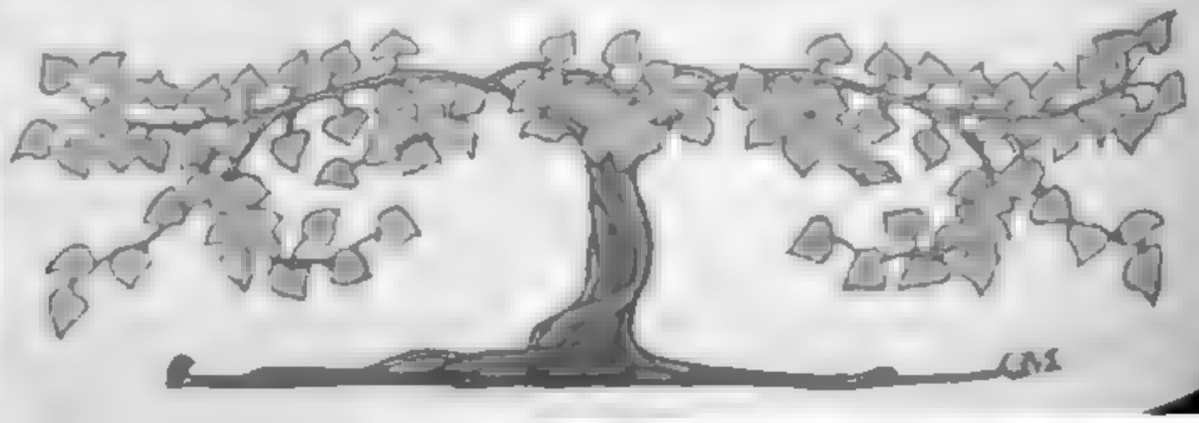
"Isn't it a fact!" he mused. "Isn't—it—a—fact!"

Troubled Waters

POURING oil on the waters to quiet big waves has a practical substitute now in the pumping of air bubbles into the troubled waters. This air-bubble scheme has gone through experimental stages with considerable success and is now being given practical applications. The most promising opportunities for the idea are in connection with landing piers on shores where ordinarily or frequently big waves make it unsafe for vessels to land.

The apparatus required is simple enough. On shore is a machine for pumping air, a reservoir of compressed air, and pipes leading from the reservoir to the sea bottom in front of the pier. When a vessel wishes to approach the pier, and the sea is running high, the apparatus is started and air is pumped out through the pipes, bubbling up through holes in the ends of pipe lines. These air bubbles seem to have the ability to break up the mass of water sweeping in with each roller, and so make it safe for the ship to approach the pier. The theory of the air bubbles is that, though water moving in a solid mass carries mighty force, spray carries little force; and the air bubbles create a condition midway between solid water and spray.

Other applications of the air-bubble system planned are for lighthouse landings, for stretches of coast that are being destroyed by the force of the surf during storms, and for salvage operations on wrecked vessels.



Mr. Business Man—
I dare you to see this moving picture.

Dare you to go look at *yourself* on the screen!

Dare you to take your wife and daughter—and "the boy"—to see what is happening all about us in business every day.

"The Absentee," a fine, big Master-Picture, with Robert Edeson in the title rôle, puts business before you like a beetle with a pin through it.

Go look yourself over. See the beautiful, glittering wings of you—but don't be blind to the claws (that may not be what naturalists call them, but you understand me, I'm sure)!

I looked at the picture of an April afternoon—when my mind was not over-active. Then I went and walked around the park—and didn't realize it was raining!

"The Absentee" is that kind of a picture. It gives you a mental Turkish bath, then rubs your conscience down with a rough towel. It's a great picture to see. Full of very beautiful scenes—interspersed with some that have prongs in them.

And you get to the office next morning with a new point of view and more vim and vitality than you've had for a long time.

Yes, Mr. Business Man,—go to see ***"The Absentee."*** There's not a dull inch of film in the 48,000.

Most of us Americans *are* business men—whether we are clerks or work at a bench or follow a plough.

Personally—aside from the pleasure of looking at it—I got a *lot* out of the picture. I'm pretty sure you'll get a lot, too. Go to see

THE ABSENTEE—produced by the Majestic Motion Picture Corporation—with Robert Edeson.

And, oh, papa dear,—how sweet she is when she cries!

And there you are!

A young girl in a moving picture theatre whispers a half dozen words to her father—and, in a breath, you *know* more than I could tell you in *pages* of Mae Marsh, the heroine of this week's second Master-Picture—***"The Victim."***

Just think of all that means!

What amazing charm and magnetism and, as the little girl said, "sweetness" it takes to show through a veil of tears. I suppose thousands and thousands of people have come actually to *love* Mae Marsh from just seeing her on the screen.

But, bless me!—here's half my space gone and I've told you nothing of "The Victim."

It's not a big production—or very long. It runs just short of an hour. But such a wholesome, well filled, solid, substantial hour!

There's a fine young hero (Bobby Harron;—he is, or ought to be, a friend of yours, too) and a very *real*, very villainous villain.

And plenty of excitement—oh, *plenty*.

And an ending where dreams come true. (The heroine cries again there—but that time for happiness—and she *is* sweet.)

Yes—it's a good picture; the kind you could whistle if it were music.

And—

You'll want to see it again.

There aren't many better moving pictures about than

THE VICTIM—with Robert Harron and Mae Marsh.

And whether you pay 10c or a quarter or a dollar to look at it—you will be mighty glad you spent the money!

A good many people have written, asking where they can see **Mutual Master-Pictures.**

Frankly—the rush for them since people began to find out how good they are has put us away behind in our bookings.

The surest way is to have a chat with the man in the box office at the theatre you usually go to. Ask him to get them for you regularly—and to let you know when he is to show them.

He will—if you say to him: "I want to see

Mutual Master-Pictures"

American Film Manufacturing Company
Majestic Motion Picture Company
New York Motion Picture Corporation
Reliance Motion Picture Corporation
Thanhouser Film Corporation

MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

Truly,

H. E. Aitken

President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, *New York*

A New Friend For Every Lover of the Big Out-Doors

A Detachable Bicycle Motor—think what that means! A thoroughly practical, easily operated motor that you can attach to any bicycle or tandem in five minutes. It will take you anywhere you want to go at a speed of 4 to 20 miles an hour and will run 100 to 125 miles on a gallon of gasoline. The

Pedals used only at starting **Smith Motor Wheel** *Just sit still and steer*

travels boulevards or rough roads and climbs hills with ease. Full control from one small thumb lever on handle bars of bicycle. Because the Smith Motor Wheel is so cleanly, simple, vibrationless and affords all the pleasures of bicycling **with the work left out,** "Motorwheeling" is fast becoming the most popular out-door sport in America.

Write for "Motorwheeling," the big, free catalog, and learn where you can see and ride a Smith Motor Wheel

A. O. Smith Company, Motor Wheel Division 55 Milwaukee, Wis.

One of the Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Parts in the World

How One Boy Made Five Hundred Dollars

is told in an interesting pamphlet which we will send you on request.

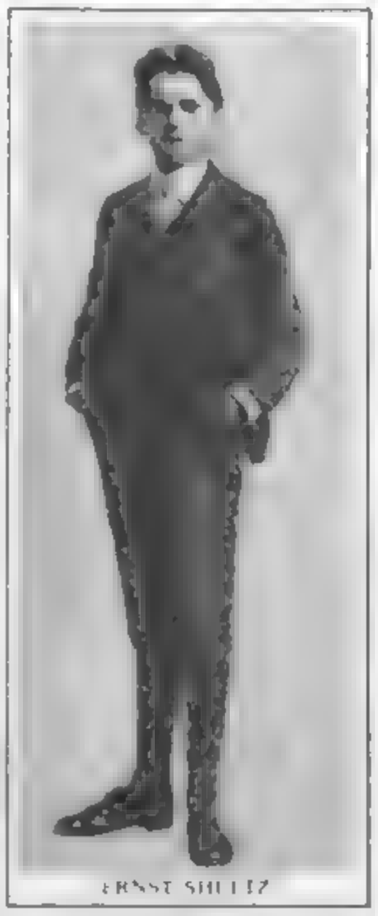
IT is the story of a boy whose business faculties were awakened by his experience as a salesman for the Curtis publications.

The narrative ends as follows:

"What Ernst Shultz did, many other boys have done and are doing. The plan used by him not only gave him a comfortable bank account but a lot of fun, a host of friends and business lessons invaluable."

If you are an alert boy and want to earn money outside of school hours, let us tell you about Ernst Shultz's plan. Write today to

Sales Division, Box 861
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



ERNST SHULTZ

TROUPIN' WITH DAN CUPID

(Continued from Page 17)

an' find out somethin'. I think I have a sure winner in this first race, an' I was figgerin' on bettin' a thousand or so on his nose. You just sit still till I come back an' I'll see that you have a bet down, all right, all right."

"Oh, you mustn't think of it—I really could not permit it!" protested the girl. "You see, you and I are strangers—we have never been formally introduced or anything. It's awfully kind of you, but you really must not." She lifted an admonitory finger and shook it gravely at the Humming Bird. "Why, you never saw me before in your life," she reiterated; "you don't even know my name."

"You lose both ways," vouchsafed the Bird airily. "Supposin' I was to tell you that I come of a long line of mind readers seventh daughters of seventh sons, an' all that kind o' thing? Supposin' I was to make one great big guess an' tell you that your name was Miss Letitia Vandaleur, an' where you live, an' where you work? Then perhaps you'd go round tellin' folks I never saw you before! But that's not here or there; I ain't goin' to leave you up in the grand stand playin' solitaire with yourself. Just do as I say an' wait till I come back."

Before she could urge any further objection he had wheeled down the steps and disappeared in the direction of the betting ring.

Fourteen starters were charted to go in the opening scramble. The Humming Bird scanned the names of the candidates anxiously. He was not looking for winners now, but rather for one that would be sure to lose.

"That old Blackthorn horse has only one good leg left," he soliloquized; "an', no matter what they hand him, th' other three are sure to get hot before he hits th' half-mile pole. I guess th' little lady up in th' stand had better have a ticket on him."

From an inside pocket he drew forth a bunch of blank bookmaker's tickets, of which he always kept a stock on hand. In many respects they were the mainstays of his somewhat precarious profession, and in cases of dire necessity were trenchant tools for the undoing of the Egyptians. As he was about to retrace his steps he was greeted by a brother turf adviser.

"Where you been, Bird?" he interrogated. "Where you been? We ain't seen you round here for a dog's age."

"Oh, I've been off—'way off yonder, Billy," stammered the Humming Bird; "'way, 'way off—a long ways from here."

His face was radiant with the spirit of the old, old story—the story that has changed hovels into mansions, and prisons into palaces.

"Diggin' up some new territory, huh?"

"Yep," acquiesced the Humming Bird. "New territory—that's what it is. But so long, Billy—so long. I gotta go. I'm in a hurry. I'll tell you all about it some day, when th' appointed time comes."

He sprang nimbly up the steps and made his way hastily back to the girl.

"I think Blackthorn is a pipe," he counseled. "I have a thousand on for myself, and here's a ticket for you, calling for five hundred to fifty. If that old goat lobs home in front you'll have enough money to start a riot in a millinery store."

He refused to accept anything in the nature of protestation, again referring nonchalantly to his plunging operations, and absolutely declining to view the amount wagered by him in any other light than that of a piker's bet.

That phase of the case being arranged satisfactorily, he settled down to make the most of opportunity.

Blackthorn trailed in a miserable last; but this happening did not seem in any way to dampen the Humming Bird's enthusiasm.

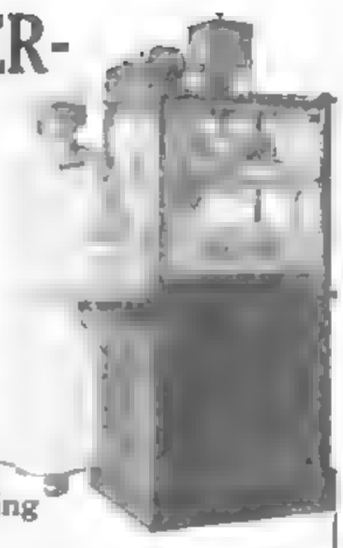
"We can't win all the time," he explained nonchalantly. "We'll have to go lookin' for our money where we lost it. Sit here and enjoy yourself while I go along and see what I can do with th' next bunch of beagles."

Then the Humming Bird hastened back to the betting ring, and the real work of the day, so far as he was concerned, commenced.

However, try as he would, strenuous endeavor was not rewarded. The inclosure seemed crowded with regulars, but strange faces were few and far between. The Bird reluctantly admitted to himself, after a

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn Machine

revolutionizes pop-corn making and selling



Butter-Kist is the last word in popping corn. Its irresistible appeal has captivated millions. Never again will they be satisfied with any but Butter-Kist Pop-Corn.

The unexampled quality of this pop-corn is due to the automatic machine. It pops corn scientifically. Each crisp, white morsel is Butter-Kist with pure creamery butter. The motion attracts crowds. The machine operator does nothing but hand out bags of pop-corn in exchange for nickels and dimes.

Storekeepers—Merchants! Do You Want $25 to $60 Extra Profits Each Week?

The machine is doing this every week for hundreds—even more than this for some. Records prove Butter-Kist Pop-Corn nets much more profit per square foot than anything else in the store.

Seventy cents on every dollar's worth of pop-corn you sell is clear, clean profit. Every bag is a repeater insurance. The Butter-Kist habit brings the customers back in droves.

All-year, spot-cash business. No stock to carry. Big, constant demand. Besides all this, Butter-Kist is a great trade-builder. Brings you new customers, increases entire store profits.

Superbly built, beautifies any store or business establishment. Mahogany, Oak or Ivory White cabinet with plate glass. Metal parts highly polished and nickeled.

Pay From Your Sales

A small payment down puts this Butter-Kist Pop-Corn machine in your store with all Butter-Kist privileges. Soon pays for itself out of the money it earns.

Get the Butter-Kist Book Free

Facts, figures, complete description of business, photographs, proofs of profits, etc., shown in our new book "The Little Gold Mine." Sent free, postpaid. Tell us your line and we'll show how this fits it. Remember, every day gained means $5 to $15 more sales.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. COMPANY
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This is it

It Isn't a Lamp

Turn Down Your Electric Lights — Anywhere

Turn them up or down—just like gas—with a Dim-a-lite. Somebody ill? Keep a dim light in the sick room. A dimmed light in the bathroom over night is almost a necessity. Baby's room should have a subdued light to ensure quick action when required. And why grope around the hall and stairways when business or pleasure necessitates your returning home late? Keep the lights dimmed. The Dim-a-lite

Gives 5 changes of light
Full Half Dim Night Light Out

The Dim-a-lite saves from 30% to 80% current and fits any socket or current. You can screw any lamp into a Dim-a-lite. It is unbreakable. Sold by electrical supply, hardware, department and drug stores.

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for our two prize offers and list of inventions wanted. Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

$18 Heats 8 Room House All Winter

½ to ⅔ Coal Bill Saving Guaranteed

Cut-Out View UNDERFEED Furnace

THIS letter will make you sit up and take notice. It is one of thousands just like it. And you can have your coal bills cut, and your home uniformly heated in just the same clean, modern, economical UNDERFEED way.

You simply cannot be blind to such saving and efficiency. Read the letter:

"Binghamton, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 3

Gentlemen:—In regard to my experience with the Williamson UNDERFEED furnace would state that I have heated 8 rooms the entire season at a cost of $18. Have had uniform heat and plenty of it in all the rooms, with little attention, no gas and very few ashes. It has cost me less to run the furnace than to run my cook stove.

"Yours very truly,

"O. A. ELWELL, Near Port Dickinson."

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers

The Williamson New Feed UNDERFEED [illegible] burned inverted grates, stoves and other heating devices. And here it is a saving of time, labor and money. Remember, a saving of one-half to two-thirds on coal bills is actually guaranteed

The "Why" of It All

The New Feed UNDERFEED [illegible] effective radiating surface on its way up. Dust, smoke and gases are consumed and turned into real usable heat by the clean, hot coals through which they must pass.

Burns Cheaper Grades of Coal

With the New Feed UNDERFEED you can burn the [illegible] burns it all to a clean fine ash. No burned coals.

Use the coupon. It brings you the booklet "Correct Heating" which explains why the New-Feed can be operated with wonderful success by a boy or girl.

For money saved—GUARANTEED—send the coupon NOW!

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The Williamson Heater Co.
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[illegible] UNDERFEED [illegible] Warm Air [illegible]

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HOTEL OAKLAND
OAKLAND CALIFORNIA

No "Exposition Prices"

Visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition will find rates at Hotel Oakland surprisingly low compared with other hotels appealing to the same discriminating patronage.

Just over the Bay from the Exposition [illegible] a delightful ferry trip [illegible] to the front [illegible] 600 rooms all outside. Complete garage facilities. Service and cuisine unexcelled anywhere in America.

Rooms	Private Bath	Detached Bath
One person, per day	$2.00	$1.50 and up
Two persons, per day	3.50	2.50 and up

Two unusual booklets—"California Automobile Tours" (with excellent maps), and "Hotel Oakland," giving complete information—*sent free.*

Address: Victor Reiter, Manager

HOTEL OAKLAND, *Oakland, California*

Cable Address: OAKTEL

very careful survey, that none of the visitors gave evidence of being worth exploitation. Still, under the circumstances, he needed ready money. It was imperative that he should secure at least enough for immediate needs; and, with that end in view, he buttonholed a gambler who had recently arrived from the Middle West.

"Lemme take fifty, Irish," importuned the Humming Bird. "Lemme take fifty—quick! I need it awful bad; an' I'll hand it back to you Tuesday."

"Huh!" retorted the gambler. "What's the matter, Bird? Did they pluck you? Ain't ye been able to dig up a good thing or a live one?"

"I been lookin' for a good thing all day," droned the Bird mournfully, "but there ain't nothin' in sight. Slip me th' fifty, Irish—quick! Honest to Gawd! I'll give it back to you Tuesday."

The gambler produced his roll and peeled off the required amount.

"Been lookin' for a good thing?" he drawled. "Well, here's the kale, Bird; an' I'll give you a good thing along with it."

"What's that? What's that?" interrogated the Humming Bird anxiously.

"Well," responded the gambler, "I'll just lay you eight to five that you don't pay me back Tuesday. Ain't that a good thing?"

"Piker!" chortled the Humming Bird as he turned swiftly to move away. "You poor, pusillanimous old piker! Why, I can go over to Kelcey's book and they'll lay me forty to one that I don't never pay you back."

The Humming Bird ambled off, whistling happily, with his hat tilted away back from his forehead. He was in funds now—sufficient, at least, to maintain his social prestige. The money was sacred. He could not afford to risk any in the betting ring. Perhaps, indeed, the divinity might be persuaded to accompany him to dinner and subsequently to the theater. On the face of it, this seemed to be hoping for too much, but mentally he resolved to try.

Meantime, however, Miss Vandaleur found herself in possession of a fifty-dollar ticket before the commencement of each race, the Bird judiciously picking a horse that could not possibly be conceded a chance. He took his own imaginary losses philosophically and buoyed his companion up with the hope that she would hold a winning ticket before the day's sport was over.

In the sixth and last race, however, the Humming Bird picked an ancient horse named Melodrama as the very worst of a mediocre lot of selling-platers. Melodrama was ten years old and the custodian of many infirmities. For three long years it had not been recorded that he had caught the judge's eye first. The Humming Bird chuckled as he stole behind a post in the grand stand and wrote a ticket calling for twelve hundred dollars against fifty on Melodrama.

"It's a crime to con th' little girl this way," he soliloquized as he folded the ticket carefully, preparatory to rejoining her. "I know I ought to be arrested—but what's a feller goin' t' do when he's all in? If she ever was wised up to the fact that I was a hustler, an' broke, I couldn't hand her a peach on a stick. What's a feller goin' to do but play th' hand out an' ride chilly till I get another bank roll? She need never get next, an' it'll all come out in the suds.

"This here Melodrammer looks like the best bet o' th' day," vouchsafed the Bird as he passed the ticket over to the goddess. "I'm down pretty well on this race myself, because I'm four thousand in th' red, an' I'd like to break even. I think it's such a good thing that I'm goin' down to press th' bet a little—if you'll just excuse me a minute. I'll be back about the time the horses are off."

He hustled back along the quarter stretch in a last endeavor to discover a real subscriber. The horses were already at the post; and, almost before he realized this, a hoarse cry from the stand announced to all concerned that the barrier had gone up and they were on their way. The Humming Bird turned leisurely to ascend the steps; but halfway up he paused. Every man and woman about him was either smiling broadly or laughing, while from the inner field came the raucous shouts of many stableboys and helpers in high jubilation.

"What is it? What's comin' off? What's th' joke?" queried the Humming Bird of a man who stood next him.

"Turn round an' ye'll see for yourself," retorted that individual. "There's old

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

YOU know how it is with a boy—growing almost while you look at him—romping around all day—forever demanding "something to eat" and brutally critical of what is set before him.

There is never any difficulty in getting him to "eat plenty of bread"—*if the bread can be made to appeal to his palate.*

Try him with sandwiches of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter and see!

There is the nutriment he needs—the balanced food—the flavor of the finest Virginia and Spanish nuts, blended, delicately roasted, lightly salted and crushed to a smooth golden-brown butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes ready to serve in *vacuum-sealed jars*—three sizes, 10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more). At grocers' everywhere.

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

Made in America GINGER ALE *Best in the World*

Have a Few Cold Bottles in the Car

as well as in the ice chest. Take some with you when you go out into the woods. It is a prime thirst quencher.

Clicquot is real ginger ale, made of ginger with the pure juices of lemon and limes, pure cane sugar and the cold, pure water from the deep Clicquot Springs. This water is mildly laxative. You can drink Clicquot Club when overheated, for the ginger stimulates your stomach just enough to overcome the "ice cold" shock. Two glasses to the bottle. Clicquot Club Ginger Ale mixes agreeably with almost *any* other good drink.

Sold by grocers and druggists who cater to the best families. Buy it by the case.

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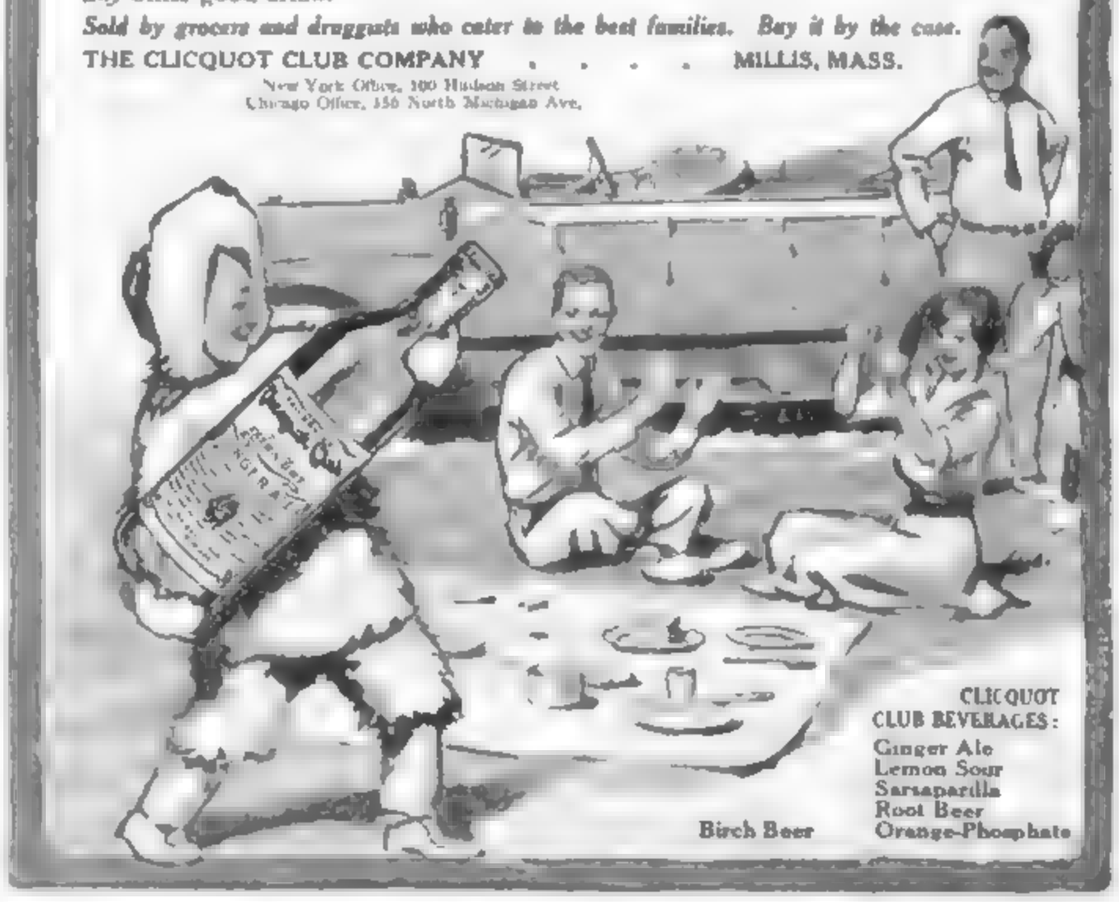

CLICQUOT CLUB BEVERAGES:
Ginger Ale
Lemon Sour
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Root Beer
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THAT is the value-test—in all motor cars. It means quality. In Paige Cars it means even more. It means Paige Character. It means distinctiveness, comfort, vast power and flexibility, reliability, wealth of highest grade features and amazing value. Paige Character means the high ideals, the financial strength and the liberal policies of the Company that manufactures Paige Cars. Paige Design, in its demonstrated soundness and years of popular endorsement, means Economy—Economy in Purchase Price, Economy in Maintenance, Economy in Operation.

A Paige Car is always, everywhere an asset.

The supreme dollar-for-dollar value of Paige Cars is established by comparing them, feature for feature, with any and all other motor cars of lower, equal or higher price.

PAIGE DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.
1200 McKinstry Ave., Detroit

SIX-"46"
$1395

FOUR "36"-$1075

Melodrammer, that ain't won a race since Hickory Jim was a two-year-old—well, all he does is to beat the barrier ten lengths an' he's out there in front, steppin' to town! It looks like he'll win if he don't break a leg. Ain't that a joke?"

The Humming Bird's jaw dropped, his countenance became ashen, and his lips seemed to freeze purple.

"Ain't you mistook?" he whispered. "That ain't his colors in front! Ain't you mistook?"

"Not much!" retorted the first speaker oracularly. "Not much I ain't! Red jacket, with old-gold sleeves, and blue cap. Look at your program, kid. That's Melodrammer, all right enough."

And almost simultaneously the Humming Bird caught sight of the divinity—and what he saw caused him to swallow hard and dig his nails deeply into the palms of his clenched hands. More bewitching than ever, she stood, with parted lips and countenance aglow with the excitement of the moment, pantomimically exhorting old Melodrama to come home and win.

The Humming Bird's attention reverted to the race itself. Melodrama had passed the drawgate and was still five lengths in front. His nearest competitor was floundering futilely in the rear, with no possible chance to overtake him.

For the Bird it spelled the end; but then, after all, despite a previous condition of servitude, the Humming Bird was a very human boy, with all a boy's heart, to every one of whom at some time or another comes the message. There was nothing heroic about him and no effort to indulge in dramatic declamation. He was just one of those who had beheld a vision when the gates of a new paradise had swung partly open, giving him a fleeting glimpse of the golden mansions and glittering gleeways of Heart's Desire.

And, because it is not given to many writing men to diagnose the psychology of these things, which at best would be only to wander far afield; and, further, when one seeks the common glory of a woman's love, it has been written that he shall work out his own salvation in his own way—therefore, it is not fitting that in this place the curtain to the innermost recesses of a man's soul should be lifted. Is it not enough to state that, so far as the Bird was concerned, the Fates had built insurmountable barriers across rapture's roadway?

With one parting glance upward at the spot where the blue sunshade bobbed up and down the Humming Bird shoved his hands deep in his pockets, while something akin to a lump rose in his throat.

"Left at the post again!" he grimly maintained as he moved rapidly toward the nearest exit. "I never had a dream in me life that didn't have an alarm-clock finish! It's just hell—that's what it is!"

Purifying Water

A REMARKABLE endless chain of conservation has been fully planned by the research laboratories of a great coal-operating company in Pennsylvania. At the present time vast quantities of water pumped from its mines in the coke region are poured into the nearest streams. The cost of pumping is heavy and the streams are so polluted that down the stream the water can be used in boilers only after expensive treatment. The same company pays large sums for carrying good water to its coke ovens, to be used in drenching the ovens during the process of coke making.

The idea now is to extract from this mine water the chemicals that make it bad for ordinary purposes. The chemicals can be sold to pay part of the expense of pumping. The purified water is satisfactory for drenching the ovens and thus makes it unnecessary to buy other water supplies for that purpose. The streams will then become free of polluted mine water. Furthermore, waste heat from the coke ovens will do much of the job of extracting the chemicals from the mine pumpings. Chemists found that this sulphur water from the mines contained quantities of iron oxide, which is in demand as a pigment by paint makers. Sulphuric acid is another chemical in the water, and various additional ones were traced. A little laboratory developed a process for extracting the iron oxide, and the company is now considering the establishment of a big plant to follow this process. At first it is not expected to get out all the chemicals; but the chemists expect sooner or later to extract them all at a good profit.

TEMCO

Improved Master Vibrator

For FORD Cars $12.50

What It Does

Your Ford car has a multiple vibrator system—one for each cylinder. To maintain even firing you have four adjustments to make. To prevent loss of power, your cylinders must fire evenly, not one too early and another too late.

With the Temco Improved Master Vibrator you get absolutely even firing and the maximum power from all cylinders, with but one adjustment to make instead of four.

What It Means

You often have trouble starting because you have certain laggard cylinders. And when you get into heavy going at slow speed and have one or two slow firing cylinders, you lose momentum before you get to a properly fired charge,—you stall or buck.

With the Temco Improved Master Vibrator you start as easily on one cylinder as another, you have a smooth stream of evenly applied power—a steady pull at all speeds.

Why Temco

The Temco Improved Master Vibrator has a combined lock and kick switch, special iridium platinum points which will not stick, moisture proof assembling plates, and much simpler adjustment. It is made of better material and is of better construction throughout. You get unsurpassed quality at a moderate price, and less.

Unlimited Guarantee

The Temco Improved Master Vibrator must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way or you can return it and get your money back.

Write for full description. Buy of your dealer. If he can't supply you, we will do so direct on receipt of the price.

The Temco Electric Motor Co.
517 Sugar Street, Leipsic, Ohio

Wasting Time Is Costly

TIME wasted, or not put to profitable use, means that much cash out of your pocket, just as much as though you had lost it.

Why don't you convert your spare time into money? One or two evenings a week, or an hour each afternoon, used in getting new subscribers or renewing old subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* will add materially to your earnings. Thousands of men and women are using this means to supplement their incomes, finding it pleasant, dignified and profitable. You can do likewise. You will be paid in commission and salary.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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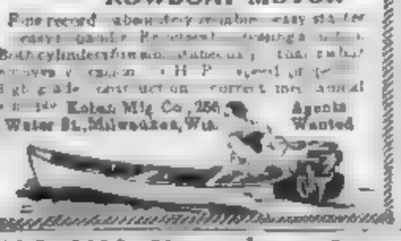
UNMATCHED SPEED
EXTRA POWER—NO VIBRATION

"Some speed! Drives a 16 ft. boat 12 miles an hour." writes Mr. Sanders, Madison, Wis. Has power to spare—Does not shake the boat.

THE GREAT 2 CYCLINDER
KOBAN
ROWBOAT MOTOR

Battery Ignition or Built-in Magneto

Fine record ... Both cylinders fire ... H. P. ... High grade construction ... Koban Mfg. Co., 256 S. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis. Agents Wanted



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EVERY blade a marvel. Shaves perfectly and repeatedly. Guaranteed keen and clean. Twelve in each Ever-Ready Safety Razor outfit at $1.00. Sold in packages of 6 for 30c, or 10 for 50c. Fit your razor. Sold everywhere

"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill
Right- and left-hand Ratchet
Double right-hand Ratchet

No. 1555—3-jaw chuck
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Price, $5.25

Two Speeds changed instantly, with drill in work.

In Double Ratchet adjustment any movement of crank to or fro and no matter how short causes drill to feed continuously

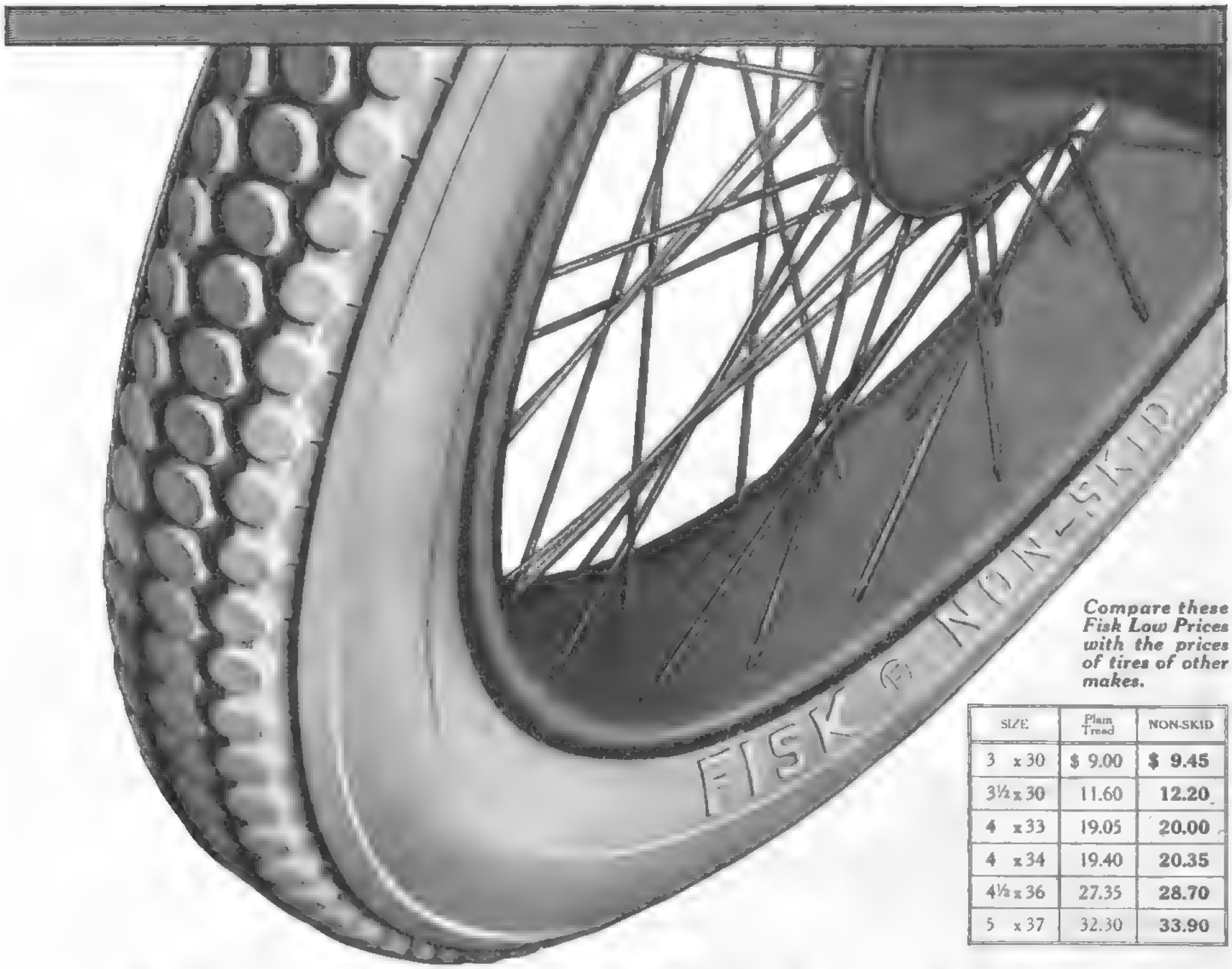
Five adjustments, made with Shifter between the small gears: (1) Plain drill. (2) Left-hand ratchet. (3) Right-hand ratchet. (4) Double ratchet; (5) Gears locked.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Your dealer can supply you

Write for "'Yankee' Tool Book" for mechanics and householders, or for "'Yankee' Tools in the Garage" for motorists.

NORTH BROS. MFG. COMPANY, Philadelphia



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SIZE	Plain Tread	NON-SKID
3 x 30	$ 9.00	$ 9.45
3½ x 30	11.60	12.20
4 x 33	19.05	20.00
4 x 34	19.40	20.35
4½ x 36	27.35	28.70
5 x 37	32.30	33.90

A Comparison of Fisk Low Prices

THE Fisk Non-Skid, with Fisk Service, at the **Fisk Low Prices,** represents the utmost in tire value. The prices for the Non-Skid are less than charged a few months ago for the Fisk Smooth Tread and **less** than now asked for many smooth tread tires of other standard makes.

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The Fisk Non-Skid is designed **right.** It possesses the mileage, durability and easy riding qualities of the Fisk Plain Tread, and in addition a remarkably effective development of traction and non-skid resistance—the kind that prevents serious accidents in an emergency.

FISK
NON-SKID
TIRES
WITH FISK SERVICE

Greatly increased production and distribution make possible these Fisk Low Prices. We hold to the high Quality that has always characterized Fisk Tires and made them the choice of wise and discriminating motorists everywhere.

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The service we render tire users is tangible and greatly appreciated. We do all we can to make your investment satisfactory to you, to increase your motoring pleasure to the point where the presence of tires is lost sight of. A thousand trained employees are located in Fisk Branches in all the principal cities to **serve you** with all the helpfulness that the word **serve** implies.

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For thoroughly cleaning draperies, mattresses, upholstering, clothes, walls, radiators, etc., we have special attachments, per set $7.50.

For King and Country

NO MAN'S LAND

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

II

UNTIL now our excursion to the trenches, aside from the discomfort of the weather and the mud, had been fairly safe, although there was always the chance of a shell. To that now was to be added a fresh hazard—the sniping that goes on all night long.

Our car moved quietly for a mile, paralleling the trenches. Then it stopped. The rest of the journey was to be on foot.

All traces of the storm had passed, except for the pools of mud which, gleaming like small lakes, filled shell holes in the road. An ammunition lorry had drawn up in the shadow of a hedge and was cautiously unloading. Evidently the night's movement of troops was over, for the roads were empty.

A few feet beyond the lorry we came up to the trenches. We were behind them, only head and shoulders above.

There was no sign of life or movement, except for the silent *fusées* that burst occasionally a little to our right. Walking was bad. The Belgian blocks of the road were coated with slippery mud, and from long use and erosion the stones themselves were rounded, so that our feet slipped over them. At the right was a shallow ditch three or four feet wide. Beyond that the railway embankment where, as Captain Fastrez had explained, the Belgian Army had taken up its position after being driven back across the Yser.

The embankment loomed shoulder high, and between it and the ditch were the trenches. There was no sound from them, but sentries halted us frequently. On such occasions the party stopped abruptly—for here sentries are apt to fire first and investigate afterward—and one officer advanced with the password.

There is always something grim and menacing about the attitude of the sentry as he waits on such occasions. His carbine is not over his shoulder, but in his hands, ready for use. The bayonet gleams. His eyes are fixed watchfully on the advance. A false move, and his overstrained nerves may send the carbine to his shoulder.

The House of the Barrier

We walked just behind the trenches in the moonlight for a mile. No one said anything. The wind was icy. Across the railroad embankment it chopped the inundation into small crested waves. Only by putting one's head down was it possible to battle ahead. From Dixmude came the intermittent red flashes of guns. But the trenches beside us were entirely silent.

At the end of a mile we stopped. The road turned abruptly to the right and crossed the railroad embankment, and at this crossing was the ruin of what had been the House of the Barrier, where in peaceful times the crossing tender lived.

It had been almost destroyed. The side toward the German lines was indeed a ruin, but one room was fairly whole. However, the door had been shot away. To enter, it was necessary to lift away an extemporized one of planks roughly nailed together, which leaned against the aperture.

The moving of the door showed more firelight, and a very small, shaded and smoky lamp on a stand. There were officers here again. The little house is slightly in advance of the trenches, and once inside it was possible to realize its exposed position. Standing as it does on the elevation of the railroad, it is constantly under fire. It is surrounded by barbed wire and flanked by trenches in which are *mitrailleuses*.

The walls were full of shell holes, stuffed with sacks of straw or boarded over. What had been windows were now jagged openings, similarly closed. The wind came through steadily, smoking the chimney of the lamp and making the flame flicker.

There was one chair.

I wish I could go farther. I wish I could say that shells were bursting overhead, and that I sat calmly in the one chair and made notes. I sat, true enough, but I sat because I was tired and my feet were wet. And instead of making notes I examined my new six-guinea silk rubber rain cape for barbed-wire tears. Not a shell came near. The German battery across had ceased firing at dusk that evening, and was playing pinochle four hundred yards away across the inundation. The snipers were writing letters home.

It is true that at any time an artilleryman might lose a game and go out and fire a gun to vent his spleen or to keep his hand in. And the snipers might begin to notice that the rain was over, and that there was suspicious activity at the House of the Barrier. And, to take away the impression of perfect peace, big guns were busy just north and south of us. Also, just where we were the Germans had made a terrific charge three nights before to capture an outpost. But the fact remains that I brought away not even a bullet hole through the crown of my soft felt hat.

When I had been thawed out they took me into the trenches. Because of the inundation directly in front, they are rather shallow, and at this point were built against the railroad embankment with earth, boards, and here and there a steel rail from the track. Some of them were covered, too, but not with bombproof material. The tops were merely shelters from the rain and biting wind.

The men lay or sat in them—it was impossible to stand. Some of them were like tiny houses into which the men crawled from the rear, and by placing a board, which served as a door, managed to keep out at least a part of the bitter wind.

Evening in the Trenches

In the first trench I was presented to a bearded major. He was lying flat and apologized for not being able to rise. There was a machine gun beside him. He told me with some pride that it was an American gun, and that it never jammed. When a machine gun jams the man in charge of it dies and his comrades die, and things happen with great rapidity. On the other side of him was a cat, curled up and sound asleep. There was a telephone instrument there. It was necessary to step over the wire that was strung upon the ground.

All night long he lies there with his gun, watching for the first movement in the trenches across. For here, near the House of the Barrier, has taken place some of the most furious fighting of this part of the line.

In the next division of the trench were three men. They were cleaning and oiling their rifles round a candle.

The surprise of all of these men at seeing a woman was almost absurd. Word went down the trenches that a woman was visiting. Heads popped out and cautious comments were made. It was concluded that I was visiting royalty, but the excitement died when it was discovered that I was not the Queen. Now and then, when a trench looked clean and dry, I was invited in. It was necessary to get down and crawl in on hands and knees.

Here was a man warming his hands over a tiny fire kindled in a tin pail. He had bored holes in the bottom of the pail for air, and was shielding the glow carefully with his overcoat.

Many people have written about the trenches—the mud, the odors, the inhumanity of compelling men to live under such foul conditions. Nothing that they have said can be too strong. Under the best conditions the life is ghastly, horrible, impossible.

That night, when from a semishielded position I could look across to the German line, the contrast between the condition of the men in the trenches and the beauty of the scenery was appalling. In each direction, as far as one could see, lay a gleaming lagoon of water. The moon made a silver path across it, and here and there on its borders were broken and twisted winter trees.

"It is beautiful," said Captain Fastrez beside me, in a low voice. "But it is full of the dead. They are taken out whenever it it possible; but it is not often possible."

"And when there is an attack the attacking side must go through the water?"

"Not always, but in many places."

"What will happen if it freezes over?"

He explained that it was salt water, and would not freeze easily. And the cold of

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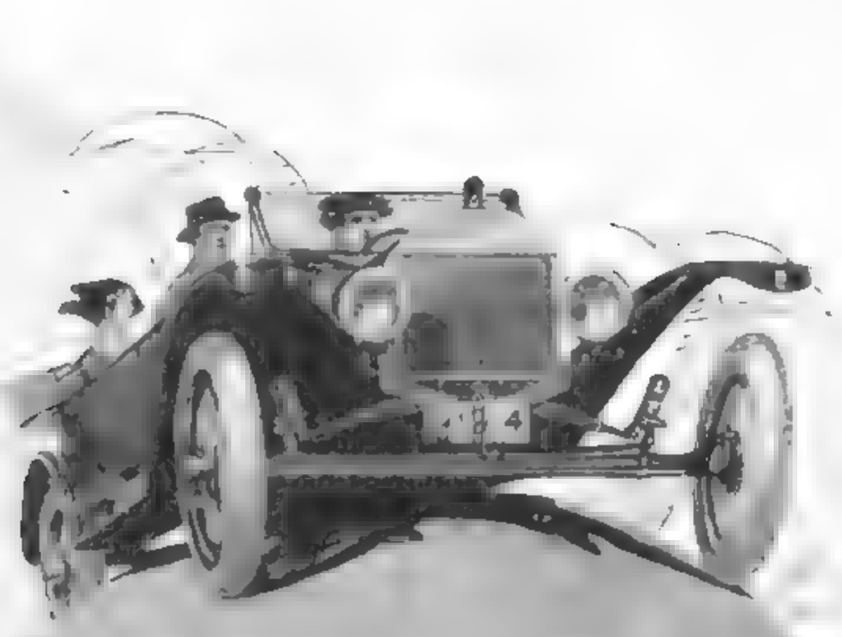

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Tar Coating

that part of the country is not the cold of America in the same latitude. It is not a cold of low temperature; it is a damp, penetrating cold that goes through garments of every weight and seems to chill the very blood in a man's body.

"How deep is the water?" I asked.

"It varies—from two to eight feet. Here it is shallow."

"I should think they would come over."

"The water is full of barbed wire," he said grimly. "And some, a great many, have tried—and failed."

As of the trenches, many have written of the stenches of this war. But the odor of that beautiful lagoon was horrible. I do not care to emphasize it. It is one of the things best forgotten. But any lingering belief I may have had in the grandeur and glory of war died that night beside that silver lake—died of an odor, and will never live again.

And now came a discussion.

The road crossing the railroad embankment turned sharply to the left and proceeded in front of the trenches. There was no shelter on that side of the embankment. The inundation bordered the road, and just beyond the inundation were the German trenches.

There were no trees, no shrubbery, no houses; just a flat road, paved with Belgian blocks, that gleamed in the moonlight.

At last the decision was made. We would go along the road, provided I realized from the first that it was dangerous. One or two could walk there with a good chance for safety, but not more. The little group had been augmented. It must break up; two might walk together, and then two a safe distance behind. Four would certainly be fired on.

I wanted to go. It was not a matter of courage. I had simply, parrot-fashion, mimicked the attitude of mind of the officers. One after another I had seen men go into danger with a shrug of the shoulders.

"If it comes it comes!" they said, and went on. So I, too, had become a fatalist. If I was to be shot it would happen, if I had to buy a rifle and try to clean it myself to fulfill my destiny.

The Sentry Agreement

So they let me go. I went farther than they expected, as it turned out. There was a great deal of indignation and relief when it was over. But that is later on.

A very tall Belgian officer took me in charge. It was necessary to work through a barbed-wire barricade, twisting and turning through its mazes. The moonlight helped. It was at once a comfort and an anxiety, for it seemed to me that my khaki-colored suit gleamed in it. The Belgian officers in their dark blue were less conspicuous. I thought they had an unfair advantage of me, and that it was idiotic of the British to wear and advocate anything so absurd as khaki. My cape ballooned like a sail in the wind. I felt at least double my ordinary size, and that even a sniper with a squint could hardly miss me. And, by way of comfort, I had one last instruction before I started:

"If a *fusée* goes up, stand perfectly still. If you move they will fire."

The entire safety of the excursion depended on a sort of tacit agreement that, in part at least, obtains as to sentries.

This is a new warfare, one of artillery, supported by infantry in trenches. And it has been necessary to make new laws for it. The winter deadlock has given rise to one of the most curious. It is a sort of *modus vivendi* by which each side protects its own sentries by leaving the enemy's sentries unmolested so long as there is no active fighting. They are always in plain view before the trenches. In case of a charge they are the first to be shot, of course. But long winter nights and days have gone by along certain parts of the front where the hostile trenches are close together, and the sentries, keeping their monotonous lookout, have been undisturbed.

No doubt by the time this article is published the situation will have changed to a certain extent; there will be more active fighting, larger bodies of men will be involved. The spring floods south of the inundation will have dried up. No Man's Land will have ceased to be a swamp and the deadlock will be broken.

But on that February night I put my faith in this agreement, and it held.

The tall Belgian officer asked me if I was frightened. I said I was not. This was not

(Continued on Page 61)

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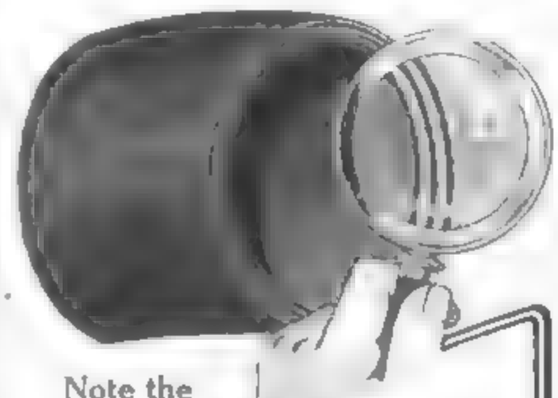

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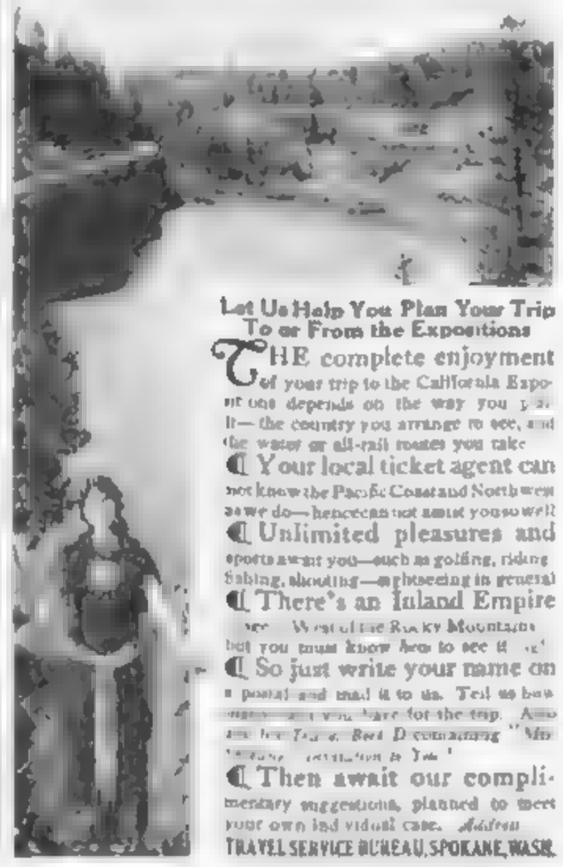

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Today, the American farmer enjoys the same facilities for instant, direct communication as the city dweller. Though distances between farms are reckoned in miles as the crow flies, the telephone brings every one as close as next door. Though it be half a day's journey to the village, the farmer is but a telephone call away.

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The Bell System has always recognized rural telephone development as an essential factor of Universal Service. It has co-operated with the farmer to achieve this aim.

The result is that the Bell System reaches more places than there are post offices and includes as many rural telephones as there are telephones of all kinds in Great Britain, France and Germany combined.

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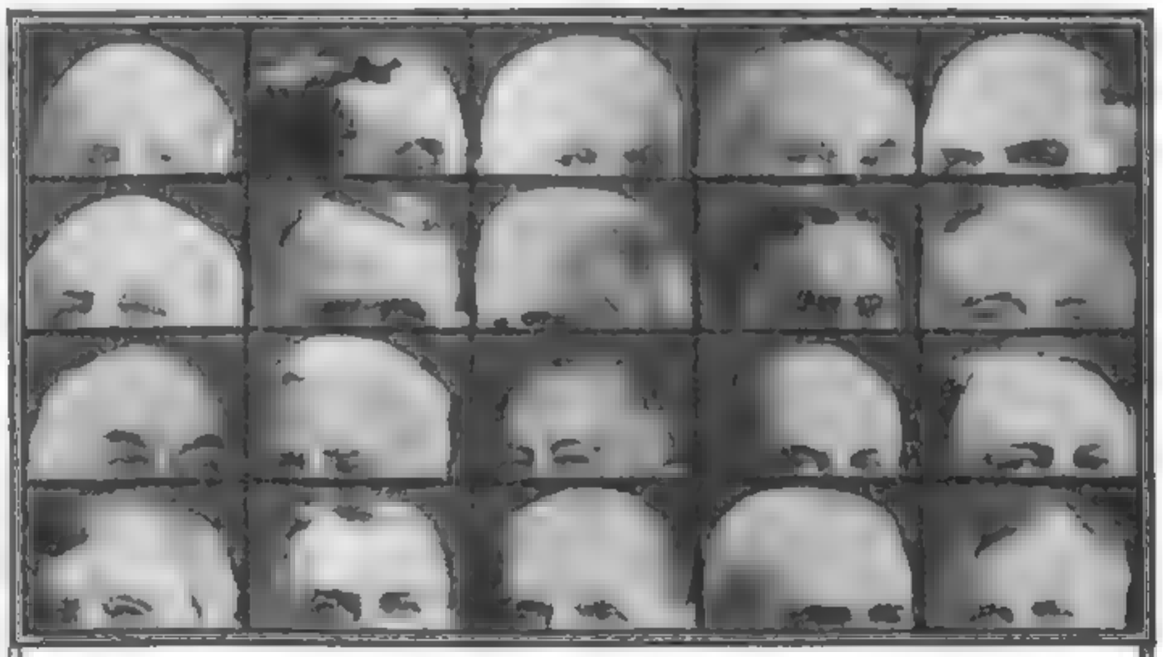

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His *vocational training* from our Course in Salesmanship has resulted in an unusual development of reasoning faculties, resourcefulness, initiative, tact and general intelligence. He is a real salesman. Soon this boy will graduate from the High School. By that time he will have earned our League diploma of "Master Salesman"—no mean attainment.

JUST as Benjamin Franklin visited the joiners, the bricklayers, etc., that he might fix upon a profession or trade, so this boy is studying the occupations of his customers,—learning to distinguish between a vocation and a "job." Even now he is inquiring, ***"What sort of opportunities have employers to offer?"***

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BY arranging to interview such boys, you assume no obligation whatever,—you are free to employ or reject, according to your own judgment of their qualifications.

When one of our bright, industrious "master salesmen" like Lawrence Eldridge (no other sort of boy can attain this rank) wishes to find a permanent position in your city,

Shall We Refer Him To You?

Upon request full particulars of what is necessary for a boy to become a "Curtis Master Salesman," and of our vocational guidance plan, will be sent to any employer, vocational bureau, teacher or parent. We especially invite inquiry by each employer and manufacturer who will say: "When you have another boy like Lawrence Eldridge in my city send him to me for an interview."

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THESE words are not taken from a daily paper. They appear in a book, written nearly three centuries ago, when Europe, then, as now, was resounding to the clash of arms, and Virginia tobacco was lessening the soldier's hardships, as it is today.

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Roll yourself one of the forty, fresh cigarette-fuls from a sack of DUKE'S Mixture. Its mild-ness, its aroma, will fit your taste as if it had been blended for you. That is *Guaranteed.*

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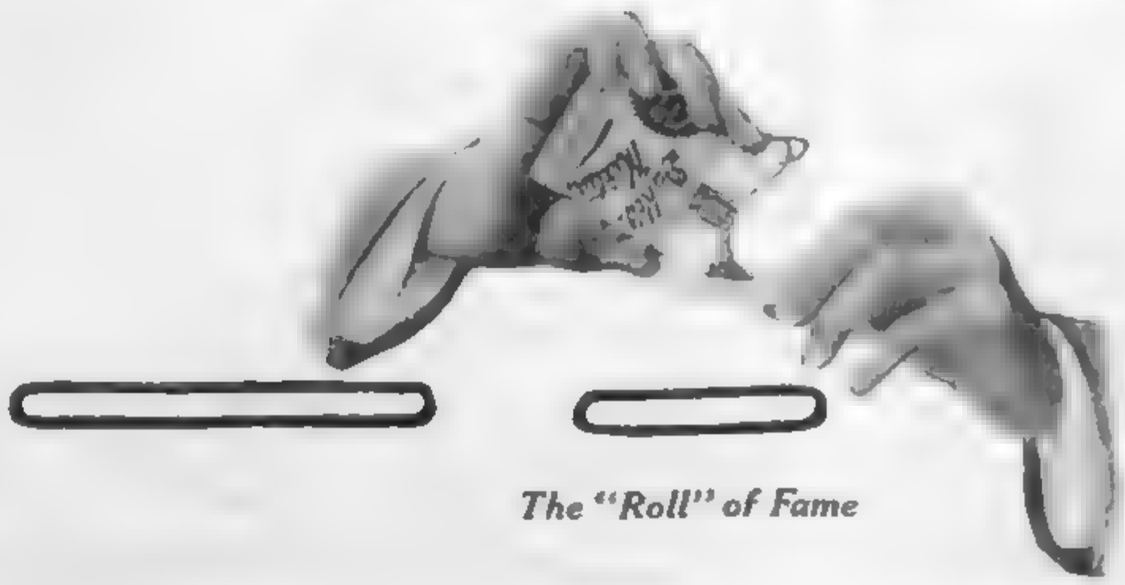


The "Roll" of Fame

(Continued from Page 58)

exactly the truth; but it was no time for the truth.

"They are not shooting," I said. "It looks perfectly safe."

He shrugged his shoulders and glanced toward the German trenches.

"They have been sleeping during the rain," he said briefly. "But when one of them wakes up, look out!"

After that there was little conversation, and what there was was in whispers.

As we proceeded the stench from the beautiful moonlit water grew overpowering. The officer told me the reason.

A little farther along a path of fascines had been built out over the inundation to an outpost halfway to the German trenches. The building of this narrow roadway had cost many lives.

Half a mile along the road we were sharply challenged by a sentry. When he had received the password he stood back and let us pass. Alone, in that bleak and exposed position, always in full view as he paced back and forward, carbine on shoulder, with not even a tree trunk or a hedge for shelter, the first to go at the whim of some German sniper or at any indication of an attack, he was a pathetic, almost a tragic, figure. He looked very young too. I stopped and asked him in a whisper how old he was.

He said he was nineteen!

He may have been. I know something about boys, and I think he was seventeen at the most. There are plenty of boys of that age doing just what that lad was doing.

Afterward I learned that it was no part of the original plan to take a woman over the fascine path to the outpost; that Captain Fastrez ground his teeth in impotent rage when he saw where I was being taken. But it was not possible to call or even to come up to us. So, blithely and unconsciously the tall Belgian officer and I turned to the right, and I was innocently on my way to the German trenches.

After a little I realized that this was rather more war than I had expected. The fascines were slippery; the path only four or five feet wide. On each side was the water, hideous with many secrets.

I stopped, a third of the way out, and looked back. It looked about as dangerous in one direction as another. So we went on. Once I slipped and fell. And now, looming out of the moonlight, I could see the outpost which was the object of our visit.

I have always been grateful to that Belgian lieutenant for his mistake. Just how grateful I might have been had anything untoward happened, I cannot say. But the excursion was worth all the risk, and more.

The Soldier Monk in His Tower

On a bit of high ground stands what was once the tiny hamlet of Oudstuyvenskerke—the ruins of two small white houses and the tower of the destroyed church—hardly a tower any more, for only three sides of it are standing and they are riddled with great shell holes.

Six hundred feet beyond this tower were the German trenches. The little island was hardly a hundred feet in its greatest dimension.

I wish I could make those people who think that war is good for a country see that Belgian outpost as I saw it that night under the moonlight. Perhaps we were under the moonlight. I do not know. Suddenly the *fusées*, which had ceased for a time, began again, and with their white light added to that of the moon the desolate picture of that tiny island was a picture of the war. There was nothing lacking. There was the beauty of the moonlit waters, there was the tragedy of the destroyed houses and the church, and there was the horror of unburied bodies.

There was heroism, too, of the kind that will make Belgium live in history. For in the top of that church tower for three months a Capuchin monk has held his position alone and unrelieved. He has a telephone, and he gains access to his position in the tower by means of a rope ladder which he draws up after him.

Furious fighting has taken place again and again round the base of the tower. The German shells assail it constantly. But when I left Belgium the Capuchin monk, who has become a soldier, was still on duty; still telephoning the ranges of the gun; still notifying headquarters of German preparations for a charge.

Some day the church tower will fall and he will go with it, or it will be captured; one or the other is inevitable. Perhaps it has already happened; for not long ago I saw in the newspapers that furious fighting was taking place at this very spot.

He came down and I talked to him—a little man, regarding his situation as quite ordinary, and looking quaintly unpriestlike in his uniform of a Belgian officer with its tasseled cap. Some day a great story will be written of these priests of Belgium who have left their churches to fight.

We spoke in whispers. There was after all very little to say. It would have embarrassed him horribly had anyone told him that he was a heroic figure. And the ordinary small talk is not currency in such a situation.

We shook hands and I think I wished him luck. Then he went back again to the long hours and days of waiting.

I passed under his telephone wires. Some day he will telephone that a charge is coming. He will give all the particulars calmly, concisely. Then the message will break off abruptly. He will have sent his last warning. For that is the way these men at the advance posts die.

As we started again I was no longer frightened. Something of his courage had communicated itself to me, his courage and his philosophy, perhaps his faith.

The priest had become a soldier; but he was still a priest in his heart. For he had buried the German dead in one great grave before the church, and over them had put the cross of his belief.

It was rather absurd on the way back over that path of death to be escorted by a cat. It led the way over the fascines, treading daintily and cautiously. Perhaps one of the destroyed houses at the outpost had been its home, and with a cat's fondness for places it remained there, though everything it knew had gone; though battle and sudden death had usurped the place of its peaceful fireside, though that very fireside was become a heap of stone and plaster, open to winds and rain.

Back to Headquarters

Again and again in destroyed towns I have seen these forlorn cats stalking about, trying vainly to adjust themselves to new conditions, cold and hungry and homeless.

We were challenged repeatedly on the way back. Coming from the direction we did we were open to suspicion. It was necessary each time to halt some forty feet from the sentry, who stood with his rifle pointed at us. Then the officer advanced with the word.

Back again, then, along the road, past the youthful sentry, past other sentries, winding through the barbed-wire barricade, and at last, quite whole, to the House of the Barrier again. We had walked three miles in front of the Belgian advanced trenches, in full view of the Germans. There had been no protecting hedge or bank or tree between us and that ominous line across. And nothing whatever had happened.

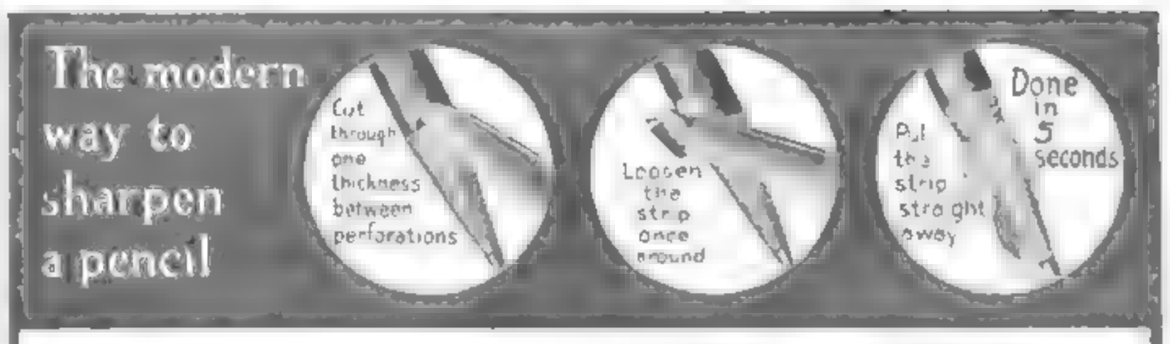
Captain Fastrez was indignant. The officers in the House of the Barrier held up their hands. For men such a risk was legitimate, necessary. In a woman it was foolhardy. Nevertheless, now that it was safely over, they were keenly interested and rather amused. But I have learned that the gallant captain and the officer with him had arranged, in case shooting began, to jump into the water, and by splashing about draw the fire in their direction!

We went back to the automobile, a long walk over the shell-eaten roads in the teeth of a biting wind. But a glow of exultation kept me warm. I had been to the front. I had been far beyond the front, indeed, and I had seen such a picture of war and its desolation there in the center of No Man's Land as perhaps no one not connected with an army had seen before; such a picture as would live in my mind forever.

I saw other trenches that night as we followed the Belgian lines slowly northward toward Nieuport.

Save the varying conditions of discomfort, they were all similar. Always they were behind the railroad embankment. Always they were dirty and cold. Frequently they were full of mud and water. To reach them one waded through swamps and pools. Just beyond them there was always the moonlit stretch of water, now narrow, now wide, and here and there floating things that had been men.

I was to see the other trenches later on, French and English, all sordid and wretched. But only along the inundation was there that curious combination of beauty and


The modern way to sharpen a pencil
Cut through one thickness between perforations
Loosen the strip once around
Pull the strip straight away
Done in 5 seconds

Words to wise purchasing agents

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Cramp Ship Yards
New York Life Insurance Company
The New York World
The Chicago Tribune
American Tobacco Company

The purchasing agents of these concerns buy Blaisdell pencils with flattering regularity. Their buying is done on a scientific basis. They place their orders where they get the maximum of value. They have specified the Blaisdell only after the most searching comparative tests. If the above named purchasers cannot find a better pencil than the Blaisdell—or one as good—is your experience likely to be different?

Many of the world's greatest industrial and commercial organizations will use no pencil but the Blaisdell. Quality, convenience, economy in a pencil tell most where pencils are used in large quantities. And it is in such concerns that the Blaisdell has its staunchest friends

Blaisdell pencils have quality. The heart of a pencil is the lead. In each grade of pencil Blaisdells have the best lead, at the price, in the world. Our special automatic machinery cuts the cost of manufacture and enables us to use these better leads. This accounts for the smoothness and the really remarkable lasting power of Blaisdell pencils.

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Blaisdell 151 blue is the most popular pencil of its class in the world, outselling all others put together—a fine specimen of Blaisdell quality. Price 90c per dozen; $9 per gross. Order by number from your stationer.

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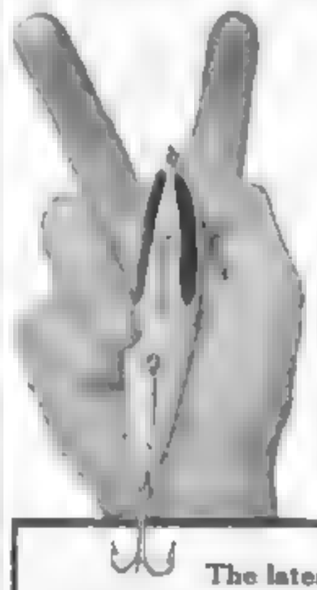
because it's right in principle and bound to stay clean and sweet and tractable. The construction of a Wellington keeps saliva away from the tobacco and away from the fire. All of the weed burns to a fine, dry ash and you'll get satisfaction whatever your choice for the load.

The Wellington

is the leader of the famous W D C line of pipes, made good for more than a half century. Every W D C pipe is genuine French briar—guaranteed not to burn through or crack. Buy and smoke a Wellington—then you'll be a Wellingtonian. Many shapes, all prices—25c up. Also fitted with Bakelite bits. At all good dealers'.

William Demuth & Company
New York

Fishermen, Ho!



Get the big ones with WILSON'S WOBBLERS and HASTINGS LUCKY TACKLE

The latest is the
Wilson's Cupped Wobbler
A Surface Bait. New for 1915

THE head of this bait is hollowed out or cupped. As it is pulled through the water it skims close to the surface, at the same time wobbling from side to side because of the varying resistance of the water as it is cupped. The motion is that of an erratically wriggling minnow.

The bait shown in the hand above is the original Plated Wilson's Wobbler—a semi-surface [illegible] other sizes are the Weighted Wobbler, deep-water [illegible] the Lunkerous Wobbler for night fishing, the Weedless Wobbler, for weedy places, and the Small Size Wobbler for those preferring a small bait. All lures are made in various colors. An outfit of these baits equips the bait caster for any weather and any water.

With Wilson's Wobblers use Hastings Lucky Tackle—the Hastings Special Casting Rod and the Set Favorite Silk Casting Lines. These Lines have been the core and the outer casing braided, giving much added strength and smoothness. Sold by the dealers that sell Wilson's Wobblers. Write for Bait Casting Booklet and Tackle Folder. Free.

HASTINGS SPORTING GOODS WORKS
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Divided front seats make individual arm chairs

National Six $2375

To ride in this new *National* is like being transported in your library chairs

Instead of reading the specifications that promise, you hold the wheel that produces.

To imagine the joys of motoring, while reposing amid the comforts of home, is one thing. It is another thing to find a car without limitations that makes practice as good as the wish. To do this a car must be capable of more than merely "running."

This new *National* is such a car. It is a smooth running, luxurious craft that meets every road requirement without perceptible effort and without distracting your mind or discomforting your body. Its performance coincides with your desire.

Art folio of seven new and distinctive body styles sent on request

There is a certain smartness about *National* cars which tells of the fighting and racing strains in *National* blood. *National* designs include Touring Cars with "aisle-way" front seats, and the Parlor Car with individual, adjustable arm chairs. *National* sixes develop any part of fifty-five horsepower at a fuel efficiency up to 17 miles per gallon.

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For Fifteen Years Successful Builders of Good Automobiles.

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Self-Duplicating Profits

THERE are few lines in which it is so easy to get "repeat" orders as it is in the business of getting subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Here is a business in which, for each $1000 earned the first year, you can count on getting not less than $750 the second year from renewals, with almost no effort. Then, if you work as effectively the second year as you did the year you began, you will earn another $1000 from new readers, or a total of $1750.

There are college men and women who earn from $1000 to $1500 a year during vacation and in spare time, by Curtis subscription work. Numerous regular agents receive from $3000 to $5000 a year by devoting all of their time to the business. No experience is required for this work. Any man or woman of good address may engage in it; there are no limitations except those of your own time and energy. We'll tell you how to do the work.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

hideousness, of rippling water with the moonlight across it in a silver path, and in that water floating things that had been men.

In one place a cow and a pig were standing on ground a little bit raised. They had been there for weeks between the two armies. Neither side would shoot them, in the hope of some time obtaining them for food.

They looked peaceful, rather absurd.

Now so near that one must whisper, and now a quarter of a mile away, were the German trenches. We moved under their *fusées*, passing destroyed towns where shell holes have become vast graves.

One such town was most impressive. It had been a very beautiful town, rather larger than the others. At the foot of the main street ran the railroad embankment and the line of trenches. There was not a house left.

It had been, but a day or two before, the scene of a street fight, when the Germans, swarming across the inundation, had captured the trenches at the railroad and got into the town itself.

At the intersection of two streets, in a shell hole, twenty bodies had been thrown for burial. But that was not novel or new. Shell-hole graves and destroyed houses were nothing. The thing I shall never forget is the cemetery round the great church.

Continental cemeteries are always crowded. They are old, and graves almost touch one another. The crosses which mark them stand like rows of men in close formation.

This cemetery had been shelled. There was not a cross in place; they lay flung about in every grotesque position. The quiet God's Acre had become a hell. Graves were uncovered; the dust of centuries exposed. In one the cross had been lifted up by an explosion and had settled back again upside down, so that the Christ was inverted.

It was curious to stand in that chaos of destruction, that ribald havoc, that desecration of all we think of as sacred, and see, stretched from one broken tombstone to another, the telephone wires that connect the trenches at the foot of the street with headquarters and with the "château."

Ninety-six German soldiers had been buried in one shell hole in that cemetery. Close beside it there was another, a great gaping wound in the earth, half full of water from the evening's rain.

A Message From Captain Fastrez

An officer beside me looked down into it.

"See," he said, "they dig their own graves!"

It was almost morning. The automobile left the pathetic ruin of the town and turned back toward the "château." There was no talking; a sort of heaviness of spirit lay on us all. The officers were seeing again the destruction of their country through my shocked eyes. We were tired and cold, and I was heartsick.

A long drive through the dawn, and then the "château."

The officers were still up, waiting. They had prepared, against our arrival, sandwiches and hot drinks.

The American typewriters in the next room clicked and rattled. At the telephone board messages were coming in from the very places we had just left—from the instrument at the major's elbow as he lay in his trench beside the House of the Barrier; from the priest who had left his cell and become a soldier; from that desecrated and ruined graveyard with its gaping shell holes that waited, open-mouthed, for—what?

When we had eaten, Captain Fastrez rose and made a little speech. It was simply done, in the words of a soldier and a patriot speaking out of a full heart.

"You have seen to-night a part of what is happening to our country," he said. "You have seen what the invading hosts of Germany have made us suffer. But you have seen more than that. You have seen that the Belgian Army still exists; that it is still fighting and will continue to fight. The men in those trenches fought at Liège, at Louvain, at Antwerp, at the Yser. They will fight as long as there is a drop of Belgian blood to shed.

"Beyond the enemy's trenches lies our country, devastated; our national life destroyed, our people under the iron heel of Germany. But Belgium lives. Tell America, tell the world, that destroyed, injured as she is, Belgium lives and will rise again, greater than before!"

"I Am Going to Order A Box of Those Cigars—Sometime"

To get you to order your first box of my cigars, I have to overcome an enormous resistance. I have to say something to you that will make you say, By George, I'll order now—instead of "sometime." I am going to try to say it now.

It is a fixed custom with men to buy cigars as they need them, at the most convenient store.

The tendency of the average smoker is to read my offer—decide to order from me—and put it off. That is the case until he smokes his first box. After that his repeat orders come right along regularly, year after year. He has seen that buying cigars direct from my factory saves money and gives him better cigars.

Here is the situation. Imagine a cigar factory turning out thousands of cigars, a regular stream of them, box after box, every weekday all the year around.

How are these cigars going to be sold? Salesmen? No. I have no salesmen, not one. Stores? No. You cannot buy my cigars in stores. No wholesale house handles any part of my output. I do only a limited amount of advertising.

Yet the cigars move right out. They sell literally on their quality, to men whom I have never seen. Reorders from my customers and orders from friends of my customers keep me busy making cigars.

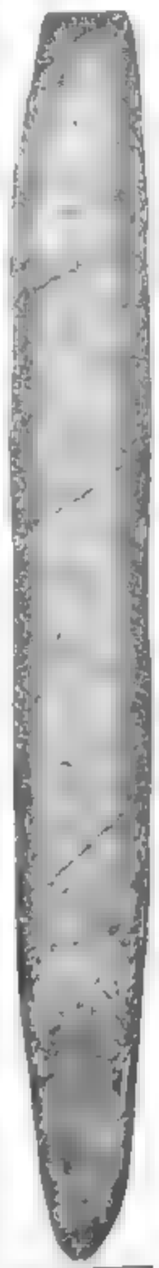
And I [illegible] men to try them [illegible] in [illegible] not [illegible] I [illegible] to make changes to supply the demand that would result.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remainder, at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them. If he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I make my Panatela with [illegible] Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco. The filler is *all* Havana. [illegible] The wrapper is Sumatra. The cigar is rolled by hand by skilled adult male cigarmakers. It is a hand-made Havana filled cigar sold direct to you at about half what the same quality would cost in a retail store.

The cigars will sell themselves if you give them half a chance.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

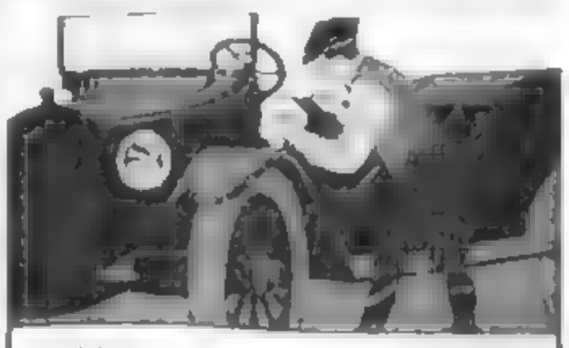


Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

*21st and Market Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

*My regular customers will please note the new address. Increasing business has justified my moving to a new and larger factory on Philadelphia's main artery of traffic. I have occupied the new quarters since May 1st.



We will send you a can of

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

"Makes Old Cars New Motor Stars"

An application of Johnson's Prepared Wax to the body, hood and fenders of automobiles preserves and protects the varnish—it minimizes the labor of keeping cars in good condition. Its greatest advantage is the fact that

It Does Not Gather Dust

Johnson's Prepared Wax is clean and easy to use and economical—it imparts a hard, dry, high gloss which holds its lustre indefinitely, covers up small scratches and

"Sheds Water Like a Duck's Back"

You will find this Wax a splendid polish for

Floors	*Pianos*
Linoleum	*Furniture*
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For 10c we will send you postpaid enough Wax for polishing an automobile, a piano, several pieces of furniture or a small floor.

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who reads and *heeds* it to the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.

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They Make Hot Porches Cool

All Equipped with Vudor Safety Wind Device

Vudor Porch Shades

Ideal for Sleeping Porches

Over 600,000 Vudors in daily use

Keep Out the Sun— Let In the Breeze

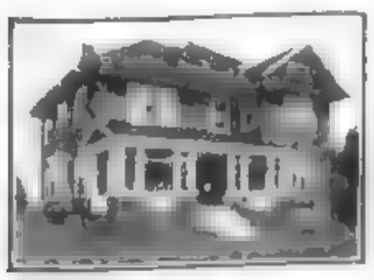
"Why doesn't somebody invent something to keep a house cool in summer?" you have panted on many a hot day.

Well, somebody did invent that very thing some years ago. It's Vudor Porch Shades. You could have had them before this summer. Many beautiful homes have them.

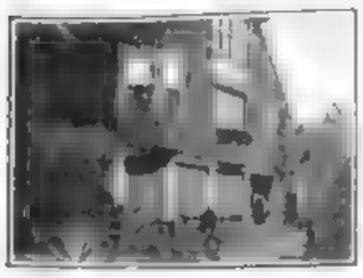
This summer let Vudor Porch Shades make your porch the coolest room in your house. Eat there, sleep there, rest there, cool off there in *outdoor air and seclusion.*

Vudor Reënforced Porch Shades are made of light, strong, wooden slats (not bamboo) lock-stitched together by heavy, rot-proof seine twine.

This lock weave, which holds slats permanently without slipping, is patented. All Shades have double warps at both edges and are reënforced by other double warps at intervals across the Shade—no other Shades are so reënforced. They can be raised or lowered as easily as an awning. Vudor Shades come stained indelibly in soft colors to harmonize perfectly with your house.



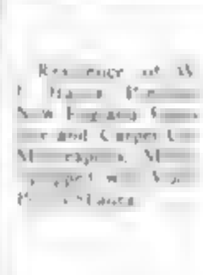
Residence of Fred O. Gibbs, Nashua, N. H., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades



Residence of Adolph [illegible] Milwaukee, equipped with Vudor Porch Shades

Residence of James [illegible] N. H., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades

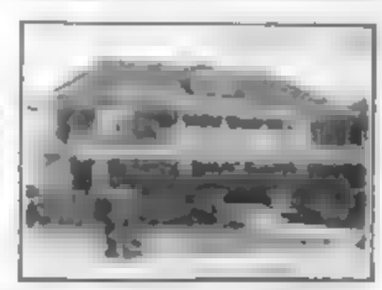
Residence (see larger view of porch above) of William H. Johns, Bayside, Long Island, N. Y., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades at a cost of about $[illegible]00



Residence of W. [illegible] New England Screen and Carpet Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Residence of [illegible] Wash., equipped with Vudor Porch Shades

Residence of [illegible] equipped with Vudor Porch Shades



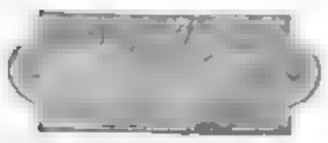
No Flapping in the Wind

Every Vudor Shade is equipped with a Vudor Safety Wind Device that does not have to be hooked or unhooked each time you roll the shade up and down. Vudor Shades will successfully endure the sun and rain of many seasons. They supply years of real porch comfort.

Send for Vudor Booklet and Realize the Possibilities That Are in Your Porch

The book is handsomely illustrated in colors and tells all about Vudor Porch Shades and Reënforced Hammocks. We will tell you the name of the nearest merchant who can sell you Vudor Porch Shades and send you sample name-plate to help you identify them. Mail coupon.

Merchants: Everybody who has ever cooled off on a Vudorized Porch wants Vudor Porch Shades. Sell them and let people know you sell them. If there is no Vudor dealer in your city, write us today for our definite dealer plan which will bring profitable business to your store.



This Vudor Name-Plate Marks the Genuine

Ten minutes and a screw-driver will put up Vudor Porch Shades or take them down

What Can I Do With My Porch?

HOUGH SHADE CORP., 228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Please send free booklet and name of nearest dealer in Vudor Porch Shades.

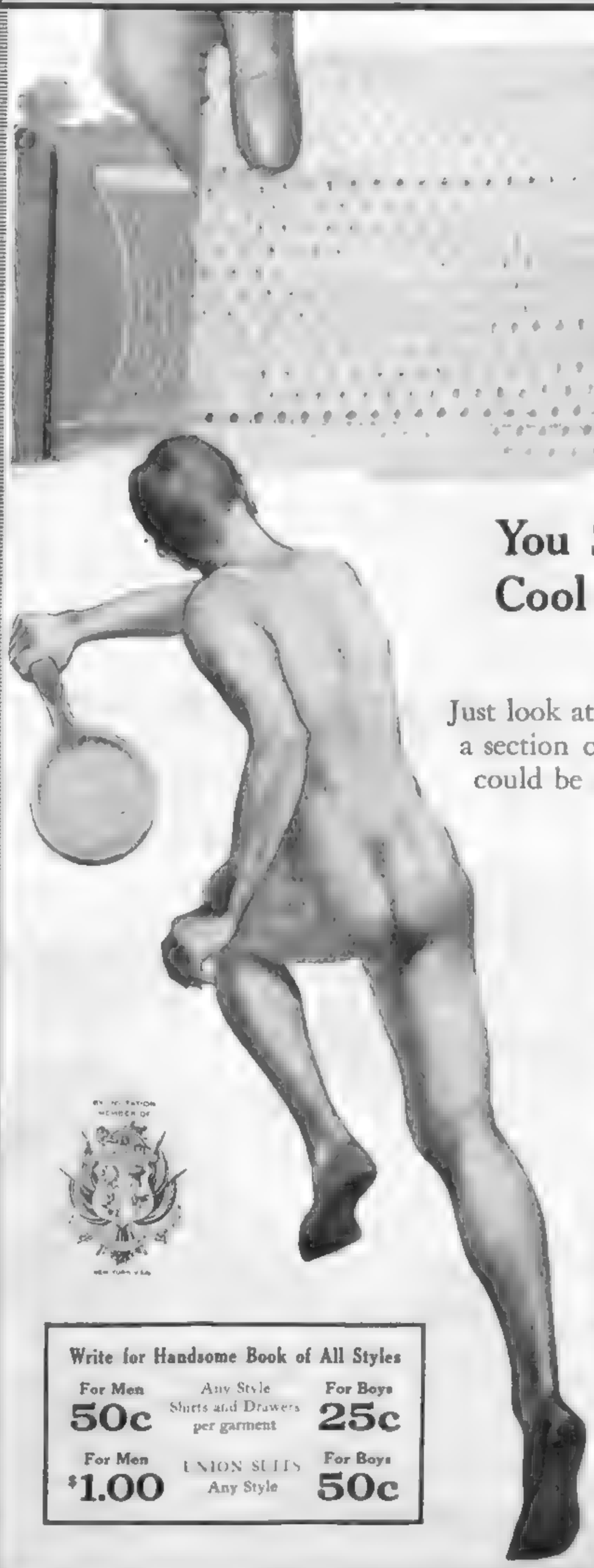
Name

Address

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

We are the makers of the famous Vudor Hammocks which have reënforced centers and special end cords that double their life.

"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"



You See Right Through this Light, Cool (Durable), Underwear Fabric

Buy Some Union Suits Now

Just look at the unique photograph reproduced above! It shows a section of Chalmers "Porosknit." What summer underwear could be more cool or comfortable?

This Label on Every Garment

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED
FABRIC PAT DEC. 12, 1905.
DESIGN PAT DEC. 19, 1905

For Comfort, These Union Suits

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits give a dry, cool comfort. No cumbersome flaps gape open. There is no "short-waisted" feeling. The Closed Crotch cannot bind. It fits. It stays put. Full elasticity in the seat makes the garment give freely with every movement.

The open fabric not only lets the air in, but allows perspiration to evaporate as Nature intended. The soft, fine yarn, too, absorbs moisture, instead of sticking clammily to your skin. It is hygienic summer comfort *supreme* at small cost. As to durability—that is guaranteed. Chalmers "Porosknit" is imitated widely, duplicated *never*.

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	For Boys
50c		25c
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$1.00		50c

Chalmers Knitting Co., 1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weights

The Simple Truth About "Acid-Mouth"

"Why do cavities appear in my teeth in spite of the fact I always brush them regularly?"

This is the *query* on the lips of thousands. Here's the *answer* —"Acid-Mouth."

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is the dentifrice that acts against acid-condition of the mouth.

Modern preservation of the teeth *demanded* a dentifrice which would *save* teeth.

"If Pebeco did nothing more for me than rid my breath of tobacco odors it would still be my choice of all dentifrices. But the big reason above all why I use Pebeco is it keeps my teeth so sound I believe I have a good chance to keep them for life."

The undisguised, unsweetened taste of Pebeco will surprise you. It leaves a feeling of delightful hygienic mouth cleanliness.

Sample Tube and Test Papers FREE

A ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free. May we have your name and address?

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MAKERS OF PEBECO
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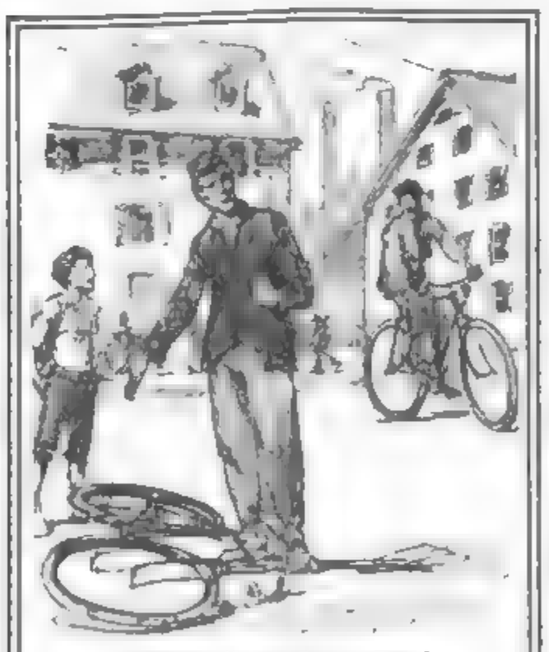

"Cheap Tires Don't Pay!

It has cost me more in repairs than a *good* tire would have cost in the first place. Hereafter I buy good tires—or walk."

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

Have a tread that is good for [illegible] It can't leak air. Send for testing sample and prove these claims.

Free Story "The Man Who Rode on His Rims"

Continental Rubber Works
1904 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

THE BUSHER ABROAD

(Continued from Page 22)

You see Al they call this place the grate australian Bite on acct of a grate big bug that flys a round over the water and the bugs called a Bite bug on acct of how he bites and hes a bout as big like a egle only hes got a reglar mouth and fangs like a woof and he flys a round all the time watting til he sees a boat and then he atacks the boat and bites 1 man and then hes satisfide and flys a way and waits for the next boat and some times he missus 1 boat but not very offten and he flys so qick that they aint no body cant get out of his way when he comes after you not even Cobb. And he aint never satisfide unlest he bites off 1 of your feechers your nose or ear or some thing. He bites his way right threw the window and scream or threw wood and the only thing thats got him stopped is irren and steal and thats why the catchers is O. K. because they can ware there mast over there faces.

Well Al Id of been all right if Schaefer had only of told me that sooner a bout the catchers masts keeping the bug out but he dident tell me that at 1st. or I could of got 1 of the catchers to leave me take there mast and wore it on my face tommorow and they couldent of got it a way from me with a shot gun but when he finely told me it was to late and when I seen I. V. Wingow and ast him to leave me look at his mast he all ready was wise and he says no he should say not and did I think he was a sucker. So you see Al him and jack Bliss and Slight wont be in no danger because they can ware there masts all day accept when there eating or they dont even half to take them off wile there eating if they want to eat salery or some thing like that that they can stick threw there mast and eat it.

Theys only 3 masts on the trip because I ast Callahan and he says thats all they was and he says What do you want of a mast have you deside it you cant pitch and I says I guess you know I can pitch and he says guess again so you see Al they aint no guessing a bout it but as I say I wisht I was a catcher now insted of a pitcher and if I ever get back to Chicago or some wheres where they sell masts Im going to buy 1 and carry it a round on trips with me after this and not take no chances.

Well Al they aint no danger of none of us geting killed because theys a Dr. on the Ship bord and he can rap up the place where the bug gets his fangs in to you so you wont bleud to deth but Id pretty near as leave be dead is not have no nose or no ear and think how a man would look like Al and I wouldent never dast go home to Florrie.

Well Al it wasent long before evry body on the Ship bord knowed a bout what we was runing in to and we had a meeting a wile a go trying to figure up some thing to fight the bug with and steve Evans says that Crawford or Speaker or 1 of the good hitters should ought to stand out on the porch with a bat and take a wallop at the bug when he showed up because if you hit him in a certun spot on his head he will drop dead only it takes a man with a good eye to crack him just right.

Well Crawford and Speaker says they wouldent take no risk like that and then Schaefer says to me You think your a hitter dont you and I says no I dont think nothing of the kind and I aint no sucker nether. Then some body says we should all ought to try and proteck the wommen on the boat but Schaefer says the crews told him that the Bite dont never go after wommen because there ears is all ways to small to get a good bite at them and most of there nose is. So you see Al the wommen and the catchers is the only peopl that aint takeing no chanct and I wouldent be nervus if all the rest of us had a even chanct and the bug was as libel to bite 1 is the other but Schaefer says the bug aint as lightly to bite a homily man is a good looking man and I got a right to be nervus hey Al.

Well Al we cant do nothing but wait and see what happens and if you dont hear no more from me youll know what come off because I wont have the nerve to write and tell you if worst come worst. I wisht we hadent never left Adeline but stll in all why should I be the 1 to get evry thing thats comeing and it seems like as if I should ought to have the luck onct in a wile and I dont never have none out there pitching.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Schaefer says the catchers has all got there masts locked up in there trunks and there rooms locked up and the key in there pockit the cheap stiffs.

Well Al it dont look like I would get much sleep tonight. This is a fine bum of a trip hey Al. Your pal, JACK.

P. S. I pretty near for got to tell you a bout what Mcgraw give me in Adeline for a present for wining that game for him in Melbourne and what he give me is a razer and its a dandy Al. But if Im going to get my face bit up by this here bug what will I care if theys a few whiskers on my face because a man couldent expect to look any ways decent with part of your face gone but Im libel to use the razer to cut my throte if Im the 1 this here bug bites.

FREMANTLE. Jan. 13.

AL: well Al the last 3 days has been like a night mare or a bad dream or some thing but now its all over and here we are in Fremantle and some of the boys has drove over to perth but Im so wore out they couldent higher me to go no wheres.

Well Al that there bug dident bite no body on the Ship bord and now wear all safe and out of the place where he flys a round and wear not in no more danger with him but now wear going to be up against some thing else and I will tell you a bout it only 1st. I want to tell you a bout how we come to get a way from this here bug only I cant tell you for sure why was it because evry body says some thing diffrunt.

I dident never see the bug at all because I stayed in my birth room all the wile and dident even go in the dinning room for meals but the meals was broughten to me in my birth room only I dident eat many meals in the last 3 days on acct of me not feeling good but sevrel of the boys seen the bug and some of the crews seen him to and the crews cant figure out why he dident light on to this boat and that they must be some body on the trip thats got a hole lot of luck because this is the 1st. boat the bugs missed in 2 yrs.

So the boys has been trying to figure out who is the lucky 1 on the trip and Callahan says its the N. Y. giants because they was lucky to win all them penants but Evans says you cant call the giants lucky because evry time they win the penant look at who they had to play against in the world serious and Mcgraw says it must be the White Sox because there lucky to stay in the league with out droping out of the bottun and Schaefer says it must be on acct of us haveing so many left handers on the trip Wiltse Speaker donlin Crawford Leverenz and Evans the lucky left handed stiffs only Evans aint no stiff but O. K. and comical when you get to know him.

Then Speaker says I was the lucky 1 and I says what do you mean lucky and did you ever see the time where I had any luck out there pitching and he says Your lucky the dog catcher dident get a hold of you and I says Yes and you are to and he dident say nothing back.

Well Al who ever it was we was lucky all right and Im tickeled to deth wear threw with that part of the trip and Im glad I dident see the bug because the boys that seen him says he was a awfull thing to look at him and he come right up clost to the boat sevrel times and all the catchers was standing out on the porch with there masts on and they all had bats and was going to try and hit him but they says he was like ed Rulebacks fast ball and he dident never come near enough for them to hit.

larry Doyle the capt of the giants says the Bite probly come just clost enough to the boat so as he could reckonize some of the ball players and then made up his mind they was enough bugs on the boat all ready with out him comeing on to the boat but of coarse they couldent be nothing to that because how could a man clear over here on the other side of the world tell 1 ball player from the other let a lone a inseck and Doyle was just jokeing or he dont know nothing but it seems like as if a man thats been a round N. Y. city as long is Doyle would know better then to mean it in ernest that a inseck could tell the players a part and hes suposed to be 1 of the smartest men Mcgraws got and if hes the smartest Id hate to run in to the guys that dont know nothing but may be he was just jokeing.

Well Al as I say wear all threw with the Bite and no more danger from geting bit by the Bite but now wear going to run in to some thing else pretty near as bad only this time they aint no danger of looseing 1 of your feechers but just geting sores all

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Thousands of women want to make money to satisfy some personal requirement. Other thousands of ambitious, devoted wives feel the necessity of supplementing husbands' incomes.

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Any married woman can learn all about this new plan by addressing

The Secretary of the Wives' League
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

over your head and if they was any way to get home from here with out going a long on the trip you bet I would tell them to take this here trip and or my share from it and feed it to the fishs but I got to go a long because they aint no over the land rout because australia is a iland and shroud it by water.

I will tell you what wear going to run up against now Al and its comeing pretty soon as soon is the boys gets back from perth and the boat starts out again. the next Ocean we go threw is the indian Ocean and wear going to be in it for 9 days and of coarse we was lucky to get threw the place where the Bite was at with out no body geting hurt but we was only in there 3 days and now wear going to be in the indian Ocean 3 times longer so it looks like as if they wouldent no lucky left handers nor nothing else save us this time but as I say they aint no danger of geting killed only sore spots on your head.

When Schaefer 1st. told me a bout us comeing in to the indian Ocean and how bad it would be I thot of coarse they was probily a lot of wild indians liveing on the ilands and they would may be shoot at us or some thing but Schaefer says no it aint the indians we got to be afrade of because the indians is to busy drinking the water out of the Ocean because its fire water and they live on it.

But what we got to be looking out for is the Thomas Hawks thats some thing like a reglar hawk only they dont go after chickens because of coarse they aint no chickens out in the middle of the Ocean but insted of chickens they go after humen beans and they sale a round over the boat in flocks and all of a sudden they snoop down on to the boat and peck at a mans head and there peck aint poson but there bills is sharp and they cut right in to your head and make a sore and when they find a mans head thats soft they make a noise to the rest of the flock and then they all of them pick on to 1 man and cut his head all to peace is.

Thomas Hawks dont never pester you when your in doors because they cant get in but only when your out on the porch.

And steve Evans says they aint no danger for some of the rest of them because the Thomas Hawks couldent peck threw there heads with a ax and before the hawks would try and peck in to some of there heads they would try and peck a hole in the side of the boat and he says to me You wont be in no danger your self and you can walk all over the porch wile some of us has to stay crooped up in our room and I guess he ment because Im not afrade of nothing but I dont see why a man should take a chanct Al and probily get by all right but still theys a chanct I might get my head all sord up and whats the use of a man being a sucker.

Well Al I guess you know I wouldent of never started on this trip if Id knowed all as we was going to bump in to and if Callahan and Comiskey had of been right they would of told me before the boat ever left the US but of coarse you see why they dident tell me because they knowed if they told me I wouldent of never came on the trip and with out ether I or Mathewson a long on the trip the peopl in the diffrunt countrys would of been sore and says the trip was a fake and of coarse Megraw dident tell me nothing because where would his club of been at but for I going in there and wining for him evry time I start accept when they kick the games a way in back of me.

But Comiskey and Callahan and Megraw all of them could of went to the devvil and I wouldent never of made the trip if Id knowed what was comeing off and no sooner wear out of 1 danger and heres an other and if it isent 1 thing it isent the next.

And the trips all ready costed me pretty near $100.00 bucks includeing the money I borryed off of Callahan for my cloths and the cloths I got in Vanila and the $10.00 them crickit players robbed me out of and I dont get nothing for pitching and you cant even get out and see the sites because a mans all ways afrade of 1 of these here bugs or birds biteing you.

Fine trip hey Al and I told them in the 1st. place to get some body else and leave me stay home with little Al and Florrie where I bellong.

Well Al I can hear the boys comeing back from perth and pretty soon we will be starting in to the indian Ocean and before we get out of it my head will probily look like a scream door. Fine trip hey Al.

Your old pal, JACK.

The Gentle Touch of a Giant Finger

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You note that experienced motorists don't buy untried cars. They have had their fill of experiments.

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This is a year of Light Sixes—a new-type car involving radical changes. Those changes bring many uncertainties unknown in the time-tried types.

Formerly the average Six weighed 4500 pounds. The Light Six, if true to its type, weighs under 3000 pounds. The weight of ten people has been taken out. Tire and fuel costs have been cut in two.

This means new materials, new principles. It requires a new-type, high-speed motor. A thousand parts have been re-designed. All that was known and tried and standard is revised in creating a true Light Six.

One can hardly say, "I will stick to the old type." The new type has come to stay. But a man this year should be pretty certain about the new-type car he buys.

Looking Backward

That is why experienced motorists are buying HUDSONS by the thousands. There are 12,000 owners of HUDSON Light Sixes who look back on an excellent record. In two seasons these owners have driven, perhaps, some 30 million miles. And they have proved beyond question that the HUDSON is faultless. There are men all around you who can tell you now how the HUDSON will seem in the future. Those millions of miles of hard driving have wiped out every question, every risk.

Pride is Important

It is more than pride which leads men to buy HUDSONS. But pride is important, too. Any man likes to feel that his car is a class car. It doubles the enjoyment of motoring.

But class has come to this HUDSON model through four years of ceaseless refinement. We have had time to perfect every part and detail. We have had the designer—Howard E. Coffin—best qualified to do it. It is more than pride that sells HUDSONS. It is the appeal of a finished production.

We have a trebled output this spring over last spring. But the long waits of last summer are sure to be repeated. That is always so at this season with first-choice cars. A man is wise to decide on his new car before the winter surplus is sold.

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SECRET CIPHERS

(Concluded from Page 9)

They also suppressed important orders from the field, until the thing finally became unbearable and Grant demanded that the service be put under military control. It had been the custom to refuse generals in the field a copy of the code in which their dispatches were sent. Grant had received a dispatch he was not able to translate.

This was as bad as the experience of the French armies. A general in command of a division at Châlons-sur-Marne could not translate an important message sent to him because the key to the cipher was, by some inadvertence, locked up in Château-Thierry.

This experience led foreign authorities to adopt a method of cipher at all times available.

A form of secret cipher in its more complicated stage was written in what we call sympathetic inks—that is to say, inks made from a number of chemical formulas, by virtue of which the writing would presently disappear. Nothing could be more suspicious than a blank sheet of paper, consequently over this message some harmless communications in pencil would be superimposed. Heat or the application of chemicals would bring out the hidden message.

Here is a story that drifted down through the camp-fire tales of the Civil War:

One night, when the Army of the Potomac was on the eve of a great battle, a settler who sometimes went through the lines was engaged in a game of cards with some privates, when, by chance, a gust of wind whisked a card from his hand into the fire.

It was rescued; but the heat of the fire had brought out the letter *d* on the back of the card, written there in some sympathetic ink. The settler barely escaped trouble on the charge of cheating with marked cards!

Playing-Card Codes

The men who played on that momentous night with the tramp settler had never heard of Graham's Magazine. Poe said in it:

"A pack of cards is sometimes made the vehicle of a cipher in this manner: The parties determine, in the first place, on certain arrangements of the pack. For example, it is agreed that when a writing is to be commenced a natural sequence of the spots shall be made, with spades at the top, hearts next, diamonds next, and clubs last.

"This order being obtained, the writer proceeds to inscribe on the top card the first letter of his epistle; on the next the second; on the next the third—and so on until the pack is exhausted, when, of course, he will have written fifty-two letters. He now shuffles the pack according to a preconcerted plan. For example, he takes three cards from the bottom and places them at the top; then one from the top, placing it at the bottom—and so on for a given number of times.

"This done, he again inscribes fifty-two characters as before, proceeding thus until his epistle is written. The pack being received by the correspondent, he has only to place the cards in the order agreed on for commencement, to read, letter by letter, the first fifty-two characters as intended. He has then only to shuffle, in the manner prearranged for the second perusal, to decipher the series of the next fifty-two letters—and so on to the end."

Another ingenious device, used by the Germans in their system of espionage, is the cipher map, or what is sometimes called the spy landscape code.

This consists in making what appears to be a little harmless amateur sketch of some unimportant landscape. There would be trees, hedges, bushes, telegraph poles and lines, fences, little streams, and the like. The sketch would be made by a German secret agent, but it would appear to be simply such a sketch as a gentleman walking in the country might make, for his own pleasure, of some little view that pleased him. It would under no circumstances show anything relating to a military affair; but, in fact, this harmless sketch would be a complicated cipher.

It would be made in accordance with a prearranged pictorial code, and would be, in fact, a sketch of an important fortification or of some military base.

The very simplicity of the methods used by the German Secret Service threw the whole British Empire into terror at the opening of the war.

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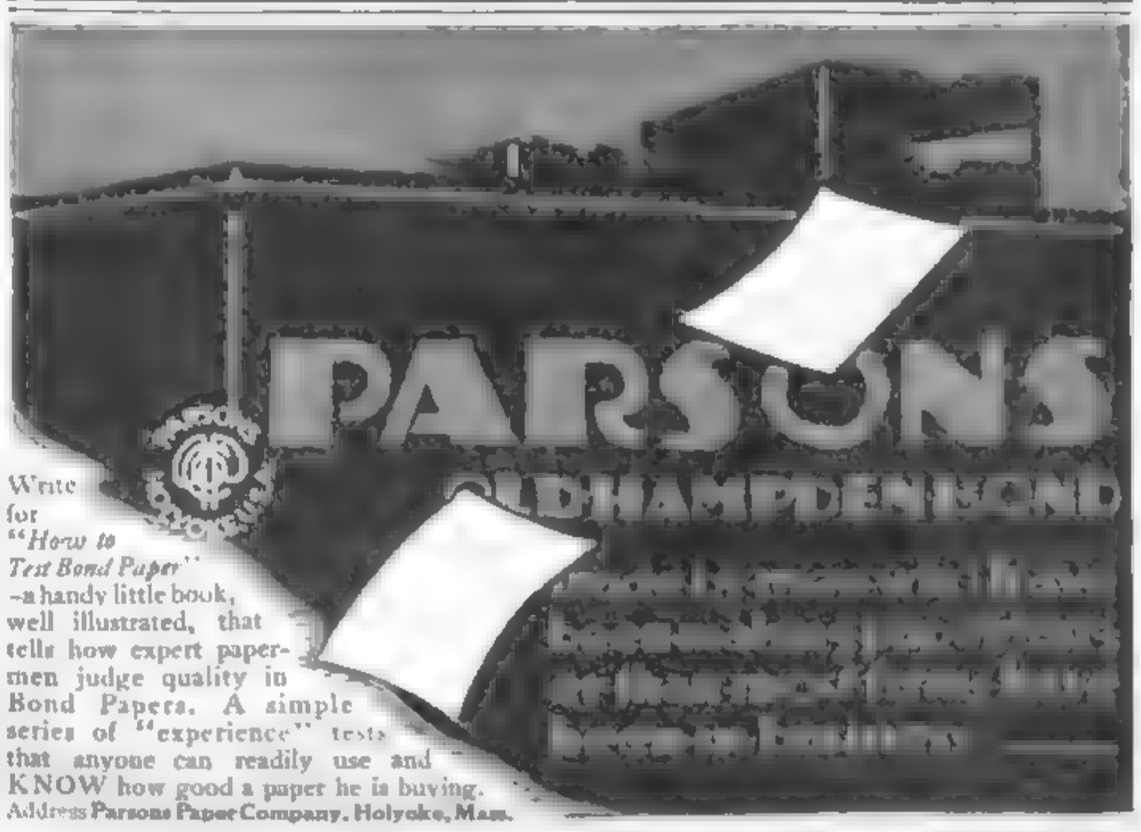

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THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 25)

Selingman beamed upon them both. He was entirely himself again. He looked as though the one thing in life he had desired was to find Mrs. Barlow and her military companion in possession of the little drawing-room.

"My country is flattered," he declared; "especially," he added with a twinkle in his eyes, "as the subject seemed to be proving so interesting."

She made a little grimace at him.

"Seriously, Mr. Selingman," she continued, "Captain Fielder and I have been almost quarreling. He insists upon it that some day or other Germany means to declare war upon us. I have been trying to point out that before many years have passed England and France will have drifted apart. Germany is the nearest to us of the continental nations, isn't she, by relationship and race?"

"Mrs. Barlow," Selingman pronounced, "yours is the most sensible allusion to international politics that I have heard for many years. You are right. If I may be permitted to say so," he added, "Captain Fielder is wrong. Germany has no wish to fight with any one. The last country in the world with which she would care to cross swords is England."

"If Germany does not wish for war," Captain Fielder persisted, "why does she keep such an extraordinary army? Why does she continually add to her navy? Why does she infest our country with spies and keep all her preparations as secret as possible?"

"Of these things I know little," Selingman confessed. "I am a manufacturer and I have few friends in military circles. But this we all believe: that the German army and navy are our insurance against trouble from the East. They exist so that in case of political controversy we shall have strength at our back when we seek to make favorable terms. As to using that strength, heaven forbid!"

The little lady threw a triumphant glance across at her companion.

"There, Captain Fielder," she declared, "you have heard what a typical, well-informed, cultivated German gentleman has to say. I rely much more upon Mr. Selingman than upon any of the German reviews or official statements of policy."

Captain Fielder was unconvinced.

"Mr. Selingman, without doubt," he agreed, "may represent popular and cultivated German opinion. The question is whether the policy of the country is dictated by that class. Do you happen to have seen the afternoon papers?"

"Not yet," Mr. Selingman admitted. "Is there any news?"

"There is the full text," Captain Fielder continued, "of Austria's demands upon Servia. I may be wrong, but I say confidently that those demands, which are impossible of acceptance—which would reduce Servia, in fact, to the condition of a mere vassal state—are intended to provoke a state of war."

Mr. Selingman shook his head.

"I have seen the proposals," he remarked. "They were in the second edition of the morning papers. They are onerous without a doubt, but remember that as you go farther East all diplomacy becomes a matter of barter. They ask for so much at first because they are prepared to take a great deal less."

"It is my opinion," Captain Fielder pronounced, "that these demands are couched with the sole idea of inciting Russia's intervention. There is already a report that Servia has appealed to St. Petersburg. It is quite certain that Russia, as the protector of the Slav nations, can never allow Servia to be humbled to this extent."

"Even then," Mr. Selingman protested good-humoredly, "Austria is not Germany."

"There are very few people," Captain Fielder continued, "who do not realize that Austria is acting exactly as she is bidden by Germany. To-morrow you will find that Russia has intervened. If Vienna disregards her there will be mobilization along the frontiers. It is my private and very firm impression that Germany is mobilizing to-day, and secretly."

Mr. Selingman laughed good-humoredly.

"Well, well," he said, "let us hope it is not quite so bad as that."

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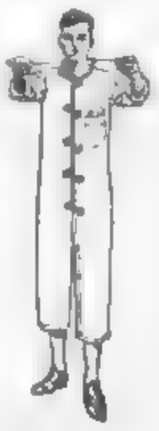

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"You are frightening me, Captain Fielder," Mrs. Barlow declared. "I am going to take you off to play bridge."

They left the room. Selingman looked after them a little curiously.

"Your military friend," he remarked, "is rather a pessimist."

"Well, we haven't many of them," Norgate replied. "Nine people out of ten believe that a war is about as likely to come as an earthquake."

Selingman glanced toward the closed door.

"Supposing," he said, dropping his voice a little—"supposing I were to tell you, young man, that I entirely agreed with your friend? Supposing I were to tell you that, possibly by accident, he has stumbled upon the exact truth? What should you say then?"

"Well," Norgate observed, "we've agreed, haven't we, that a little lesson would be good for England? It might as well come now as at any other time."

"It will not come yet," Mr. Selingman went on, "but I will tell you what is going to happen."

His voice had fallen almost to a whisper, his manner had become portentous.

"Within a week or two," he said, "Germany and Austria will have declared war upon Russia and Servia and France. Whom Italy will join you yourself know. As for England, her time has not come yet. We shall keep her neutral. All the recent information we have collected makes it clear that she is not in a position to fight, even if she wished to. Nevertheless, to make a certainty of it we shall offer her great inducements. We shall be ready to deal with her when Calais, Ostend, Boulogne and Havre are held by our armies. Now listen, do you flinch?"

The two men were still standing in the middle of the room. Selingman's brows were lowered, his eyes were keen and hard-set. He had gripped Norgate by the left shoulder and held him with his face to the light.

"Speak up," he insisted. "It is now or never, if you mean to go through with this. You're not funking it, eh?"

"Not in the least," Norgate declared.

"Very well," Selingman said at last, "you represent rather a gamble on my part, but I am not afraid of the throw. Come back to our bridge now. It was just a moment's impulse—I thought I saw something in your face. You realize, I suppose—but there, I won't threaten you. Come back and we'll have a drink together. The next few days are going to be rather a strain."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WOMEN UNDER FIRE

(Concluded from Page 7)

dressing station, which they moved from the cellar to a half-wrecked house. They have lived in the smell of straw, blood and antiseptic. The Germans have thrown shells into the wrecked village almost every day. Some days shelling has been vigorous. The bodies of two men lie in the stream, a couple of hundred yards away. The churchyard is choked with dead, who are visible when a shell breaks into the ground. The fields are dotted with hummocks where men and horses lie buried. Just as I was sailing for America the house where the women live and work was shelled. They came to La Panne, and are now planning to return to Pervyse to go on with their work, which is famous throughout the Belgian Army.

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THE BENEVOLENT EXPLOITATION

(Continued from Page 14)

He was backed into a corner by circumstances and conscience threatened to turn his flank. In his own way that was what he thought as he knelt under the trestled pipe line and felt about for the turncock which would send the oil down to the mocking casing on the bench.

He found the cock and tried to turn it, but it stuck. He took both hands and wrestled with it, but he could not open it. With profane impatience he rose and ran back to the house, caught up a wrench and reascended the hill. He adjusted the tool and pressed it, tugged at it, pulled it with all his strength. Then he fell back against a rock, the wrench in his hands and in its jaws the whole wheel and shaft of the turncock, broken short off at the pipe! Cyrus stood up and looked at it, his hands trembling.

"That's funny!" he said stupidly. "That's darn' funny!"

The tapping scheme was indubitably checked now until he could take out the broken cock and replace it with a new one; but before he had tumbled on his bunk, with his clothes on and his muddy boots dripping to the blankets, he knew he would never make that replacement. Call it conscience, or superstition, or training, or a sense of honor finally wakened, or cowardice—whatever name best suits you—Cyrus was never to complete that felony by carrying out the intent.

Nancy's words about crooked business and honest ranching came to him again—his face burned as he thought of his scheme; and then he slept heavily.

When he wakened the sun was shining and he could hear the whine of the cable on the bull wheel as the "morning tower," or shift of men at the well, lowered away their tools into the casing. On the porch were standing Zed Marley and John Cousins, neighbors from below the Comfort place, and they were calling to him to show himself. Zed was spokesman.

"Look a-here, Cyrus," he said, when that scapegoat for ill-fortune appeared; "we was in San Pablo last night, an' they say there that this fellow Bussen'us has left for good without payin' his bills. Then, night before last, one of the drillers sent him a telegraph that Grace Peters couldn't make head or tail of when she wired it. It looks too suspicious for us. We don't wish you no harm, but we got to get out of this company of yourn. We want our money back—an' we want it now!"

Cyrus scraped one boot heel on the porch edge and played for time. The telegram to Russenius was beyond him.

"Expect me to dig up your money, boys?" he asked slowly.

"We don't care who digs it up—we're through! We went into it because of you, an' we're comin' to tell you first—before we try makin' a row. And you might as well know now what you'll find out before long—everybody in the neighborhood that can get away is goin' to be down here on you sometime this mornin' lookin' for the insides of this business."

"You mean they're coming here?"

"They're a-comin' here, and they're comin' awful mad. Old Man Bennett was in town last night tryin' to talk to 'em, but they ain't goin' to be shooed off any longer."

Cyrus kicked a bench round and sat down, leaning back against the wall.

"I'll be glad to see them. I'll tell them how things are."

John Cousins, who was a truculent youth with a local reputation for meanness to sustain, spoke up sharply:

"That's all right, an' all that, Pater, an' it's your business; but where's our money—mine an' Zed's?"

Cyrus looked him over. Cousins was angry. Cyrus felt relieved to see it, for some safety valve was becoming exceedingly necessary for him. He pointed coolly off toward the derrick.

"Your money's—most of it—down that hole, John," he said. "If it ever comes up you'll get it. If it don't you lose—same as I do, and the same as Zed does, and the same as the rest of us. Is that fair enough?"

"No; it ain't fair enough—not for me. I got a new tractor at the freight shed that I'm goin' to pay for with the money you an' your slick talker Bussen'us stole ——"

Cyrus stood up.

"That's all!" he snapped. "You're through talking. Another break like that and you'll go home in a wagon, with a blanket pulled over you."

Cousins swore.

"Why, you stock-sellin' thief, you ——"

Cyrus knocked him ten feet away. Zed Marley jumped forward, growling; but Cyrus pushed him off roughly, and Zed stumbled from the porch and sat down with a grunt. Cousins was clambering up, spitting blood, and Cyrus stepped to the ground; but the two visitors had had enough. They backed off discreetly, and Cyrus felt a keen pang of regret as he watched them go to the gate and climb into Marley's buggy.

"We'll get you yet!" Cousins cried. "You wait till the crowd shows up from town—you'll be tarred and feathered and run out of the country. See?"

Cyrus went to the barn and fed his stock; then he went up to the wells. The drillers were pulling their bits again, taking things in a very leisurely fashion. They answered his questions about progress with shakes of the head. Concerning the telegram sent to Bussenius they knew nothing, they said.

"Nothin' but a pipe dream," the foreman guessed. "Them hicks down at San Pablo get tired spittin' tobacco juice all day and has to exercise their imaginations oncet in a while."

Cyrus returned to the house with his curiosity unsatisfied. Bussenius had hired these men—they were probably scenting an end of operations at San Pablo and trying to get in line for a new job. He thought how much he himself would like half an hour's session with the benevolent exploiter.

Then he went in and gathered up all the books and papers of the company in his possession and began to arrange them so that he could answer questions. He knew exactly what he was going to do. He would confess that Bussenius had fooled him and that he had lost all hope of striking oil. He would propose that they plug the well, sell what salvage they could, and quit. He would turn the ranch over to the creditors and the stockholders, and get out. Perhaps after he had a job, he thought, he might hope that Nancy —— But that was too far in the future.

He went into the books and tried to arrange them. The figures danced before him and jumbled themselves into a tangle of lines and columns. Finally he gave it up, carried the documents out to a table on the porch, and sat down to wait. Half an hour passed; then over the rise to the north he saw the procession coming.

It looked like a funeral, save that the buggies and wagons moved at a sharp pace. As they turned up toward the Pater Ranch, Cyrus could make out some of the rigs and identify the passengers. Zed Marley's yellow-wheeled Concord was there, with Zed and John Cousins in it. So was Mrs. Whitesides' spring-halted gray mare. In a buckboard from the livery stable were several of the townspeople. Mort Bennett's pole team chafed to pass the slower-gaited farm horses—and Nancy was with her father. There were the Frank Davises from Rincon, and the Bruces' outfit, and Captain Wallinger's mules and a dozen others. Bringing up the rear Walt Marshall's broken-kneed plow team struggled to keep the pace.

They lined up at the fence and, with some embarrassment, the first comers waited for the slower ones to tie their teams. When they moved it was in a body, with solemn faces. It was like a rite. Cousins and John Marley exchanged mutterings with a few of the younger men; Widow Whitesides led the party, fanning herself vigorously.

"The old lady had to come along to see the fun," Cyrus thought, and grinned.

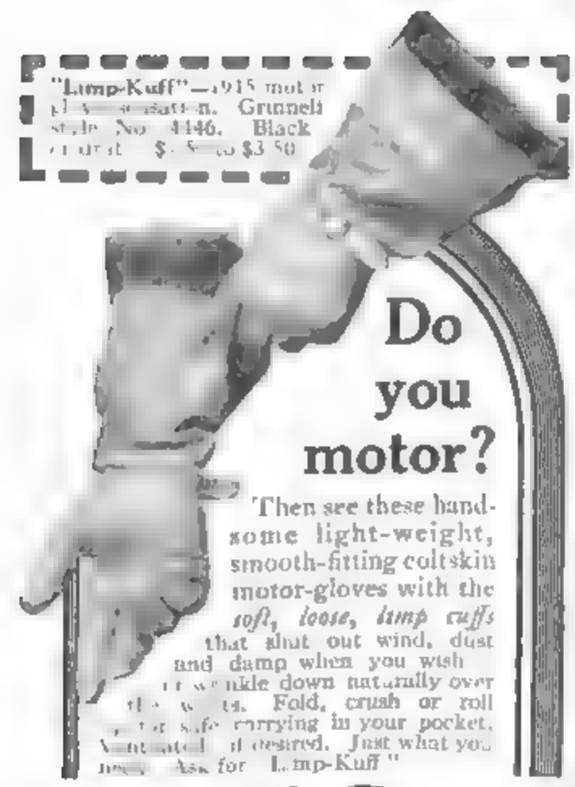
Mort Bennett and Nancy came up and shook hands, but the others halted a few steps away, waiting. Nancy smiled at Cyrus wanly and sat down on the edge of the porch at one side, looking off toward the oil derrick. Cyrus faced her father.

"I heard you folks were coming, Mr. Bennett," he said. "I brought the books and things out for you to see."

Old Captain Wallinger squeaked:

"Did you fetch our money along, too, young Cyrus?"

Mort Bennett held up his hand.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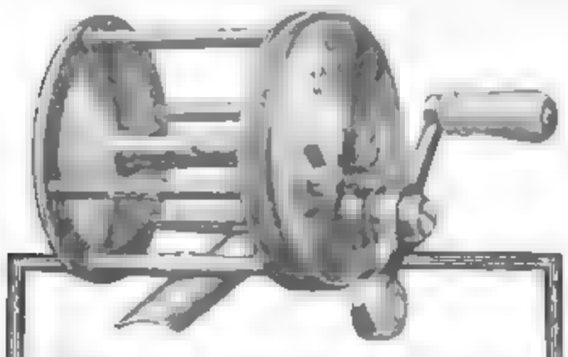

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12 Stock Models A Reel For Every Purpose and Purse

Whether you want a Reel [illegible] of fishing [illegible] or [illegible] we have [illegible] Talbot Reels made [illegible] We [illegible] Reel to order, and do it at a reasonable price.

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Talbot Reels are sold nearly everywhere in the world. If your dealer [illegible] Talbot Reels send us his name and [illegible] our free book of [illegible] facts to prove that you should use Talbot Reels for perfect results.

We Maintain An Expert Service Department For Talbot Reel Owners and Assure Prompt Attention To Every Repair

TALBOT REEL & MFG. CO.
314–16 E. 8th St., Dept. 1, Kansas City, Mo.

"We want to get this whole thing straightened out, Cyrus," he said, tugging at his beard. "The folks aren't satisfied with the way the business is going."

"I'm with them on that," Cyrus said.

"They've been talkin' it over, seems like. Some of 'em got stock cheaper than others, and some of 'em ain't got much stock to show for what they paid in, and some of 'em loaned this fellow Bussen'us money or gave him credit before he hiked out. They thought you might know about it."

Cyrus turned to the crowd. His face was red and he pulled at his coat nervously. He had never spoken to an audience before and what he had to say rasped his throat.

"I guess Bussenius was a crook," he began.

From a safe position in the middle of the assemblage John Cousins cried angrily:

"Might 'a' been two of you, mightn't there?" And several applauded this sentiment.

"Might have been," Cyrus answered; "but there wasn't. I put everything I had into this company and I haven't done any farming this fall. I thought we'd strike oil."

He stopped. Cousins and Zed Marley pushed nearer, carrying the crowd with them. They and some others were muttering and the angry spirit was infectious. Old Mort Bennett, uncertain what to do or say, stepped to one side. It looked as though he was deserting the younger man on the porch.

Sam Paul, the liveryman, spoke from the front rank.

"We don't care what you thought, Pater. We want to know whether we get our money back."

Cyrus gripped his hands on a chair top and leaned on it.

"I told you I put everything I had into those two holes. I didn't have as much as some of you, but all I own is sunk. I didn't sell you stock and I didn't ask any of you to buy in. I'll go as far as I can—I'll turn the ranch over to you and to the folks we owe bills to, and get out. That's all I can do."

One of the horses hitched to the livery buckboard at the fence pulled back and neighed shrilly. This started others. Cyrus looked over the heads of the crowd, where they were digesting his offer, and then he saw a cloud of dust, half a mile away, from which there emerged a light buggy drawn by a galloping horse. The driver was standing, and even at that distance it could be seen that he was belaboring the animal with the whip and urging it to greater speed. Some stockholder who had heard the news of the gathering was evidently attempting to arrive before the melon was cut; and Cyrus smiled a little.

"Don't look to me like there's any rush, neighbor," he said half aloud.

The stockholders were moving restlessly. Sam Paul, who appeared to be leading the more radical party, called out:

"That's pretty soft for you—giving away a ranch that won't raise enough barley to keep a four-horse team! We want the money we stuck in here—that's what we want!"

"I thought you did," Cyrus answered sharply. "I guessed that from what you've been saying. Well, I ain't got it."

"What are you telegraphin' your pal Bussen'us about?" John Cousins questioned angrily.

"I didn't send him any telegram. I don't know where he is. Wish I did!"

Sam Paul took up the new line.

"Your driller sent him a wire night before last. Looks like you an' him is still pretty thick—that's the way it looks to us."

Cyrus turned to old Mort Bennett.

"I don't believe we're going to get any place with this sort of wranglin', Mr. Bennett," he began, and stopped.

The old rancher's eyes and attention were on the belated visitor, who was pulling up his horse at the gate. Bennett had forgotten to twitch at his beard, and his mouth was gaping. Cyrus swung round and looked.

R. B. Bussenius, the benevolent exploiter, sprang to the ground and came forward panting—and smiling.

His string tie was hanging over one shoulder, his hat was gone and his new black clothes were gray with dust; but he was the same Bussenius.

"Good morning, everybody," he jerked out amiably; "it looks as though I'm just in time."

They were all facing his way now. He pushed through and stood on the porch by

For your FORD

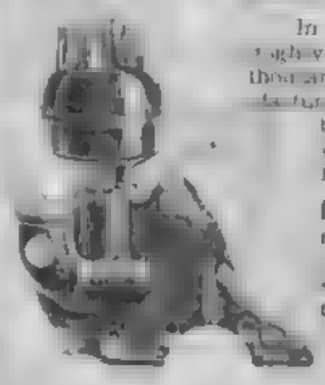
Atwater Kent
Ignition

Your first ride in an Atwater Kent-equipped Ford will surprise you—you will see for yourself the wonderful performance of this remarkable motor when equipped with the same modern high-grade ignition system which has displaced the magneto on thirty representative American cars.

Imagine running through a crowded street at three or four miles per hour on high, and, at the first break in traffic accelerating with all the smoothness and [illegible] up to the limit of your speed, without changing gears or touching the [illegible]

Just think of a [illegible] ignition system which [illegible] and [illegible] of and [illegible] or [illegible] up to the [illegible] and [illegible] adjustments.

The [illegible] Atwater [illegible] System [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] retarded for [illegible] [illegible] for low speed [illegible] [illegible] by means [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]



In installing Atwater Kent Ignition [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] thousand [illegible] thirty manufacturers [illegible] success. More than [illegible] made this year [illegible] are Atwater Kent equipped.

FREE [illegible] and address [illegible] this advertisement, [illegible] postpaid [illegible] Ford [illegible] Keep the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works 4937 STENTON AVE PHILADELPHIA PA

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

For over three years [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months over 20,000 [illegible] have followed the [illegible] saving $5.00 [illegible] a year [illegible] expense.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL [illegible] Durable Treads

[illegible] signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without [illegible]

SPECIAL DISCOUNT [illegible] direct from factory

State size of tires. Don't wait—write today

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Cadillac 5 Speed Motor

Push-Button Control

Has two forward, a neutral and [illegible] reverse speeds. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THIS is the garter for hot-weather comfort. It is light as a silk sock, mighty cool and agreeable to your skin. Ivory Garters are free of pads. Their clasps are non-rusting, non-corroding and sanitary—there's not a bit of metal on them. And they can't tear your sock or scratch your leg.

This absence of armor makes Ivory Garter light as a silk sock; lessens sweating and chafing, makes it so comfortable that you won't change to any other kind on a bet. And if Ivory Garters don't do just what we say, fire them back and get your money—that's our guarantee.

Take our word for it—put up a quarter for Ivory Garters. 25c and 50c at most haberdashery shops. If not at yours, buy from us.

Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Dealers: Write for our unusual selling plan.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans

Set out Roses in May for flowers in June. The best kinds, the way to plant and to care for them, are told in this week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Cyrus, who drew away from him, frowning. Sam Paul cried:

"There's the pair of 'em. Let's run 'em both out of here on a rail!"

He was answered with cries of approval, and the younger and more militant section surged forward; but Bussenius only smiled.

"Just a minute, gentlemen," he said coolly. "Give me a minute and you'll all be glad. I should say so!"

Captain Wallinger shrilled excitedly:

"Let him talk, boys!"

"That's it!" Bussenius cried. "I went out of here in a hurry. No—wait, now! I'm going to tell you why. I found we were getting into difficulties and I wanted to see you people whole again—get your money out for you. I've come back with it."

"Our money?" somebody asked sharply.

For answer the benevolent exploiter drew out a roll of bills round which he could not circle his fingers. The ranchers were silenced by the mere sight of it.

"I should say so!" the promoter said smoothly. "I told you there was oil under these ranches and I still believe it; but our new surveys show that it's deeper than we thought—maybe a mile deep."

He paused to let that sink in. Cyrus was puzzled. There was something irresistible about R. B. Bussenius when he opened his mouth and talked and smiled; but Cyrus Pater was not converted—not yet. Bussenius went on:

"If you want to wait and put up some more money we'll probably strike oil. Probably—I should say so! But if you don't I'm here to buy your stock. I'll give you what you paid. Don't crowd now. Who's first?"

He took out a fountain pen, pulled the table nearer, cleared a space on it and faced them—the roll of bills prominently displayed. Instantly Zed Marley and John Cousins pushed forward. In a moment they had signed their names to the indorsement blank on the reverse of their certificates and received their money—two hundred dollars apiece. Others were fumbling in pockets or bags for their certificates. A few drew aside and whispered together.

Then Cyrus stepped to the edge of the porch.

"Wait a minute, folks!" he began. "I don't trust this man Bussenius—not a little bit. I don't know what his game is; but ——"

Sam Paul was coming toward the promoter with his gaudy stock certificate in his hand, and at Cyrus' words he turned suddenly red and began to scream.

"Shut your face!" he cried in a rage. "Crawl off that porch an' get out of here, you sneak, or we'll come up there an' horsewhip you! You can't keep out of other people's business for a holy minute, can you? You dry up or I'll dry you up!"

Cyrus leaned down.

"I don't think you will, Sam Paul," he said thickly, for he, too, was angry. "If you want to try it ——"

Bussenius seized the young rancher's coat and began tugging at it. A woman screamed and the older people began to scatter, while a group of the men pressed in. Cyrus shook himself free.

Then all of them were stopped where they stood. There was a sudden heavy roar as of escaping steam. There came a shrill yell from the derrick, the sound of splitting boards, and a crash as a string of tools fell to the platform. The stockholders caught their breath—mouths gaping, eyes staring, hands clutching.

Only R. B. Bussenius, the benevolent exploiter, moved. He sat down, with a strange oath, gripping the two stock certificates he had just bought.

"They couldn't hold her down long enough—damn 'em!" he whimpered.

A workman in greasy overalls was running down the hill toward the house, shrieking; and it took his words to waken the startled, unbelieving crowd.

"A gusher!" he screamed hoarsely. "We've struck oil! Look out!"

And from the casing on the southwest bench there burst a great black stream which rose to the top of the derrick, carrying with it the blocks and tools with which the drillers had attempted to imprison it. It rose and was caught by the wind and feathered out, to fall to earth again in a somber cloud of rain; and the roar filled the whole place deafeningly.

Cyrus Pater sat down weakly and looked at Nancy. Her eyes were on him; her hands were clasped at her throat—her back was turned on the new well.

The Florsheim SHOE

BRING to mind the most comfortable shoe you've ever worn—how soft, easy and restful it was—such is the comfort you'll find in the Florsheim Flexsole—specially prepared flexible soles, "Natural Shape" lasts and Soft Kid stock give ease from the start. Price $6.

Look for Name in Shoe

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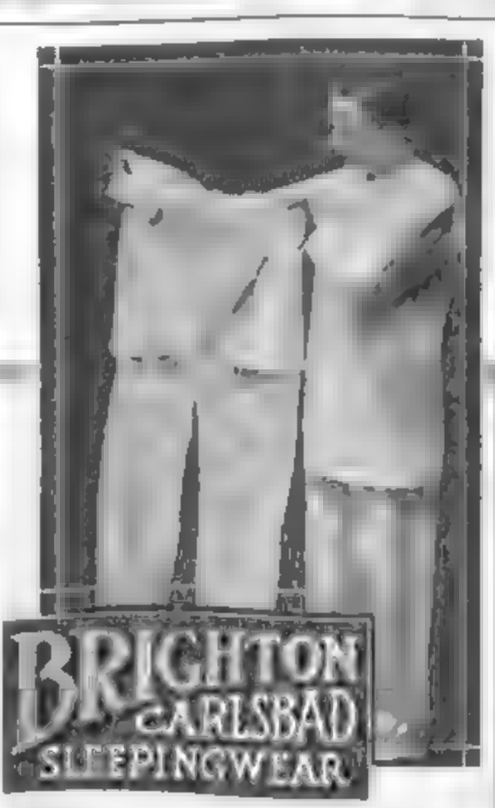

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Now Made in One Piece, Called Pajunion.

Here's the cool sleeping attire for hot summer nights. A one-piece, union pajama—the Pajunion Suit! Extra in everything but cost! No bunching draw-string at waist. Improved fit. Coat cannot crawl up. [illegible] Price $1.00 to $5.00.

Exclusively smart design in but one of 517 Styles for Summer and Winter in Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear. For All The Family.

Sold by several thousand dealers or direct if your dealer cannot supply you. Write for catalog and sample swatches of materials.

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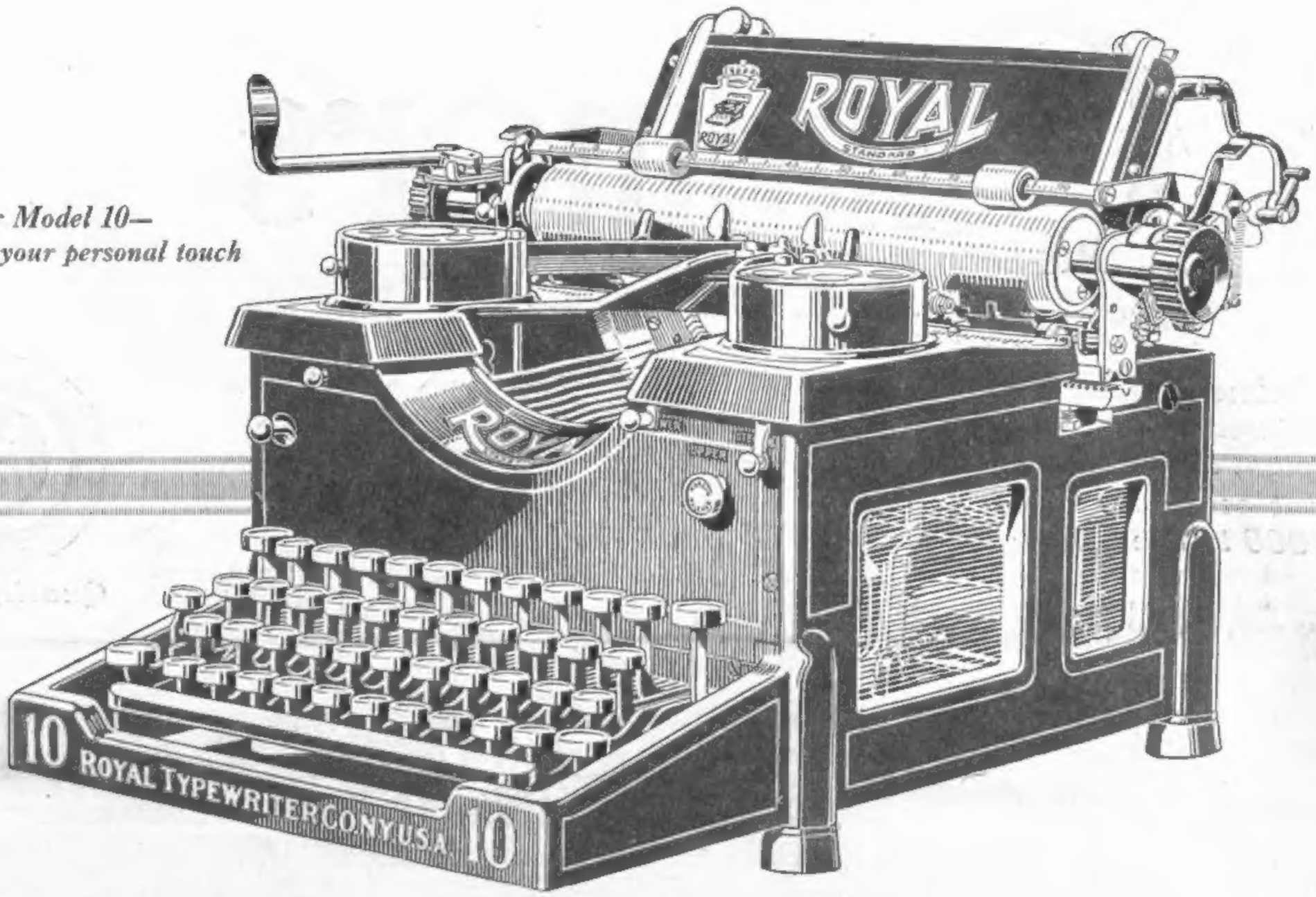
Royal Master Model 10—
adjustable to your personal touch



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You owe it to yourself to specify Welch's when you order for home use or at the fountain. Retailers frequently tell us that many do not specify any brand, but simply ask for "grape juice," and the dealer rightly or wrongly takes this as giving him permission to hand out anything that has borne a grape juice label.

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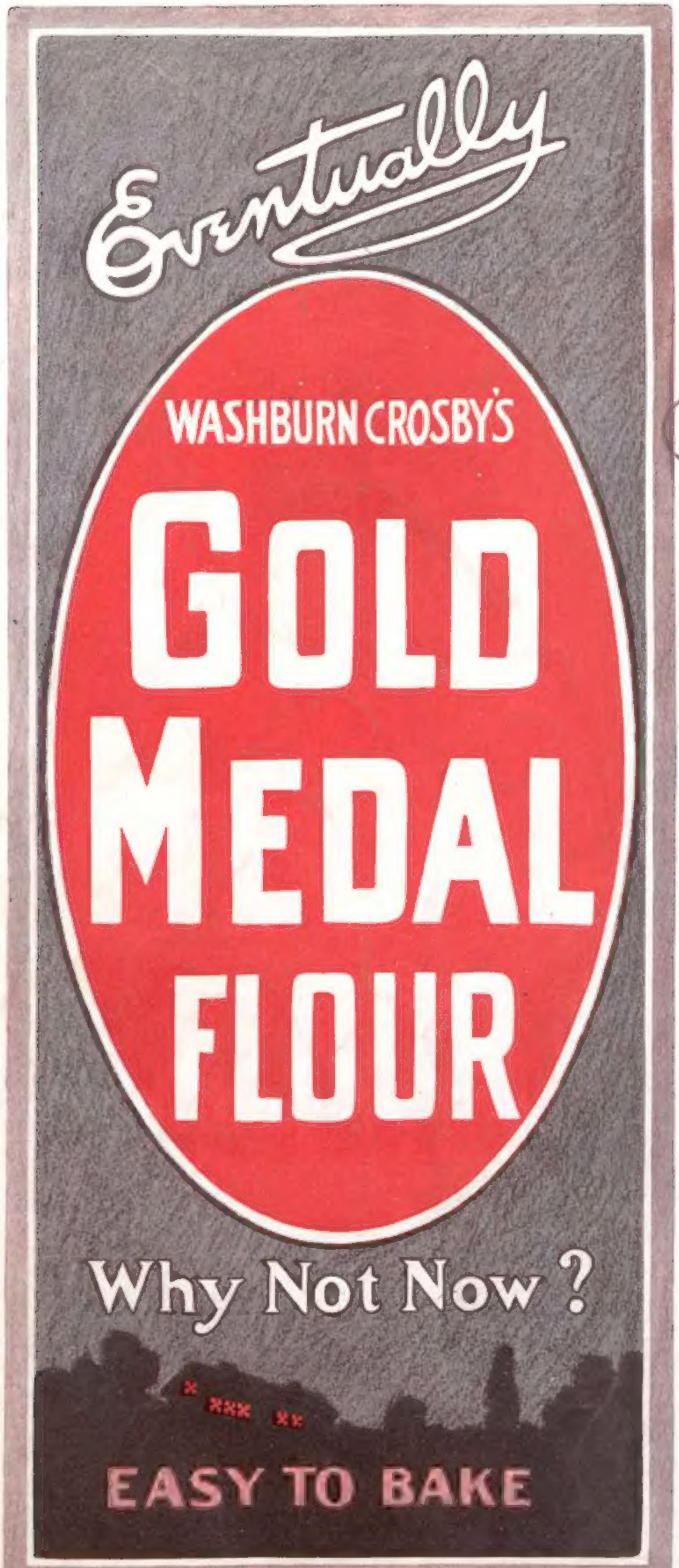

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